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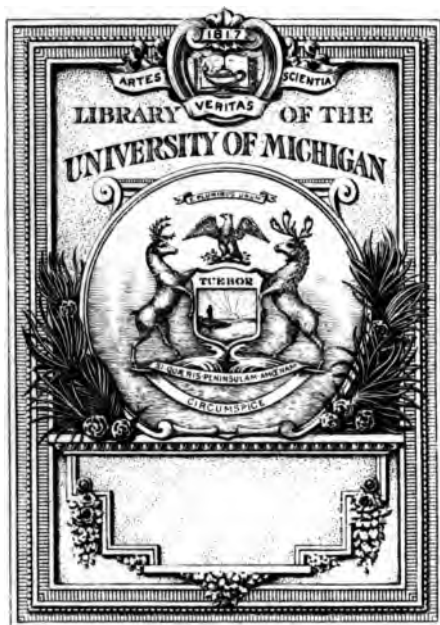
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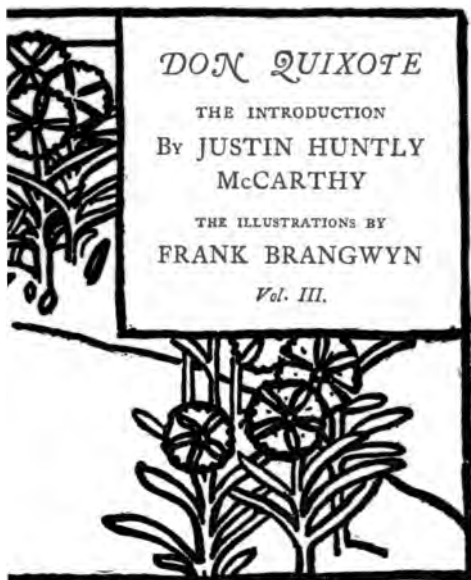
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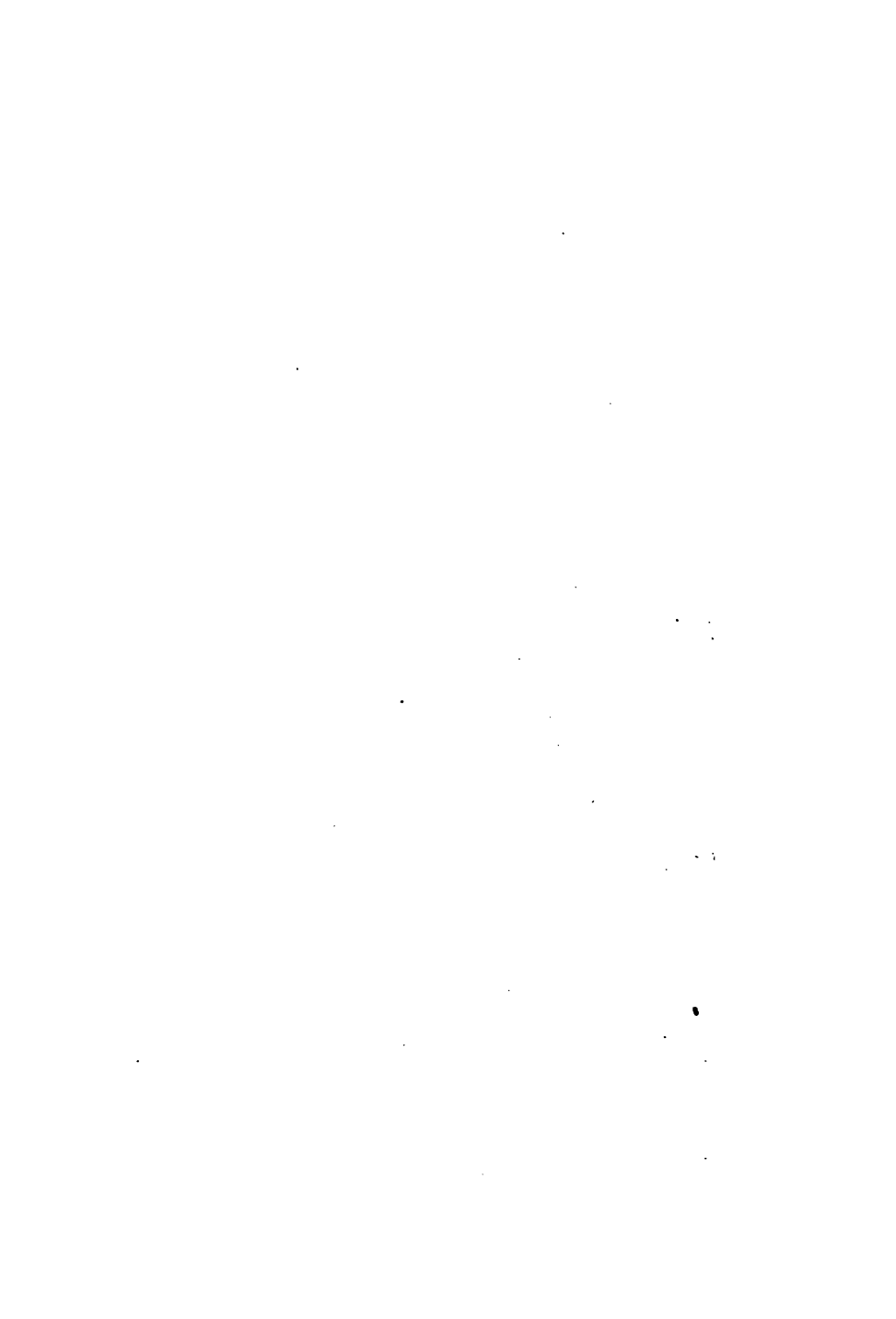


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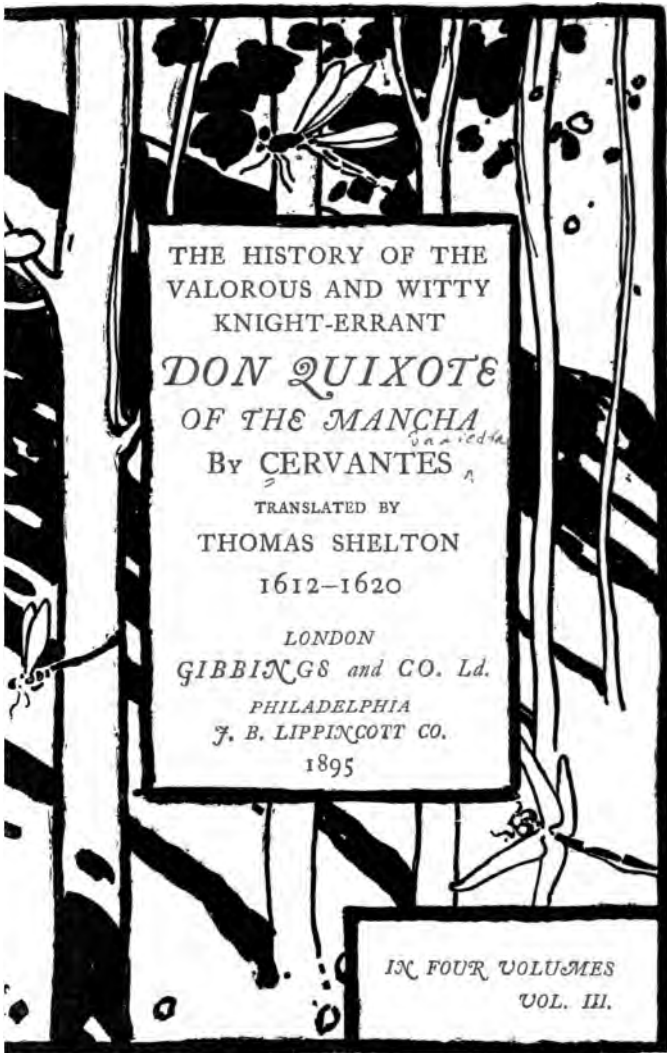
Sancho Panza.



VOL. 1.







THE HISTORY OF THE
VALOROUS AND WITTY
KNIGHT-ERRANT

DON QUIXOTE

OF THE MANCHA

By CERVANTES

TRANSLATED BY
THOMAS SHELTON

1612-1620

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THE HISTORY OF THE VALOROUS AND
WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT

DON QUIXOTE

OF THE MANCHA



The Second Part

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE READER.

Now God defend, reader, noble or plebeian, whate'er thou art ! how earnestly must thou needs by this time expect this prologue, supposing that thou must find in it nothing but revenge, brawling, and railing upon the author of the Second Don Quixote, of whom I only say as others say, that he was begot in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona ! The truth is, herein I mean not to give thee content. Let it be never so general a rule that injuries awaken and rouse up choler in humble breasts, yet in mine must this rule admit an exception. Thou, it may be, wouldst have me be-ass him, be-madman him, and be-fool him ; but no such matter can enter into my thought ; no, let his own rod whip him ; as he hath brewed, so let him bake ; elsewhere he shall have it : and yet there is somewhat which I cannot but resent, and that is, that he exprobrates unto me my age and my maim [*He lost one of his hands*], as if it had been in my power to hold time back, that so it should not pass upon me, or if my maim had befallen me in a tavern, and not upon the most famous occasion which either the ages past or present have seen [*As the battle of Lepanto*], nor may the times to come look for the like. If my wounds shine not in the eyes of such as behold them, yet shall they be esteemed at least in the judgment of such as know how they were gotten. A soldier had rather be dead in the battle than free by

running away; and so is it with me, that should men set before me and facilitate an impossibility, I should rather have desired to have been in that prodigious action than now to be in a whole skin free from my scars for not having been in it. The scars which a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which lead others to the haven of honour, and to the desire of just praise: and beside, it may be noted that it is not so much men's pens which write as their judgments; and these use to be bettered with years. Nor am I insensible of his calling me envious, and describing me as an ignorant. What envy may be, I vow seriously that, of those two sorts that are, I skill not but of that holy, noble, and ingenious envy, which being so as it is, I have no meaning to abuse any priest, especially if he hath annexed unto him the title of Familiar of the Inquisition: and if he said so, as it seems by this second author that he did, he is utterly deceived; for I adore his wit, admire his works and his continual virtuous employment. And yet in effect I cannot but thank this sweet signior author for saying that my novels are more satiric than exemplar; and that yet they are good, which they could not be were they not so quite thorough. It seems thou tellest me that I write somewhat limited and obscurely, and contain myself within the bounds of my modesty, as knowing that a man ought not add misery to him that is afflicted, which doubtless must needs be very great in this signior, since he dares not appear in open field in the light, but conceals his name, feigns his country, as if he had committed some treason against his King. Well, if thou chance to light upon him and know him, tell him from me that I hold myself no whit aggrieved at him; for I well know what the temptations of the devil are; and one of the greatest

is when he puts into a man's head that he is able to compose and print a book, whereby he shall gain as much fame as money, and as much money as fame; for confirmation hereof, I entreat thee, when thou art disposed to be merry and pleasant, to tell him this tale.

There was a madman in Seville which hit upon one of the prettiest absurd tricks that ever madman in this world lighted on, which was: he made him a cane sharp at one end, and then catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he held fast one of the dog's legs under his foot, and the other he held up with his hand. Then, fitting his cane as well as he could behind, he fell a-blowing till he made the dog as round as a ball; and then, holding him still in the same manner, he gave him two claps with his hand on the belly, and so let him go, saying to those which stood by (which always were many), "How think you, my masters, is it a small matter to blow up a dog like a bladder?" And how think you, is it a small matter to make a book? If this tale should not fit him, then, good reader, tell him this other, for this also is of a madman and a dog. In Cordova was another madman, which was wont to carry on his head a huge piece of marble, not of the lightest, who, meeting a masterless dog, would stalk up close to him, and on a sudden down with his burden upon him; the dog would presently yearn, and barking and yelling run away; three streets could not hold him. It fell out afterwards, among other dogs upon whom he let fall his load, there was a capper's dog, which his master made great account of, upon whom he let down his great stone and took him full on the head: the poor battered cur cries pitifully; his master spies it, and, affected with it, gets a meteyard, assaults the madman, and leaves him not a whole

bone in his skin; and at every blow that he gave him he cries out, "Thou dog, thou thief! my spaniel! Saw'st thou not, thou cruel villain, that my dog was a spaniel?" And ever and anon repeating still "his spaniel," he sent away the madman all black and blue. The madman was terribly scared herewith, but got away, and for more than a month after never came abroad: at last out he comes with his invention again, and a bigger load than before; and coming where the dog stood, viewing him over and over again very heedily, he had no mind, he durst not let go the stone, but only said, "Take heed, this is a spaniel." In fine, whatsoever dogs he met, though they were mastives or foisting-hounds, he still said they were spaniels. So that after that he never durst throw his great stone any more. And who knows but the same may befall this our historian, that he will no more let fall the weight of his wit in books? for in being naught, they are harder than rocks.

Tell him too, that for his menacing that with his book he will take away all my gain, I care not a straw for him; but, betaking myself to the famous interlude of Perendenga, I answer him, "Let the old man my master live, and Christ be with us all." Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose Christianity and well-known liberality against all the blows of my short fortune keeps me on foot; and long live that eminent charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojus! Were there no printing in the world, or were there as many books printed against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo, those two princes, without any solicitation of flattery or any other kind of applause, of their sole bounty have taken upon them to do me good, and to favour me; wherein I account myself more happy and rich

than if Fortune, by some other ordinary way, had raised me to her highest honour. A poor man may have it, but a vicious man cannot. Poverty may cast a mist upon nobleness, but cannot altogether obscure it; but, as the glimmering of any light of itself, though but thorough narrow chinks and crannies, comes to be esteemed by high and noble spirits, and consequently favoured. Say no more to him, nor will I say any more to thee; but only advertise that thou consider that this *Second Part of Don Quixote*, which I offer thee, is framed by the same art and cut out of the same cloth that the first was. In it I present thee with Don Quixote enlarged, and at last dead and buried, that so no man presume to raise any further reports of him; those that are past are enow; and let it suffice that an honest man may have given notice of these discreet follies, with purpose not to enter into them any more. For plenty of anything, though never so good, makes it less esteemed; and scarcity, though of evil things, makes them somewhat accounted of. I forgot to tell thee that thou mayest expect *Persiles*, which I am now about to finish; as also the *Second Part of Galatea*.

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

The Second Part.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE VICAR AND THE BARBER PASSED THEIR
TIME WITH DON QUIXOTE, TOUCHING HIS INFIRMITY.

CID HAMET BENENGELI tells us in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote his third sally, that the vicar and barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, because they would not renew and bring to his remembrance things done and past. Notwithstanding, they forbore not to visit his niece and the old woman, charging them they should be careful to cherish him, and to give him comforting meats to eat, good for his heart and brain, from whence in likelihood all his ill proceeded. They answered that they did so, and would do it, with all possible love and care, for they perceived that their master continually gave signs of being in his entire judgment; at which the two received great joy, and thought they took the right course when they brought him enchanted in the ox-wain (as hath been declared in the First Part of this so famous as punctual History). So they determined to visit him, and make some trial of his amendment, which they thought was impossible; and agreed

not to touch upon any point of knight-errantry, because they would not endanger the ripping up of a sore whose stitches made it yet tender.

At length they visited him, whom they found set up in his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, on his head a red Toledo bonnet, so dried and withered up as if his flesh had been mummied. He welcomed them, and they asked him touching his health: of it and himself he gave them good account, with much judgment and elegant phrase, and in process of discourse they fell into State matters, and manner of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that; reforming one custom and rejecting another, each of the three making himself a new law-maker, a modern Lycurgus, and a spick-and-span new Solon; and they so refined the Commonwealth as if they had clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out in another fashion than they had put it in. Don Quixote in all was so discreet that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was quite well and in his right mind. The niece and the old woman were present at this discourse, and could never give God thanks enough, when they saw their master with so good understanding. But the vicar, changing his first intent, which was not to meddle in matters of cavallery, would now make a thorough trial of Don Quixote's perfect recovery; and so now and then tells him news from court, and, amongst others, that it was given out for certain that the Turk was come down with a powerful army, that his design was not known, nor where such a cloud would discharge itself, and that all Christendom was affrighted with this terror he puts us in with his yearly alarm; likewise, that his Majesty had made strong the coasts of Naplea, Sicily, and Malta. To this said Don Quixote, "His Majesty hath done like a most

politic warrior, in looking to his dominions in time, lest the enemy might take him at unawares; but, if my counsel might prevail, I would advise him to use a prevention which he is far from thinking on at present." The vicar scarce heard this, when he thought with himself, "God defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou fallest headlong from the high-top of thy madness into the profound bottom of thy simplicity." But the barber presently, being of the vicar's mind, asks Don Quixote what advice it was he would give; "for peradventure," said he, "it is such an one as may be put in the roll of those many idle ones that are usually given to princes." "Mine, good-man shaver," quoth Don Quixote, "is no such." "I spoke not to that intent," replied the barber, "but that it is commonly seen that all or the most of your projects that are given to his Majesty are either impossible or frivolous, either in detriment of the king or kingdom." "Well, mine," quoth Don Quixote, "is neither impossible nor frivolous, but the plainest, the justest, the most manageable and compendious that may be contained in the thought of any projector." "You are long a-telling us it, Master Don Quixote," said the vicar. "I would not," replied he, "tell it you here now, that it should be early to-morrow in the ears of some privy councillor, and that another should reap the praise and reward of my labour." "For me," quoth the barber, "I pass my word, here and before God, to tell neither king nor keisar, nor any earthly man, what you say,—an oath learnt out of the Ballad of the Vicar, in the Preface whereof he told the king of the thief that robbed him of his two hundred double pistolets and his gadding mule." "I know not your histories," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is good, because master barber is an honest man." "If he were

not," said the vicar, "I would make it good, and undertake for him upon pain of excommunication." "And who shall undertake for you, master vicar?" quoth Don Quixote. "My profession," answered he, "which is to keep counsel." "Body of me!" said Don Quixote, "is there any more to be done then, but that the king cause proclamation to be made that at a prefixed day all the knights-errant that rove up and down Spain repair to the court? and if there came but half a dozen, yet such an one there might be amongst them as would destroy all the Turk's power. Harken to me, ho! and let me take you with me: do you think it is strange that one knight-errant should conquer an army of two hundred thousand fighting-men, as if all together had but one throat, or were made of sugar-pellets? But tell me, how many stories are full of those marvels? You should have brave Don Belianis alive now, with a pox to me, for I'll curse no other; or some one of that invincible lineage of Amadis de Gaul; for if any of these were living at this day, and should affront the Turk, i' faith I would not be in his coat. But God will provide for His people, and send some one, if not so brave a knight-errant as those formerly, yet at least that shall not be inferior in courage; and God knows my meaning, and I say no more." "Alas!" quoth the niece at this instant, "hang me, if my master have not a desire to turn knight-errant again." Then cried Don Quixote, "I must die so; march the Turk up and down when he will, and as powerfully as he can—I say again, God knows my meaning." Then said the barber, "Good sirs, give me leave to tell you a brief tale of an accident in Seville, which because it falls out so pat, I must tell it." Don Quixote was willing, the vicar and the rest gave their attention, and thus he began:—

"In the house of the madmen at Seville, there was one put in there by his kindred, to recover him of his lost wits ; he was a bachelor of law, graduated in the Canons at Osuna, and though he had been graduated at Salamanca, yet, as many are of opinion, he would have been mad there too. This bachelor, after some years' imprisonment, made it appear that he was well and in his right wits, and to this purpose writes to the archbishop, desiring him earnestly and with forcible reasons to deliver him from that misery in which he lived, since by God's mercy he had now recovered his lost understanding ; and that his kindred, only to get his wealth, had kept him there, and so meant to hold him still, wrongfully, till his death. The archbishop, induced by many sensible and discreet lines of his, commanded one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the house of the truth, and to speak also with the madman, that if he perceived he was in his wits he should give him his liberty. The chaplain did this, and the rector said that the party was still mad ; that although he had sometimes fair intermissions, yet in the end he would grow to such a raving as might equal his former discretion, as he told him he might perceive by discoursing with him. The chaplain would needs make trial, and, coming to him, talked with him an hour or more ; and in all that time the madman never gave him a cross nor wild answer, but rather spoke so advisedly, that the chaplain was forced to believe him to be sensible enough ; and, amongst the rest, he told him the rector had an inkling against him, because he would not lose his kindred's presents, that he might say he was mad by fits. Withal he said that his wealth was the greatest wrong to him in his evil fortune, since to enjoy that his enemies defrauded him, and would doubt of God's mercy to him that had turned him from

a beast to a man. Lastly, he spoke so well that he made the rector to be suspected, and his kindred thought covetous and damnable persons, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to have him with him, that the archbishop might see him, and be satisfied of the truth of the business. With this good belief the chaplain required the rector to give the bachelor the clothes he brought with him thither. Who replied, desiring him to consider what he did, for that the party was still mad. But the rector's advice prevailed nothing with the chaplain to make him leave him; so he was forced to give way to the archbishop's order, and to give him his apparel, which was new and handsome. And when the madman saw himself civilly clad, and his madman's weeds off, he requested the chaplain that in charity he would let him take his leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain told him that he would likewise accompany him, and see the madmen that were in the house. So up they went, and with them some others there present, and the bachelor being come to a kind of cage, where an outrageous madman lay, although as then still and quiet, he said, 'Brother, if you will command me aught, I am going to my house; for now it hath pleased God of His infinite goodness and mercy, without my desert, to bring me to my right mind. I am now well and sensible, for unto God's power nothing is impossible. Be of good comfort; trust in Him, that since He hath turned me to my former estate, He will do the like to you, if you trust in Him. I will be careful to send you some dainty to eat, and by any means eat it; for let me tell you what I know by experience, that all our madness proceeds from the emptiness of our stomachs, that fills our brains with air. Take heart, take heart; for this dejecting in misery lessens the

health, and hastens death.' Another madman in a cage over-against heard all the bachelor's discourse, and raising himself upon an old mattress, upon which he lay stark naked, asked aloud who it was that was going away sound and in his wits. The bachelor replied, 'It is I, brother, that am going, for I have no need to stay here any longer; for which I render infinite thanks to God, that hath done me so great a favour.' 'Take heed what you say, bachelor,' replied the madman; 'let not the devil deceive you; keep still your foot, and be quiet here at home, and so you may save a bringing back.' 'I know,' quoth the bachelor, 'I am well, and shall need to walk no more stations hither.' 'You are well,' said the madman: 'the event will try. God be with you; but I swear to thee by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this day's offence I will eat up all Seville for delivering thee from hence, and saying thou art in thy wits; I will take such a punishment on this city as shall be remembered for ever and ever, Amen. Knowest not thou, poor rascal bachelor, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering Jupiter, that carry in my hands the scorching bolts with which I can and use to threaten and destroy the world? But in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant town, which is that for three years together there shall fall no rain about it, nor the liberties thereof, counting from this time and instant henceforward that this threat hath been made. Thou free, thou sound, thou wise? and I mad, I sick, I bound? As sure will I rain as I mean to hang myself.' The standers-by gave attention to the madman; but our bachelor, turning to the chaplain and taking him by the hand, said, 'Be not afraid, sir, nor take any heed to this madman's words; for if he be Jupiter, and will not rain, I that am Neptune, the father and god of the

waters, will rain as oft as I list and need shall require.' To which quoth the chaplain, 'Nay, Master Neptune, it were not good angering Master Jupiter. I pray stay you here still, and some other time, at more leisure and opportunity, we will return for you again.' The rector and standers-by began to laugh, and the chaplain grew to be half abashed; the bachelor was unclothed, there remained; and there the tale ends."

"Well, is this the tale, master barber," quoth Don Quixote, "that because it fell out so pat you could not but relate it? Ah, goodman shavester, goodman shavester! how blind is he that sees not light through the bottom of a meal-sieve! and is it possible that you should not know that comparisons made betwixt wit and wit, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and betwixt birth and birth, are always odious, and ill taken? I am not Neptune, god of the waters, neither care I who thinks me a wise man, I being none; only I am troubled to let the world understand the error it is in, in not renewing that most happy age in which the order of knight-errantry did flourish. But our depraved times deserve not to enjoy so great a happiness as former ages, when knights-errant undertook the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the succouring of orphans, the chastising the proud, the reward of the humble. Most of your knights nowadays are such as rustle in their silks, their cloth of gold and silver; and such rich stuffs as these they wear rather than mail, with which they should arm themselves. You have no knight now that will lie upon the bare ground, subject to the rigour of the air, armed cap-a-pie; none now that upright on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, strives to behead sleep, as they say your knights-errant did. You have none now that, coming out of this wood, enters into that moun-

tain, and from thence tramples over a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and unquiet ; and finding at the brink of it some little cock-boat, without oars, sail, mast, or any kind of tackling, casts himself into it with undaunted courage, yields himself to the implacable waves of the deep main, that now toss him as high as heaven and then cast him as low as hell ; and he, exposed to the inevitable tempest, when he least dreams of it, finds himself at least three thousand leagues distant from the place where he embarked himself, and leaping on a remote and unknown shore, lights upon successes worthy to be written in brass and not parchment. But now sloth triumphs upon industry, idleness on labour, vice on virtue, presumption on valour, the theory on the practice of arms, which only lived and shined in those golden ages and in those knights-errant. If not, tell me who was more virtuous, more valiant than the renowned Amadis de Gaul ; more discreet than Palmerin of England ; more affable and free than Tirante the White ; more gallant than Lisuart of Greece ; a greater hackster or more hacked than Don Belianis ; more undaunted than Perian of Gaul ; who a greater undertaker of dangers than Felismarte of Hircania ; who more sincere than Esplandian ; who more courteous than Don Cierongilio of Thracia ; who more fierce than Rodomant ; who wiser than King Sobrinus ; who more courageous than Renaldo ; who more invincible than Roldan ; who more comely or more courteous than Rogero, from whom the Dukes of Ferrara at this day are descended, according to Turpin in his Cosmography ? All these knights, and many more, master vicar, that I could tell you, were knights-errant, the very light and glory of knighthood. These, or such as these, are they I wish for ; which if it could be, his

Majesty would be well served, and might save a great deal of expense, and the Turk might go shake his ears ; and therefore let me tell you, I scorn to keep my house, since the chaplain delivers me not, and his Jupiter, as goodman barber talks, rains not ; here am I that will rain when I list : this I speak that goodman Bason may know I understand him."

"Truly, Master Don Quixote," said the barber, "I spoke it not to that end ; and so help me God as I meant well, and you ought not to resent anything." "I know well enough whether I ought or no, sir," replied Don Quixote. Then quoth the vicar, "Well, go to ; I have not spoken a word hitherto ; I would not willingly remain with one scruple which doth grate and gnaw upon my conscience, sprung from what Master Don Quixote hath here told us." "For this and much more you have full liberty, good master vicar," said Don Quixote, "and therefore tell your scruple, for sure it is no pleasure to continue with a scrupulous conscience." "Under correction," quoth the vicar, "this it is : I can by no means be persuaded that all that troop of knights-errant which you named were ever true and really persons of flesh and bone in this world ; I rather imagine all is fiction, tales and lies, or dreams set down by men waking, or, to say trulier, by men half-asleep." "There's another error," quoth Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen, who believe not that there have been such knights in the world ; and I myself, many times, in divers companies, and upon several occasions, have laboured to show this common mistake, but sometimes have failed in my purpose, at others not,—supporting it upon the shoulders of Truth, which is so infallible that I may say that with these very eyes I have beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a goodly tall man, well-complexioned,

had a broad beard and black, an equal countenance betwixt mild and stern, a man of small discourse, slow to anger, and soon appeased ; and, just as I have delineated Amadis, I might in my judgment paint and decipher out as many knights-errant as are in all the histories of the world ; for, by apprehending they were such as their histories report them, by their exploits they did and their qualities, their features, colours, and statures may in good philosophy be guessed at." "How big, dear Master Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "might giant Morgante be?" "Touching giants," quoth Don Quixote, "there be different opinions whether there have been any or no in the world ; but the holy Scripture, which cannot err a jot in the truth, doth show us plainly that there were, telling us the story of that huge Philistine Goliath, that was seven cubits and a half high, which is an unmeasurable greatness. Besides, in the Isle of Sicilia there have been found shank-bones and shoulder-bones so great that their bigness showed their owners to have been giants, and as huge as high towers, which geometry will make good. But, for all this, I cannot easily tell you how big Morgante was, though I suppose he was not very tall ; to which opinion I incline, because I find in his history, where there is particular mention made of his acts, that many times he lay under a roof ; and therefore, since he found an house that would hold him, 'tis plain he could not be of extraordinary bigness." "'Tis true," quoth the vicar, who, delighting to hear him talk so wildly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Renaldo of Mont-alban, Don Roldan, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "For Renaldo," quoth Don Quixote, "I dare boldly say, he was broad-faced, his complexion high, quick and full-eyed, very exceptious and extremely

choleric, a lover of thieves and debauched company. Touching Rolando, or Rotolando, or Orlando—for histories afford him all these names—I am of opinion and affirm that he was of a mean stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bow-legged, auburn-bearded, his body hairy, and his looks threatening, dull of discourse, but affable and well-behaved.” “If Orlando,” said the vicar, “was so sweet a youth as you describe him, no marvel though the fair Angelica disdained him and left him for the handsome, brisk, and conceited beard-budding Medor, and that she had rather have his softness than t’other’s roughness.” “That Angelica,” quoth Don Quixote, “was a light housewife, a gadder, and a wanton, and left the world as full of her fopperies as the reports of her beauty; she despised a thousand knights, a thousand both valiant and discreet, and contented herself with a poor beardless page, without more wealth or honour than what her famous singer Ariosto could give her, in token of his thankfulness to his friend’s love, either because he durst not in this respect, or because he would not chant what befel this lady, after her base prostitution, for sure her carriage was not very honest. So he left her when he said,—

‘And how Cataya’s sceptre she had at will,
Perhaps some one will write with better quill.’

And undoubtedly this was a kind of prophecy, for poets are called *vates*—that is, soothsayers—and this truth hath been clearly seen, for since that time a famous Andalusian poet wept and sung her tears, and another famous and rare poet of Castile her beauty.” “But tell me, Master Don Quixote,” quoth the barber, “was there ever any poet that wrote a satire against this fair lady, amongst those many that have written in her praise?” “I am well persuaded,” quoth Don

Quixote, "that if Sacripant or Orlando had been poets they had trounced the damosel ; for it is an ordinary thing amongst poets once disdained or not admitted by their feigned mistresses (feigned indeed, because they feign they love them) to revenge themselves with satires and libels,—a revenge truly unworthy noble spirits ; but hitherto I have not heard of any infamatory verse against the Lady Angelica, that hath made any hurly-burly in the world." "Strange !" quoth the vicar. With that they might hear the niece and the old woman, who were before gone from them, keep a noise without in the court, so they went to see what was the matter.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE NOTABLE FRAY THAT SANCHE PANZA HAD
WITH THE NIECE AND THE OLD WOMAN, AND
OTHER DELIGHTFUL PASSAGES.

THE story says, that the noise which Don Quixote, the vicar, and the barber heard was of the niece and the old woman, that were rating Sancho Panza, that strove with them for entrance to see Don Quixote, who kept the door against him. "What will this bloodhound have here?" said they; "get you home to your own house, for you are he, and none else, that doth distract and ringlead our master, and carry him astray." To which quoth Sancho, "Woman of Satan, I am he that is distracted, ringled, and carried astray, and not your master; 'twas he that led me up and down the world, and you deceive yourselves and understand by halves. He drew me from my house with his conycatching, promising me an island, which I yet hope for." "A plague of your islands," replied the niece, "cursed Sancho! And what be your islands? is it anything to eat, goodman glutton, you cormorant, as you are?" "Tis not to eat," quoth Sancho, "but to rule and govern, better than four cities, or four of the king's judges." "For all that," said the old woman, "you come not in here, you bundle of mischief and sack of wickedness: get you home and govern there, and sow your grain, and leave seeking after islands or dilands." The vicar and the barber took great delight to hear

this dialogue between the three ; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should out with all, and should blunder out a company of malicious fooleries, or should touch upon points that might not be for his reputation, he called him to him, and commanded the women to be silent, and to let him in. Sancho entered, and the vicar and barber took leave of Don Quixote, of whose recovery they despaired, seeing how much he was bent upon his wild thoughts, and how much he was besotted with his damned knights-errant. "So," quoth the vicar to the barber, "you shall quickly, gossip, perceive, when we least think of it, that our gallant takes his flight again by the river." "No doubt," said the barber ; "but I wonder not so much at the knight's madness, as the squire's simplicity, that believes so in the islands, and I think all the art in the world will not drive that out of his noddle." "God mend them," said the vicar, "and let us expect what issue the multitude of this knight and squire's absurdities will have ; for it seems they were both framed out of one forge, as it were, for the master's madness, without the servant's folly, is not worth a chip." "'Tis true," said the barber, "and I should be glad to know their present discourse." "I warrant," said the vicar, "the niece and old woman will tell us all when they have done, for they are not so mannerly as not to hearken."

In the interim, Don Quixote locked in Sancho, and thus discoursed with him : "I am very sorry, Sancho, you should affirm and make good that I was he that drew you from your dog-hole cottage, knowing that I willingly left mine, a palace in comparison. We went out jointly, so we marched on, and so we held our whole peregrination, both of us having undergone the same lot, the same fortune ; and, if once thou wast tossed in a blanket, I have been banged an hundred

times, and herein have I the advantage of thee." "Why, it was very fit," answered Sancho, "for, as you hold, misfortunes are more annexed to knights-errant than to their squires." "Thou art deceived, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for, according to the saying, '*Quando caput dolet*,' etc."— "I understand no other language but mine own," said Sancho. "Why, I mean," replied Don Quixote, "that when the head aches all the body is out of tune; so that I, being thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou a part of me, since thou art my servant, in which respect the ill that toucheth me must concern and grieve thee, and so thine me." "Indeed," quoth Sancho, "it ought to be so; but when I was tossed in the blanket, my head stood aloof, like a part, beholding me fly in the air, without any feeling of my grief; and, since the members are bound to suffer for the head, the head in requital should also suffer for them." "You mean, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that I had no feeling of your being tossed? And, if you mean so, do not neither imagine any such thing; for at that time I was more vexed in spirit than thou couldst be in body. But leave we this for the present, for we shall have leisure to consider and rectify it, and tell me, friend Sancho, what say the common people of me? In what estimation do the gentlemen hold me? In what the knights and gallants? What say they of my valour? what of my exploits? what of my affability? what discourse they touching my plot in raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? To conclude, I would have thee tell me all that thou hast heard: and you must tell me without adding to my praise or diminishing my dispraise, for it is the part of loyal servants to tell the naked truth to their masters, in its native colour, without increasing

it by flattery or diminishing it for any other vain respect. And I would have thee, Sancho, learn by the way that, if the naked truth should come to the ears of princes, without the apparel of flattery, we should have another manner of world, and other ages would be called iron, and not ours, and this would be the golden age. And let me advise thee, Sancho, that well and discreetly thou tell me the truth of what thou knowest, concerning my demand." "I shall, with a very good will, sir," quoth Sancho, "upon condition that you shall not be angry at what I shall tell you, since you will have the naked truth, without any other clothing than what I have seen her with." "By no means will I be angry," answered Don Quixote; "thou mayest speak freely, Sancho, and without any disguise." "Why, then, first of all I must tell you, the common people hold you for a notable madman, and that I am no less a coxcomb. The ordinary gentlemen say that, not containing yourself within the limits of gentry, you will needs be-don yourself, and be a man of honour, having but three or four acres of land, and a rag before and another behind. The knights say they would not have your poor squires be ranked with them that clout their own shoes, and take up a stitch in their own black stockings with green silk." "That concerns not me," quoth Don Quixote, "for thou seest that I go always well clad, and never patched: indeed a little torn sometimes, but more with my armour than by long wearing." "Concerning your valour," quoth Sancho, "your affability, your exploits, and your plot, there be different opinions: some say you are a madman, but a merry one; others that you are valiant, but withal unfortunate; a third sort, that you are affable, but impertinent; and thus they descant upon us, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone."

"Why, look thou, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "where-soever virtue is eminent it is persecuted; few or none of those brave heroes that have lived have escaped malicious calumnation. Julius Cæsar, that most courageous, most wise, most valiant captain, was noted to be ambitious, and to be somewhat slovenly in his apparel and his conditions; Alexander, who for his exploits obtained the title of Great, is said to have been given to drunkenness; Hercules, he with his many labours, was said to have been lascivious and a striker; Don Galaor, brother to Amadis de Gaul, was grudged at for being offensive, and his brother for a sheep-biter. So that, Sancho, since so many worthy men have been calumniated, I may well suffer mine, if it have been no more than thou tellest me." "Why, there's the quiddity of the matter, body of my father!" quoth Sancho. "Was there any more said then?" quoth Don Quixote. "There's more behind yet," said Sancho; "all that was said hitherto is cakes and whitebread to this. But, if you will know all concerning these calumnies, I'll bring you one hither by and by that shall tell 'em you all without missing a scrap; for last night Bartholomew Carrasco's son arrived, that comes from study from Salamanca, and hath proceeded bachelor, and, as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your history was in print, under the title of *The Most Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and he tells me that I am mentioned too, by mine own name of Sancho Panza, and Dulcinea del Toboso is in too, and other matters that passed betwixt us, at which I was amazed, and blessed myself how the historian that wrote them could come to the knowledge of them." "Assure thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the author of our history is some sage enchanter: for such are not ignorant of all secrets they write."

"Well," said Sancho, "if he were wise and an enchanter, I will tell you according as Samson Carrasco told me,—for that's the man's name that spoke with me,—that the author's name of this history is Cid Hamet Berengena." [*It should be Benengeli, but Sancho simply mistakes, as followeth in the next note.*] "That is the name of a Moor," said Don Quixote. "It is very like," quoth Sancho, "for your Moors are great lovers of Berengens." [*Berengena is a fruit in Spain which they boil with sod meat, as we do carrots, and here was Sancho's simplicity in mistaking, and to think that name was given to the author for loving the fruit.*] "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are out in the Moor's surname, which is Cid Hamet Benengeli; and Cid in the Arabic signifieth lord." "It may be so," quoth Sancho, "but, if you will have the bachelor come to you, I'll bring him to you flying." "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "thou shalt do me a special pleasure; for I am in suspense with what thou hast told me, and will not eat a bit till I am informed of all." "Well, I go for him," said Sancho. And, leaving his master in that his suspense, went for the bachelor, with whom in a very short time after he returned, and the three had a passing pleasant dialogue.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIDICULOUS DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWIXT
DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, AND THE BACHELOR
SAMSON CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE was monstrous pensative, expecting the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear the news of himself in print, as Sancho had told him; and he could not be persuaded that there was such a history, since yet the blood of enemies killed by him was scarce dry upon his sword-blade, and would they have his noble acts of chivalry already in the press? Notwithstanding, he thought that some wise man, or friend, or enemy, by way of enchantment, had committed them to the press: if a friend, then to extol him for the most remarkable of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate them, and clap 'em beneath the basest and meanest that ever were mentioned of any inferior squire; although, thought he to himself, no acts of squire were ever divulged; but if there were any history, being of a knight-errant, it must needs be lofty and stately, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himself somewhat, but began to be discomforted to think that his author must be a Moor, by reason of that name of Cid; and from Moors there could be no truth expected, for all of them are cheaters, impostors, and chymists.

He feared likewise that he might treat of his love with some indecency, that might redound to the lessen-

ing and prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's honesty; he desired that he might declare his constancy and the decorum he had ever kept toward her, contemning queens and empresses, and damsels of all sorts, keeping distance with violencies of natural motions. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus tossed and turmoiled in these and many such-like imaginations, whom Don Quixote received with much courtesy.

This bachelor, though his name was Samson, was not very tall, but a notable wag-halter, lean-faced, but of a good understanding: he was about four-and-twenty years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of a malicious disposition, and a friend to conceits and merriment, as he showed it when he saw Don Quixote; for he fell upon his knees before him, saying, "Good Master Don Quixote, give me your greatness his hand; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, you are, sir, one of the most complete knights-errant that hath been or shall be upon the roundness of the earth. Well fare Cid Hamet Benengeli, that left the stories of your greatness to posterity! and more than well may that curious author fare that had the care to cause them to be translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, to the general entertainment of all men!"

Don Quixote made him rise and said: "Then it seems my history is extant, and that he was a Moor and a wise man that made it." "So true it is," quoth Samson, "that, upon my knowledge, at this day there be printed above twelve thousand copies of your history; if not, let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia speak, where they have been printed; and the report goes that they are now printing at Antwerp, and I have a kind of guess that there is no nation or language where they will not be translated." "One of the

things, then," quoth Don Quixote, "that ought to give a man virtuous and eminent content is to see himself living, and to have a good name from everybody's mouth, to be printed and in the press; I said with a good name, for otherwise no death could be equalled to that life." "If it be for a good name," said the bachelor, "your worship carries the prize from all knights-errant; for the Moor in his language, and the Christian in his, were most careful to paint to the life your gallantry, your great courage in attempting of dangers, your patience in adversities, and your sufferance as well in misfortunes as in your wounds, your honesty and constancy in the so platonic loves of yourself and my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso." "I never," replied Sancho, "heard my lady styled Don before, only the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and there the history erreth somewhat." "This is no objection of moment," said Carrasco. "No, truly," quoth Don Quixote; "but tell me, signior bachelor, which of the exploits of mine are most ponderous in this history?"

"In this," said the bachelor, "there be different opinions, as there be different tastes. Some delight in the adventure of the windmills, that you took to be Briareans and giants; others in that of the fulling-hammers; this man in the description of the two armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep; that man doth extol your adventure of the dead man that was carried to be buried at Segovia; one saith that that of the freeing of the galley-slaves goes beyond them all; another that none comes near that of the Benitian giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscayner." "Tell me," said Sancho, "sir bachelor, comes not that in of the Yanguesian carriers, when our precious Rozinante longed for the forbidden fruit?" "The wise man," said Samson, "left out

nothing; he sets down all most punctually, even to the very capers that Sancho fetched in the blanket." "Not in the blanket," replied Sancho, "but in the air, more than I was willing."

"According to my thought," said Don Quixote, "there is no human history in the world that hath not his changes, especially those that treat of cavallery, which can never be full of prosperous successes." "For all that," replied the bachelor, "there be some that have read your history, that would be glad the authors had omitted some of those infinite bastings that in divers encounters were given to Sir Don Quixote." "Ay, there," quoth Sancho, "comes in the truth of the story." "They might likewise in equity silence them," said Don Quixote, "since those actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the story are best left out, if they must redound to the misprizing of the chief person of the history. Eneas, i' faith, was ne'er so pitiful as Virgil paints him out, nor Ulysses so subtle as Homer describes him." "True it is," said Samson; "but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another like an historian: the poet may say or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; and the historian must write things, not as they ought to be, but as they have been, without adding or taking away aught from the truth."

"Well," said Sancho, "if you go to telling of truths, we shall find that this Signior Moor hath all the bastings of my master and me; for I am sure they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but they took it of all my body too; but no marvel, for, as my master himself saith, the rest of the parts must participate of the head's grief." "Sancho, you are a crack-rope," quoth Don Quixote; "i' faith you want no memory when you list to have it." If I would

willingly forget those cudgellings that I have had, the bunches yet fresh on my ribs would not consent." "Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and interrupt not the bachelor, whom I request to proceed and tell me what is said of me in the mentioned history." "And of me too," said Sancho, "for it is said that I am one of the principal parsonages of it." "Personages, and not parsonages, you would say, Sancho," quoth Samson. "More correcting of words!" quoth Sancho. "Go to this, and we shall not end in our lifetime." "Hang me, Sancho," said Samson, "if you be not the second person in the story; and you have some that had as lief hear you speak as the best there; though others would not stick to say you were too credulous to believe that your government of the island offered by Sir Don Quixote, here present, might be true."

"There is yet sunshine upon the walls," quoth Don Quixote; "and when Sancho comes to be of more years, with the experience of them he will be more able and fit than now to be a governor." "By the mass," said Sancho, "if I be not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall never govern, though I come to be as old as Methusalem; the mischief is, that the said island is delayed I know not how, and not that I want brain to govern it." "Leave all to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think for; and the leaves in the tree move not without the will of God."

"'Tis true, indeed," said Samson, "for, if God will, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one." "I have seen," said Sancho, "of your governors in the world that are not worthy to wipe my shoes, and, for all this, they give 'em titles, and are served in plate." "Those are not governors of islands," replied

Samson, "but of other easier governments; for they that govern islands must be at least grammarians." "For your 'gray' I care not, but your 'mare' I could like well enough; but, leaving this government to God's hands, let Him place me where He pleaseth. I say, sir bachelor Samson Carrasco, that I am infinitely glad that the author of the history hath spoken of me in such sort that the things he speaks of me do not cloy the reader; for, by the faith of a Christian, if he had spoken anything of me not befitting an old Christian as I am [*In Spanish "Christiano viejo," a name they desire to be distinguished from the Moors by*], I should make deaf men hear on't." "That were to work miracles," said Samson. "Miracles or not miracles," quoth Sancho, "every man look how he speaks or writes of men, and set not down each thing that comes into his noddle in a mingle-mangle." "One of the faults that they say," said Carrasco, "is in that history is this: that his author put in it a certain novel or tale, entitled *The Curious Impertinent*; not that it was ill or not well contrived, but that it was unseasonable for that place, neither had it anything to do with the history of Don Quixote."

"I'll hold a wager," quoth Sancho, "the dog-bolt hath made a gallimaufry." "Let me tell you," said Don Quixote, "the author of my story is not wise, but some ignorant prater, that at unawares and without judgment undertook it, hab-nab, as Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, 'As it happens.' Sometimes he would paint ye a cock, but so unlike that he was forced to write underneath it in Gothish letters, 'This is a cock'; and thus I believe it is with my history, that it hath need of a comment to make it understood."

"No, surely," replied Samson; "it is so conspicuous

and so void of difficulty that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may understand him, and old men may celebrate him. To conclude, he is so gleaned, so read, and so known to all sorts of people that they scarce see a lean horse pass by, when they say, 'There goeth Rozinante.' And amongst these pages are most given to read him; you have no great man's withdrawing-room that hath not a *Don Quixote* in him; some take him, if others lay him down; these close with him, they demand him. Lastly, the story is the most pleasing, the least hurtful for entertainment that hath hitherto been seen; for all over it there is not to be seen a dishonest word, or one like one, nor an imagination less than catholic."

"He that should write otherwise," quoth Don Quixote, "should write no truths, but lies; and he that doth so ought to be burned, like them that coin false money; and I know not what the author meant to put in novels and strange tales, my story affording him matter enough; belike he holds himself to the proverb of chaff and hay, etc. Well, I'll tell you, out of mentioning only my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my honest wishes, and my onsets, he might have made a greater volume than all Tostatus' works. Indeed, signior bachelor, all that I conceive is, that to write a history, or any other work of what sort soever, a man had need of a strong judgment and a ripe understanding: to speak wittily and write conceits belongs only to good wits: the cunningest part in a play is the fool's, because he must not be a fool that would well counterfeit to seem so. An history is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true and real; and where truth is there God is, inasmuch as concerneth truth: howsoever, you have some that do so compose and cast their works from them as if they were fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "that hath not some good in it." "No doubt of that," said Don Quixote; "but many times it falls out that those that have worthily hoarded up and obtained great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the press, they either altogether lose it, or in something lessen it." "The reason of it," quoth Samson, "is this, that as the printed works are viewed by leisure their faults are easily espied, and they are so much the more pried into by how much the greater the author's fame is. Men famous for their wits, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or for the most part, envied by them that have a pleasure and particular pastime to judge of other men's writings, without publishing their own." "That's not to be wondered at," cries Don Quixote, "for there be many divines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excess of him that preacheth." "All this," said Carrasco, "Sir Don Quixote, is right; but I could wish such censurers were more mild and less scrupulous in looking on the moles of the most clear sun of his works whom they bite; for, if '*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*,' let them consider how much he watched to show the light of his work, without the least shadow that might be; and it might be that what seems ill to them were moles, that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them; and thus, I say, that he that prints a book puts himself into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities the most impossible to frame it so that it may content and satisfy all that shall read it."

"The book that treats of me," quoth Don Quixote, "will please very few." "Rather contrary," says Samson, "for, as '*stultorum infinitus est numerus*,' an infinite number have been delighted with this history;

but some found fault, and craftily taxed the author's memory, in that he forgot to tell who was the thief that stole Sancho's Dapple; for there is no mention there, only it is inferred that he was stole, and not long after we see him mounted upon the same ass, without knowledge how he was found. They also say, that he forgot to tell what Sancho did with those hundred pistolets which he found in the mail in Sierra Morena, for he never mentions them more, and there be many that desire to know what became of them, and how he employed them, which is one of the essential points in the work."

"Master Samson," said Sancho, "I am not now for your reckonings or relations, for my stomach is faint, and, if I fetch it not again with a sup or two of the old dog, it will make me as gaunt as Saint Lucia. I have it at home, and my pigsney stays for me. When I have dined I am for ye, and will satisfy you and all the world in anything you will ask me, as well touching the loss of mine ass as the expense of the hundred pistolets." And so, without expecting any reply, or exchanging another word, home he goes.

Don Quixote entreated the bachelor to stay and take a pittance with him; the bachelor accepted the invitation, and so stayed dinner. Beside their ordinary fare, they had a pair of household pigeons added. At table they discoursed of cavallery; Carrasco followed his humour; the banquet was ended, and they slept out the heat; Sancho returned, and the former discourse was renewed.



"We fell to sleep soundly."



CHAPTER IV.

HOW SANCHE PANZA SATISFIES THE BACHELOR SAMSON
CARRASCO'S DOUBTS AND DEMANDS, WITH OTHER
ACCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND RELATED.

SANCHE came back to Don Quixote's house, and turning to his former discourse said, "Touching what Master Samson desired to know—who, how, and when mine ass was stolen—by way of answer I say, that the very same night we fled from the hue-and-cry we entered Sierra Morena, after the unfortunate adventure of the galley-slaves and the dead man that was carrying to Segovia. My master and I got us into a thicket, where he leaning upon his lance, and I upon my Dapple, both of us well bruised and wearied with the former skirmishes, we fell to sleep as soundly as if we had been upon four feather-beds, especially I, that slept so soundly that he, whosoever he was, might easily come and put me upon four stakes, which he had fastened upon both sides of my pack-saddle, upon which he left me thus mounted, and, without perceiving it, got my Dapple from under me." "This was easy to be done," said Don Quixote, "and no strange accident; for we read that the same happened to Sacripant, when, being at the siege of Albraca, that famous thief Brunelo, with the selfsame sleight, got his horse from under his legs." Sancho proceeds: "It was light day," said he, "when I had scarce stretched myself, but the stakes failed, and I got a

good squelch upon the ground; then I looked for mine ass, but, not finding him, the tears came to mine eyes, and I made such strange moan that, if the author of our history omitted it, let him be assured he forgot a worthy passage. I know not how long after, coming with my lady the Princess Miconicona, I knew mine ass, and that he who rode on him in the habit of a gypson was that Gines de Passamonte, that cheater, that arrant mischief-monger that my master and I freed from the chain."

"The error was not in this," said Samson, "but that, before there was any news of your ass, the author still said you were mounted upon the selfsame Dapple." "I know not what to say to that," quoth Sancho, "but that either the historian was deceived, or else it was the carelessness of the printer." "Without doubt," saith Samson, "'twas like to be so. But what became of the pistols? were they spent?"

"I spent them upon myself," quoth Sancho, "and on my wife and children, and they have been the cause that she hath endured my journeys and careers which I have fetched in my master Don Quixote's service; for if I should have returned empty, and without mine ass, I should have been welcomed with a pox. And, if you will know any more of me, here I am that will answer the king himself in person; and let nobody intermeddle to know whether I brought or whether I brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for, if the blows that I have had in these voyages were to be paid in money, though every one of them were taxed but at three-farthings apiece, an hundred pistols more would not pay me the half of them; and let every man look to himself, and not take white for black, and black for white; for every man is as God hath made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

"Let me alone," quoth Carrasco, "for accusing the author of the history, that if he print it again he shall not forget what Sancho hath said, which shall make it twice as good as it was." "Is there aught else, sir bachelor," said Don Quixote, "to be mended in this legend?" "Yes, marry, is there," said he; "but nothing so important as what hath been mentioned." "Perhaps the author promiseth a Second Part?" quoth Don Quixote. "He doth," said Samson, "but saith he neither finds nor knows who hath it, so that it is doubtful whether it will come out or no; so that partly for this, and partly because some hold that Second Parts were never good, and others that there is enough written of Don Quixote, it is doubted that there will be no Second Part, although some, more Jovial than Saturnists, cry out, 'Let us have more Quixotisms: let Don Quixote assault and Sancho speak, let the rest be what they will, this is enough.'" "And how is the author inclined?"

To which said Samson, "When he hath found this history, that he searcheth after with extraordinary diligence, he will straight commit it to the press, rather for his profit, though, than for any other respect." To this said Sancho, "What! doth the author look after money and gain? 'Tis a wonder if he be in the right; rather he will be like your false-stitching tailors upon Christmas Eves, for your hasty work is never well performed. Let that Master Moor have a care of his business, for my master and I will furnish him with rubbish enough at hand, in matter of adventures, and with such different successes that he may not only make one Second Part, but one Hundredth. The poor fellow thinks, belike, that we sleep here in a hay-mow; well, let it come to scanning, and he shall see whether we be defective. This I know,

that if my master would take my counsel, he should now be abroad in the champian, remedying grievances, rectifying wrongs, as good knights-errant are wont to do."

No sooner had Sancho ended this discourse when the neighing of Rozinante came to his ears, which Don Quixote took to be most auspicious, and resolved within three or four days after to make another sally, and, manifesting his mind to the bachelor, asked his advice to know which way he should begin his journey; whose opinion was that he should go to the kingdom of Aragon, and to the city of Saragosa, where not long after there were solemn jousts to be held in the honour of Saint George, wherein he might get more fame than all the knights of Aragon, which were above all other knights. He praised his most noble and valiant resolution, but withal desired him to be more wary in attempting of dangers, since his life was not his own, but all theirs also who needed his protection and succour in their distress.

"I renounce that, Master Samson," said Sancho, "for my master will set upon an hundred armed men as a boy would upon half a dozen of young melons. Body of the world! sir bachelor, there is a time to attempt, a time to retire; all must not be 'Saint Jaques, and upon 'em!' [*Santiago, y Cierra España!*] *As we use in England, 'Saint George and the Victory!'*] Besides, I have heard, and I believe from my master himself, if I have not forgotten, that valour is a mean between the two extremes of a coward and a rash man; and, if this be so, neither would I have him fly nor follow, without there be reason for it; but, above all, I wish that, if my master carry me with him, it be upon condition that he fight for us both, and that I be tied to nothing but waiting upon him, to look to his clothes and his diet, for this will I do as nimbly as bring him

water; but to think that I will lay hand to my sword, although it be but against base fellows and poor rascals, is most impossible. I, Master Samson, strive not to hoard up a fame of being valiant, but of the best and trustiest squire that ever served knight-errant; and if Don Quixote my master, obliged thereunto by my many services, will bestow any island upon me of those many his worship saith we shall light upon, I shall be much bound to him; and, if he give me none, I was born, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on God; and perhaps I shall be as well with a piece of bread at mine ease as to be a governor; and what do I know whether, in these kinds of government, the devil hath set any tripping-block before me where I may stumble and fall, and dash out my teeth? Sancho was I born, Sancho must I die. But, for all that, if so and so, without any care or danger, Heaven should provide some island for me, or any such-like thing, I am not so very an ass as to refuse it, according to the proverb, 'Look not a given horse in the mouth.'

"Friend Sancho," quoth Carrasco, "you have spoken like an oracle; notwithstanding, trust in God and Master Don Quixote, that he will give you not only an island, but a kingdom too." "I think one as well as t'other," quoth Sancho, "and let me tell you, Master Samson," said Sancho, "I think my master's kingdom would not be bestowed on me in vain; for I have felt mine own pulse, and find myself healthy enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and thus I have told my master many times."

"Look ye, Sancho," quoth Samson, "honours change manners, and perhaps, when you are once a governor, you may scarce know your own mother." "That's to be understood," said Sancho, "of them that are basely born, and not of those that have on their souls four

fingers fat of the old Christian, as I have [*To express his not being born a Jew or Moor*]. No, but come to my condition, which will be ungrateful to nobody." "God grant it," quoth Don Quixote, "and we shall see when the government comes; for methinks I have it before mine eyes." Which said, he asked the bachelor whether he were a poet, and that he would do him the favour to make him some verses, the subject of his farewell to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and withal that at the beginning of every verse he should put a letter of her name, that so, joining all the first letters, there might be read Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor made answer that, though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, which they said were but three and an half, yet he would not refuse to compose the said metre, although he found a great deal of difficulty in the composition, because there were seventeen letters in the name; and if he made four staves, of each four verses, that there would be a letter too much; and if he made them of five, which they call decimi, there would be three too little; but for all that he would see if he could drown a letter, so in four staves there might be read Dulcinea del Toboso. "By all means," quoth Don Quixote, "let it be so; for, if the name be not plain and conspicuous, there is no woman will believe the metre was composed for her."

Upon this they agreed, and that eight days after their departure should be. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the vicar and Master Nicholas [*The barber*], his niece, and the old woman, lest they should disturb his noble and valiant resolution. Carrasco assured him, and so took leave, charging Don Quixote he should let him hear of all his good or bad fortune at his best leisure. So they took leave, and Sancho went to provide for their journey.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE WISE AND PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED
BETWIXT SANCHE PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA
PANZA, AND OTHER ACCIDENTS WORTHY OF HAPPY
REMEMBRANCE.

THE translator of this history, when he came to write this fifth chapter, says that he holds it for apocrypha, because Sancho speaks in it after another manner than could be expected from his slender understanding, and speaks things more acutely than was possible for him; yet he would translate it for the accomplishment of his promise; and so goes on as followeth.

Sancho came home so jocund and so merry that his wife perceived it a flight-shot off, insomuch that she needs would ask him, "Friend Sancho, what's the matter that you are so joyful?" To which he answered, "Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make show for." "I understand you not, husband," quoth she; "and I understand not what you mean, that, if it pleased God, you would not be so contented; for, though I be a fool, yet I know not who would willingly be sad."

"Look ye, Teresa," said Sancho, "I am jolly, because I am determined to serve my master Don Quixote once more, who will now this third time sally in pursuit of his adventures, and I also with him, for my poverty will have it so, besides my hope that rejoiceth me, to think that I may find another hundred pistolets for

those that are spent. Yet I am sad again to leave thee and my children; and if it pleased God that I might live quietly at home, without putting myself into those deserts and crossways, which He might easily grant if He pleased and were willing, it is manifest that my content might be more firm and wholesome, since the present joy I have is mingled with a sorrow to leave thee: so that I said well, I should be glad if it pleased God I were not so contented."

"Fie, Sancho," quoth Teresa; "ever since thou hast been a member of a knight-errant thou speakest so round-about the bush that nobody can understand thee." "It is enough," quoth Sancho, "that God understands me, who understands all things; and so much for that. But mark, sister, I would have you for these three days look well to my Dapple, that he may be fit for arms. Double his allowance, seek out his pack-saddle and the rest of his tackling; for we go not to a marriage, but to compass the world, and to give and take with giants, sprites, and hobgoblins; to hear hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bawling, and all this were sweetmeat if we had not to do with Yanguesses [*The carriers that beat the master and man. Vide Part I., Don Quixote*] and enchanted Moors."

"I believe, indeed," quoth Teresa, "that your squire-errant gain not their bread for nothing; I shall therefore pray to our Lord, that He deliver you speedily from this misfortune." "I'll tell you, wife," said Sancho, "if I thought not ere long to be governor of an island, I should die suddenly." "None of that, husband," quoth Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with her pip; live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without government were you born, without government have you lived hitherto, and without government must you go or be carried to

your grave, when it shall please God. How many be there in the world that live without governments, yet they live well enough, and well esteemed of! Hunger is the best sauce in the world, and when the poor want not this they eat contentedly. But hark, Sancho; if you should chance to see a government, pray forget not me and your children: little Sancho is now just fifteen years old, and 'tis fit he go to school if his uncle the abbot mean to make him a churchman; and look ye too, Mary Sancha our daughter will not die if we marry her; for I suspect she desires marriage as much as you your government; and indeed a daughter is better ill married than well paramoured."

"In good faith," quoth Sancho, "if I have aught with my government, wife, Mary Sancha shall be so highly married that she shall be called lady at least." "Not so, Sancho," quoth Teresa: "the best way is to marry her with her equal; for, if instead of her pattens you give her high-shoes [*chapines*]; if, instead of a coarse petticoat, a farthingale and silk kirtle; and from little Mal, my Lady Whacham, the girl will not know herself, and she will every foot fall into a thousand errors, discovering the thread of her gross and coarse web."

"Peace, fool!" said Sancho; "all must be two or three years' practice, and then her greatness will become her, and her state fall out pat. Howsoever, what matter is it? Let her be your ladyship, and come what will on it." "Measure yourself by your means," said Teresa, "and seek not after greater; keep yourself to the proverb, 'Let neighbours' children hold together.' 'Twere pretty, i' faith, to marry our Mary with a great lord or knight, that, when the toy takes him in the head, should new-mould her, calling her milkmaid, boor's daughter, rock-peeler. Not while

I live, husband; for this, forsooth, have I brought up my daughter? Get you money, Sancho, and for marrying her let me alone. Why, there's Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a sound chopping lad; we know him well, and I know he casts a sheep's eye upon the wench; and 'tis good marrying her with this her equal, and we shall have him always with us, and we shall be all one—parent, sons, and grandsons, and son-in-law—and God's peace and blessing will always be amongst us; and let not me have her married into your courts and grand palaces, where they'll neither understand her nor she them."

"Come hither, beast," quoth Sancho; "woman of Barabbas, why wilt thou, without any reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter where she may bring me grandsons that may be styled lordship? Behold, Teresa, I have always heard mine elders say that he that will not when he may, when he desireth shall have nay; and it is not fit that whilst good luck is knocking at our door we shut it: let us therefore sail with this prosperous wind." (For this, and for that which followeth, that Sancho spoke, the author of the history says he held this chapter for apocrypha.) "Do not you think, brute-one," said Sancho, "that it will be fit to fall upon some beneficial government that may bring us out of want, and to marry our daughter Sancha to whom I please, and you shall see how she shall be called Dona Teresa Panza, and sit in the church with your carpet and your cushions, and your hung cloths, in spite of the gentlewomen of the town? No, no; remain still as you are, in one estate, without increasing or diminishing, like a picture in hangings; go to, let's have no more; little Sancha must be a countess, say thou what thou wilt."

"What a coil you keep!" quoth Teresa; "for all

that, I fear this earldom will be my daughter's undoing; yet do what ye will, make her duchess or princess, it shall not be with my consent; I have always loved equality, and I cannot abide to see folks take upon 'em without grounds. I was christened Teresa, without welt or gard, nor additions of Don or Dona; my father's name was Cascaio, and because I am your wife they call me Teresa Panza, for indeed they should have called me Teresa Cascaio. But great ones may do what they list, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any Don upon it, to make it more troublesome, that I shall not be able to bear it. And I will not have folk laugh at me, as they see me walk in my countess's apparel, or my governess's; you shall have them cry straight, 'Look how stately the hog-rubber goes, she that was but yesterday at her spindle, and went to church with the skirt of her coat over her head instead of an huke; to-day she is in her farthingale and in her buttons, and so demure as if we knew her not. God keep me in my seven wits, or my five, or those that I have, and I'll not put myself to such hazards. Get you, brother, to be a government or an island, and take state as you please, for, by my mother's holidam, neither I nor my daughter will stir a foot from our village; better a broken joint than a lost name, and keep home the honest maid, to be doing is her trade. Go you with Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us to our ill fortunes; God will send better, if we be good; and I know not who made him a Don, or a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."

"Now I say," quoth Sancho, "thou hast a familiar in that body of thine. Lord bless thee for a woman, and what a company of things hast thou strung up without head or feet! What hath your Cascaio, your

buttons, or your proverbs, or your state to do with what I have said? Come hither, coxcomb, fool,—for so I may call you, since you understand not my meaning, and neglect your happiness,—if I should say my daughter should cast herself down some tower, or she should rove up and down the world, as did the Princess Donna Urraca [*An infanta of Spain*], you had reason not to consent; but if in less than two trap-blows, or the opening and shutting of an eye, I clap ye a Don and ladyship upon your shoulders, and bring it out of your stubble, and put it you under barn-cover, and set you in your state, with more cushions than the Almohada Moors had in all their lineage, why will you not consent to that that I will have you?" "Would you know why, husband?" answered Teresa: "for the proverb that says he that covers thee discovers thee. Every one passeth his eyes slightly over the poor, and upon the rich man they fasten them; and, if the said rich man have at any time been poor, there is your grumbling and cursing, and your backbiters never leave, who swarm as thick as hives of bees thorough the streets."

"Mark, Teresa," said Sancho, "and give ear to my speech, such as peradventure you have not heard in all your lifetime; neither do I speak anything of mine own, for all I purpose to speak is sentences of our preacher that preached all last Lent in this town, who, as I remember, said that all things that we see before our eyes present do assist our memories much better, and with much more vehemency, than things past." (All these reasons here delivered by Sancho are the second for which the translator of the history holds this chapter for apocrypha, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who proceeded, saying:) "Whereupon it happens that, when we see some personage well clad in

rich apparel, and with many followers, it seems he moves and invites us perforce to give him respect: although our memory at that very instant represents unto us some kind of baseness which we have seen in that personage, the which doth vilify him, be it either for poverty or lineage, both passed over are not, and that which we see present only is. And if this man, whom fortune blotted out of his baseness, and to whom consequently his father left all height of prosperity, be well-behaved, liberal, and courteous towards all men, and contends not with such as are most anciently noble, assure thyself, Teresa, all men will forget what he was, and reverence him for what he is, except the envious, whom the greatest scape not." "I understand you not, husband," replied Teresa; "do what you will, and do not trouble me with your long speeches and your rhetoric; and if you be revolved to do what you say"— "Resolved you must say, wife," quoth Sancho, "and not revolved." "I pray dispute not with me, husband," said Teresa; "I speak as it pleases God, and strive not for more eloquence; and I tell you, if you persist in having your government, take your son Sancho with you, and teach him from henceforth to govern, for it is fit that the sons do inherit and learn the offices of their fathers."

"When I have my government," quoth Sancho, "I will send post for him, and I will send thee moneys, for I shall want none, and there never want some that will lend governors money when they have none. But clothe him so that he shall not appear what he is, and may seem what he must be." "Send you money," quoth Teresa, "and I'll clad him like a date-leaf." "So that now," said Sancho, "we are agreed that our daughter shall be a countess." "The day that I shall see her a countess," said Teresa, "will be my death's-

day. But I tell you again, do what you will; for we women are born with this clog, to be obedient to our husbands, though they be no better than leeks." And here she began to weep so heartily as if her little daughter Sancha had been dead and buried.

Sancho comforted her, saying that, though she must be a countess, yet he would defer it as long as he could. Here their dialogue ended, and Sancho returned to see Don Quixote, to give order for their departure.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT PASSED BETWIXT DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE,
AND THE OLD WOMAN; AND IT IS ONE OF THE
MOST MATERIAL CHAPTERS IN ALL THE HISTORY.

WHILST Sancho and his wife were in this impertinent aforesaid discourse, Don Quixote's niece and old woman were not idle, and by a thousand signs guessed that her uncle and their master would a-slashing the third time, and return to the exercising of his (for them) ill knight-errantry. They sought by all means possible to divert him from so bad a purpose; but all was to no purpose, to preach in a desert, or to beat cold iron. Notwithstanding, amongst many other discourses that passed betwixt them, the old woman told him, "Truly, master, if you keep not your foot still, and rest quiet at home, and suffer yourself to be led through mountains and valleys, like a soul in purgatory, seeking after those they call adventures, which I call misfortunes, I shall complain on you, and cry out to God and the king, that they remedy it." To which Don Quixote answered: "Woman, what God will answer to your complaints I know not, nor what his Majesty will; only I know, if I were a king, I would save a labour in answering such an infinity of foolish petitions as are given him daily; for one of the greatest toils, amongst many other that kings have, is this: to be bound to hearken to all, to answer all; therefore I would be loath that ought concerning me should

trouble him." "Then," quoth the old woman, "tell us, sir, in his Majesty's court be there not knights?" "Yes," answered he, "and many, and good reason, for the adornment and greatness of princes, and for ostentation of the royal Majesty." "Why would not your worship," replied she, "be one of them that might quietly serve the king your master at court?"

"Look ye, friend," answered Don Quixote; "all knights cannot be courtiers, nor all courtiers neither can nor ought to be knights-errant. In the world there must be of all sorts, and, though we be all knights, yet the one and the other differ much: for your courtiers, without stirring out of their chambers, or over the court thresholds, can travel all the world over, looking upon a map, without spending a mite, without suffering heat, cold, hunger, or thirst; but we, the true knights-errant, with sun, with cold, with air, with all the inclemencies of heaven, night and day, a-horseback and on foot, do trace the whole world through: and we do not know our enemies by supposition, as they are painted, but in their real being; and at all times and upon every occasion we set upon them, without standing upon trifles, or on the laws of duello, whether a sword or lance were longer or shorter, whether either of the parties wore a charm or some hidden deceit, if they shall fight after the sun's going down or no, with other ceremonies of this nature which are used in single combats betwixt man and man, that thou knowest not of, but I do. Know further that the good knight-errant, although he see ten giants that with their heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, and that each of them hath legs as big as two great towers, and arms like the masts of mighty ships, and each eye as big as a mill-wheel and more fiery than a glass-oven, must not be affrighted in

any wise, rather with a staid pace and undaunted courage he must set on them, close with them, and, if possible, overcome and make them turn tail in an instant; yea, though they came armed with the shells of a certain fish, which, they say, are harder than diamonds; and though instead of swords they had cutting-skeins of Damasco steel, or iron clubs with pikes of the same, as I have seen them more than once or twice. All this have I said, woman mine, that you may see the difference betwixt some knights and others; and it is reason that princes should more esteem this second, or, to say fitter, this first species of knights-errant; for, as we read in their histories, such an one there hath been amongst them that hath been a safeguard, not only of one kingdom, but of many."

"Ah, sir," then said his niece, "beware; for all is lies and fiction that you have spoken touching your knights-errant, whose stories, if they were not burnt, they deserve each of them at least to have a penance inflicted upon them, or some note by which they might be known to be infamous, and ruiners of good customs."

"I assure thee certainly," quoth Don Quixote, "if thou wert not lineally my niece, as daughter to mine own sister, I would so punish thee for the blasphemy thou hast spoken, as should resound thorough all the world. Is it possible that a piss-kitchen, that scarce knows how to make bone-lace, dares speak and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said if he should have heard this? But I warrant he would have forgiven thee, for he was the humblest and most courteous knight of his time, and moreover a great protector of damsels; but such an one might have heard thee that thou mightest have repented thee; for all are not courteous or pitiful, some

are harsh and brutish. Neither are all that bear the name of knights so truly; for some are of gold, others of alchymy; yet all seem to be knights, but all cannot brook the touchstone of truth. You have some base knaves that burst again to seem knights, and some that are knights that kill themselves in post-haste till they become peasants. The one either raise themselves by their ambition or virtue; the others fall, either by their negligence or vice; and a man had need be wise to distinguish between these two sorts of knights, so near in their names, so distant in their actions."

"Help me God!" quoth the niece, "that you should know so much, uncle, as were it in case of necessity, you might step into a pulpit, and preach in the streets [*An usual thing in Spain, that a friar or Jesuit, when a fiery zeal takes him, makes his pulpit in any part of the street or market-place*]; and for all that you go on so blindly and fall into so eminent a madness that you would have us think you valiant now you are old; that you are strong being so sickly; that you are able to make crooked things straight, being crooked with years; and that you are a knight when you are none: for, though gentlemen may be knights, yet the poor cannot."

"You say well, niece, in that," quoth Don Quixote, "and I could tell thee things concerning lineages that should admire thee; but because I will not mingle divinity with humanity I say nothing. Mark ye, ho! to four sorts of lineages — hearken to me — may all in the world be reduced, and they are these: some that from base beginnings have arrived at the greatest honours; others that had great beginnings and so conserve them till the end; others that, though they had great beginnings, yet they end pointed like a pyramid, having lessened and annihilated their beginning, till

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it ends in nothing; others there are, and these the most, that neither had good beginning nor reasonable middle, and so they pass away without mention, as the lineage of the common and ordinary sort of people. Let the house of the Othomans be an example to thee of the first, who had an obscure beginning, but rose to the greatness they now preserve; that from a base and poor shepherd that gave them their first beginning have come to this height in which now we see them. Many princes may be an instance of the second lineage, that began in greatness, and was so preserved without augmentation or diminution, only kept their inheritance, containing themselves within the limits of their own kingdoms peacefully. Thousands of examples there be of such as began in greatness, and lessened towards their end. For all your Pharaohs, your Ptolemies of Egypt, your Cæsars of Rome, with all the hurry, if I may so term them, of your infinite princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, and Barbarians,—all these lineages, all these lordships, ended, pointed, and came to nought, as well they as those that gave them beginning; for it is not possible to find any of their successors, and, if it were, he must be in mean and base estate. With the common sort I have nothing to do, since they only live and serve to increase the number of men, without deserving more fame or eulogy of their greatness. Thus much, fools, you may infer from all that hath been said, that the confusion of lineages is very great; and that those are the most great and glorious that show it in the virtue, wealth, and liberality of their owners. Virtue, wealth, and liberality, I say, for that great man that is vicious will be the more so by his greatness, and the rich man not liberal is but a covetous beggar; for he that possesses riches is not happy in them, but in the spending them;

not only in spending, but in well spending them. The poor knight hath no way to show he is a knight, but that he is virtuous, affable, well-fashioned, courteous and well-behaved, and officious; not proud, not arrogant, not back-biting; and above all, charitable; for in a penny that he gives cheerfully to the poor he shows himself as liberal as he that for ostentation gives an alms before a multitude; and there is no man that sees him adorned with these virtues, but, although he know him not, he will judge of him and think he is well descended; for, if he were not, 'twere miraculous, and the reward of virtue hath been always praise, and the virtuous must needs be praised. There be two courses for men to come to be wealthy and noble by; the one is arts, t'other arms. I have more arms than learning, and was born, according to my inclination that way, under the influence of the planet Mars, so that I must of force follow his steps, which I mean to do in spite of all the world, and it is vain for you to strive to persuade me that I should nill what the heavens will me, fortune ordains, and reason requires, and above all my affection desires. Well, in knowing, as I know, the innumerable troubles that are annexed to knight-errantry, so I know the infinite goods that are obtained with it. And I know that the path of virtue is very narrow, and the way of vice large and spacious; and I know that their ends and resting-places are different; for that of vice, large and spacious, ends in death; and that of virtue, narrow and cumbersome, ends in life; and not in a life that hath ending, but that is endless; and I know what our great Castilian poet [*Boscán*] said:

'To the high seat of immortality,
Through crabbed paths we must our journey take,
Whence he that falls can never climb so high.'

"Woe is me!" said the niece, "my master too is a poet, he knows everything. I'll hold a wager, if he would be a mason, he would build a house as easily as a cage." "I promise thee, niece," said Don Quixote, "if these knightly cogitations did not rap my senses there is nothing I could not do, nor no curiosity should escape me, especially cages and tooth-pickers."

By this one knocked at the door, and asking who was there, Sancho answered, "'Tis I." The old woman, as soon as she heard him, ran to hide herself, because she would not see him. The niece let him in; and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms; and they both locked themselves in, where they had another dialogue as good as the former.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT PASSED BETWIXT DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE,
WITH OTHER MOST FAMOUS ACCIDENTS.

THE old woman, as soon as she saw her master and Sancho locked together, began to smell their drift; and imagining that his third sally would result from that consultation, and taking her mantle, full of sorrow and trouble, she went to seek the bachelor Samson Carrasco, supposing that as he was well spoken, and a late acquaintance of Don Quixote's, he might persuade him to leave his doting purpose. She found him walking in the court of his house, and seeing him, she fell down in a cold sweat, all troubled, at his feet. When Carrasco saw her so sorrowful and affrighted, he asked her, "What's the matter? what accident is this? Methinks thy heart is at thy mouth." "Nothing," said she, "Master Samson, but my master is run out; doubtless, he is run out." "And where runs he?" said he; "hath he broken a hole in any part of his body?" "He runs not out," answered she, "but out of the door of his madness. I mean, sweet sir bachelor, he means to be a-gadding again, and this is his third time he hath gone a-hunting after those you call adventures: I know not why they give 'em this name. The first time they brought him us athwart upon an ass, beaten to pieces. The second time he came clapped up in an ox-wain, and locked in a cage, and he made us believe he was enchanted; and the poor soul was so changed

that his mother that brought him forth would not have known him, so lean, so wan, his eyes so sunk in his head, that I spent above six hundred eggs to recover him, as God is my witness and all the world, and my hens that will not let me lie." "That I well believe," quoth the bachelor, "for they are so good, and so fat, and so well nurtured that they will not say one thing for another if they should burst for it. Well, is there aught else? hath there any other ill luck happened more than this you fear, that your master will abroad?" "No, sir," said she. "Take no care," quoth he, "but get you home on God's name, and get me some warm thing to breakfast, and by the way as you go pray me the orison of St. Apolonia, if you know it, and I'll go thither presently, and you shall see wonders." "Wretch that I am!" quoth she; "the orison of St. Apolonia, quoth you? that were if my master had the toothache, but his pain is in his head." "I know what I say," quoth he, "and do not you dispute with me, since you know I have proceeded bachelor at Salamanca. Do you think there is no more than to take the degree?" said he. With that, away she goes: and he went presently to seek the vicar, and communicate with him, what shall be said hereafter.

At the time that Don Quixote and Sancho were locked together, there passed a discourse between them, which the history tells with much punctuality, and a true relation. Sancho said to his master, "I have now reluced my wife to let me go with you whithersoever you please." "Reduced you would say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote. "I have bid you more than once, if I have not forgotten," said Sancho, "that you do not correct my words, if so be you understand my meaning; and when you do not understand them, cry, 'Sancho, or devil, I understand thee not'; and if I do not

express myself, then you may correct me, for I am so focible."

"I understand thee not, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "for I know not the meaning of your focible." "So focible is," said Sancho, "I am so, so." "Less and less do I understand," said Don Quixote. "Why, if you do not understand," said Sancho, "I cannot do withal, I know no more, and God be with me." "Thou meanest docible, I believe, and that thou art so pliant and so taking that thou wilt apprehend what I shall tell thee, and learn what I shall instruct thee in."

"I'll lay a wager," said Sancho, "you searched and understood me at first, but that you would put me out, and hear me blunder out a hundred or two of follies." "It may be so," quoth Don Quixote; "but what says Teresa?" "Teresa bids me make sure work with you, and that we may have less saying and more doing; for great sayers are small doers. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and I say a woman's advice is but slender, yet he that refuseth it is a madman." "I say so too," quoth Don Quixote; "but say, friend Sancho, proceed; for to-day thou speakest preciously."

"The business is," quoth Sancho, "that, as you better know than I, we are all mortal here to-day, and gone to-morrow; as soon goes the young lamb to the roast as the old sheep; and no man can promise himself more days than God hath given him; for death is deaf, and when she knocks at life's door, she is in haste; neither threats, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres can stay her, as the common voice goes, and as they tell us in pulpits"

"All this is true," said Don Quixote; "but I know not where thou meanest to stop." "My stop is," quoth Sancho, "that your worship allow me some certain wages by the month, for the time that I shall serve

you [*The custom of Spain is to pay their servants' wages by the month*]; and that the said wages be paid me out of your substance; for I'll trust no longer to good turns, which come either slowly, or meanly, or never; God give me joy of mine own! In a word, I must know what I may gain, little or much; for the hen lays as well upon one egg as many, and many littles make a mickle; and whilst something is gotten nothing is lost. Indeed, if it should so happen, which I neither believe nor hope for, that your worship should give me the island you promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor would carry things with such extremity, as not to have the rent of that island prized, and so to discount for the wages I received, cantity for cantity." "Is not quantity as much worth as cantity, friend Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "I understand you now," said Sancho, "and dare lay anything that I should have said quantity, and not cantity: but that's no matter, seeing you have understood me."

"I understand you very well," answered Don Quixote, "and have penetrated the utmost of your thoughts, and know very well what mark you aim at, with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look ye, Sancho, I could willingly afford you wages, if I had found in any histories of knights-errant any example that might give me light through the least chink of any wages given monthly or yearly; but I have read all or the most part of their histories, and do not remember that ever I have read that any knight-errant hath allowed any set wages to his squire; only I know that all lived upon countenance, and, when they least dreamt of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded either with an island or some such thing equivalent, and at least they remained with honour and title. If you, Sancho, upon these hopes

and additaments have a mind to return to my service, i' God's name; but to think that I will pluck the old use of knight-errantry out of his bounds, and off the hinges, is a mere impossibility. So that, Sancho, you may go home and tell your Teresa mine intention; and if that she and you will rely upon my favour, bene quidem; and, if not, let's part friends; for, if my pigeon-house have cumins, it will want no doves. And take this by the way, 'A good expectation is better than a bad possession, and a good demand better than an ill pay.' I speak thus, Sancho, that you may plainly see I know as well as you to sprinkle proverbs like rain-showers. Lastly, let me tell you, if you will not trust to my reward, and run the same fortune with me, God keep you, and make you a saint; for I shall not want more obedient squires, and more careful, and not so irksome nor so talkative as you."

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolution, he waxed cloudy, and the wings of his heart began to stoop, for he thought verily his master would not go without him for all the treasure in the world. Thus being doubtful and pensative, Samson Carrasco entered, and the niece, desirous to hear how he persuaded her master that he should not return to his adventures.

In came Samson, a notable crack-rope, and, embracing him as at first, began in this loud key: "O flower of chivalry, bright light of arms, honour and mirror of our Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God of His infinite goodness, that he or they that hinder or disturb this thy third sally, that they never find it in the labyrinth of their desires, nor let the ill they wish for ever be accomplished." And, turning to the old woman, he said: "You need no longer pray the orison of Saint Apollonia, for I know the determination of the spheres is that Don Quixote put in execu-

tion his lofty and new designs; and I should much burden my conscience if I should not persuade and intimate unto this knight that he do no longer withdraw and hold back the force of his valorous arm, and the courage of his most valiant mind, for with his delaying he defrauds the rectifying of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of damsels, the bulwark of married women, and other matters of this quality, which concern, appertain, depend, and are annexed unto the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, my beautiful, my brave Don Quixote, rather to-day than to-morrow; let your greatness be upon the way; and, if anything be wanting to your journey, here am I to supply with my wealth, with my person, and, if need be, to be thy magnificence his squire, which I shall hold a most happy fortune."

Then said Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should want no squires? See who offers himself to me; the most rare bachelor Samson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delighter of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, silent, suffering of heats and colds, hunger and thirst, with all the abilities that belong to the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven forbid that for my pleasure I hox and break off the column of learning, the vessel of sciences, and that I lop off the eminent branch of the liberal arts: remain thou another Samson in thy country, honour it and those grey hairs of thine aged parents, for I will content myself with any squire, since Sancho deigns not to attend me."

"I do deign," said Sancho, all tender, and the tears standing in his eyes, and thus proceeds: "It shall not be said, master, for me, 'No longer pipe no longer dance'; nor am I made of hardest oak, for all the world knows, and especially my town, who the Panzas

were, from whom I descend; besides, I know and have searched out, by many good works and many good words, the desire that your worship hath to do me a kindness, and, if I have been to blame to meddle in reckonings concerning my wages, it was to please my wife, who, when she once falls into a vein of persuading, there's no hammer that doth so fasten the hoops of a bucket as she doth, till she obtain what she would have. But howsoever the husband must be husband, and the wife wife; and, since I am a man everywhere—I cannot deny that—I will also be so at home in spite of any; so that there's no more to be done but that you make your will and set to your codicil, in such sort that it may not be revoked, and let's straight to our journey, that Master Samson's soul may not suffer; for he saith his conscience is unquiet till he have persuaded you to your third sally through the world, and I afresh offer my service faithfully and loyally, as well and better than any squire that ever served knight-errant in former times or in present."

The bachelor wondered to hear Sancho's manner and method of speaking; for, though in the first history he had read of his master, he never thought Sancho had been so witty as they there paint him out; yet hearing him now mention will and codicil, revolking instead of revoking, he believed all that he had read of him, and confirmed him to be one of the most solemnest coxcombs of our age, and said to himself that two such madmen as master and man were not in all the world again.

Now Don Quixote and Sancho embraced, and remained friends, and with the grand Carrasco's approbation and goodwill, who was then their oracle, it was decreed that within three days they should depart, in which they might have time to provide all things

necessary for their voyage, and to get an helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry. Samson offered him one, for he knew a friend of his would not deny it him, although it were fouler with mould and rust than bright with smooth steel.

The niece and old woman cursed the bachelor unmercifully; they tore their hair, scratched their faces, and, as your funeral mourners use, they howled at their master's departure, as if he had been a dead man. The design that Samson had to persuade him to this third sally was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the vicar and the barber, to whom he had before communicated it. Well, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho fitted themselves with what they thought they needed; and, Sancho having set down the time to his wife, and Don Quixote to his niece and the old woman, toward night, without taking leave of anybody but the bachelor, who would needs bring them half a league from the town, they took their way towards Toboso, Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho on his old Dapple. His wallets were stuffed with provant, and his purse with money that Don Quixote gave him for their expenses. Samson embraced him and desired him that he might hear of his good or ill fortune, to rejoice for the one or be sorry for the other, as the law of friendship did require. Don Quixote made him a promise, Samson returned home, and the two went on towards the famous city of Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, GOING TO SEE HIS
MISTRESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

"BLESSED be the powerful Ala!" saith Hamet Benen-geli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter. [*"Ala" amongst the Moors is as much as "Mahomet" amongst the Turks.*] "Blessed be Ala!" which he thrice repeated, and said that he rendered these benedictions to see that now Don Quixote and Sancho were upon their march, and that the readers of their delightful history may reckon that from this time the exploits and conceits of Don Quixote and his squire do begin. He persuades them they should forget the former chivalry of the noble knight, and fix their eyes upon his acts to come, which begin now in his way towards Toboso, as the former did in the fields of Montiel; and it is a small request, for so much as he is to perform; so he proceeds, saying:—

Don Quixote and Sancho were now all alone, and Samson was scarce gone from them, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which both by knight and squire were held for lucky signs and an happy presaging, though, if the truth were told, Dapple's sighs and brayings were more than the horse's neighing, whereupon Sancho collected that his fortune should exceed and overtop his master's, building I know not upon what judicial astrology, that sure he knew, although the history says nothing of it; only

he would often say, when he fell down or stumbled, he would have been glad not to have gone abroad, for of stumbling or falling came nothing but tearing his shoes or breaking a rib; and, though he were a fool, yet he was not out in this.

Don Quixote said unto him: "Friend Sancho, the night comes on us apace, and it will grow too dark for us to reach Toboso ere it be day, whither I am determined to go before I undertake any adventure; and there I mean to receive a benediction, and take leave of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, after which I know and am assured I shall end and close up every dangerous adventure, for nothing makes knights-errant more hardy than to see themselves favoured by their mistresses." "I believe it," quoth Sancho; "but I doubt you will not speak with her; at least, not see her where you may receive her blessing, if she give you it not from the mud walls where I saw her the first time, when I carried the letter and news of your mad pranks which you were playing in the heart of Sierra Morena."

"Were those mud walls in thy fantasy, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "where or thorough which thou sawest that never-enough-praised gentleness and beauty? They were not so, but galleries, walks, or goodly stone pavements—or how call ye them?—of rich and royal palaces." "All this might be," answered Sancho, "but to me they seemed no better, as I remember." "Yet let's go thither," quoth Don Quixote; "for, so I see her, let them be mud walls or not, or windows; all is one whether I see her thorough chinks or thorough garden lattices, for each ray that comes from the sun of her brightness to mine eyes will lighten mine understanding and strengthen mine heart, and make me sole and rare in my wisdom and valour."

"Truly, sir," said Sancho, "when I saw that sun, it was not so bright that it cast any rays from it; and belike 'twas that, as she was winnowing the wheat I told you of, the dust that came from it was like a cloud upon her face, and dimmed it."

"Still dost thou think, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "believe, and grow obstinate that my mistress Dulcinea was winnowing, it being a labour so unfit for persons of quality, that use other manners of exercises and recreation, which show a flight-shot off their nobleness! Thou doest ill remember those verses of our poet, where he paints out unto us the exercises which those four nymphs used in their crystal habitations, when they advanced their heads above the loved Tagus [*A river in Spain*], and sat in the green fields working those rich embroideries which the ingenious poet there describes unto us, all which were of gold, of purl, and woven with embossed pearls. Such was the work of my mistress when thou sawest her, but that the envy which some base enchanter bears to mine affairs turns all that should give me delight into different shapes; and this makes me fear that the history of my exploits which is in print—if so be some wizard my enemy were the author—that he hath put one thing for another, mingling with one truth a hundred lies, diverting himself to tell tales not fitting the continuing of a true history. O envy, thou root of infinite evils, thou worm of virtues! All vices, Sancho, do bring a kind of pleasure with them; but envy hath nothing but distaste, rancour, and raving."

"I am of that mind too," said Sancho; "and I think that in the history that Carrasco told us of, that he had seen of us, that my credit is turned topsy-turvy, and, as they say, goes a-begging. Well, as I am honest man I never spoke ill of any enchanter, neither am

I so happy as to be envied; true it is that I am somewhat malicious, and have certain knavish glimpses; but all is covered and hid under the large cloak of my simplicity, always natural to me, but never artificial; and if there were nothing else in me but my belief (for I believe in God, and in all that the Roman Church believes, and am sworn a mortal enemy to the Jews), the historians ought to pity me and use me well in their writings. But, let 'em say what they will, naked was I born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose; and, though they put me in books, and carry me up and down from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let 'em say what they will."

"'Twas just the same," quoth Don Quixote, "that happened to a famous poet of our times, who, having made a malicious satire against all the courtesans, he left out one amongst them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who, seeing she was not in the scroll among the rest, took it unkindly from the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he should not put her amongst the rest, and desired him to enlarge his satire, and put her in the spare room; if not, she would scratch out his eyes. The poet consented, and set her down with a vengeance; and she was satisfied to see herself famous, although indeed infamous. Besides, the tale of the shepherd agrees with this that set Diana's Temple on fire, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, because he would be talked of for it; and, although there were an edict that no man should either mention him by speaking or writing, that he might not attain to his desire, yet his name was known to be Erostratus. The same allusion may be had out of an accident that befel the great Emperor Charles the Fifth with a knight of Rome. The emperor was desirous to see the famous

temple of the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called 'The Temple of All the Gods,' and now, by a better style, 'of all Saints,' and it is the only entire edifice that hath remained of all the Gentiles in Rome, and that which doth most conserve the glory and magnificence of its founders. 'Tis made like an half-orange, exceeding large and very lightsome, having but one window that gives it light, or, to say truer, but one round louver on the top of it. The emperor looking on the edifice, there was a Roman knight with him that showed him the devices and contriving of that great work and memorable architecture, and, stepping from the louver, said to the emperor: 'A thousand times, mighty monarch, have I desired to seize your majesty, and cast myself down from this louver, to leave an everlasting fame behind me.' 'I thank you,' said the emperor, 'that you have not performed it, and henceforward I will give you no such occasion to show your loyalty; and therefore I command you that you neither speak to me nor come to my presence.' And, for all these words, he rewarded him. I'll tell you, Sancho, this desire of honour is an itching thing. What dost thou think cast Horatius from the bridge all armed into deep Tiber? What egged Curtius to launch himself into the lake? What made Mutius burn his hand? What forced Cæsar against all the soothsayers to pass the Rubicon? And, to give you more modern examples, what was it bored those ships, and left those valorous Spaniards on ground, guided by the most courteous Cortez in the New World? All these and other great and several exploits are, have been, and shall be the works of fame, which mortals desire as a reward and part of the immortality which their famous arts deserve; though we that be Christian Catholic knights-errant

must look more to the happiness of another world, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than to the vanity of fame, which is gotten in this present frail age, and which, let it last as long as it will, it must have ending with this world which hath its limited time; so that, O Sancho, our actions must not pass the bounds that Christian religion, which we profess, hath put us in. In giants we must kill pride, envy in generousness and noble breasts; anger in a continent, reposed, and quiet mind; riot and drowsiness in temperance and vigilance; lasciviousness in the loyalty we observe to those that we have made the mistresses of our thoughts; and sloth by travelling up and down the world, seeking occasions that may make us, besides Christians, famous knights. These, Sancho, are the means by which the extremes of glory are obtained, which fame brings with it."

"All that you have hitherto spoken," quoth Sancho, "I understand passing well; but I would fain have you zolve me of one doubt, which even now comes into my head." "Resolve, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "speak i' God's name, for I'll answer thee as well as I can." "Tell me, sir," said Sancho; "these Julies or Augusts, and all these famous knights you talk of, that are dead, where are they now?" "The Gentiles," said he, "undoubtedly are in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, either in purgatory [*According to the Romish opinion, erroneous*] or in hell." "'Tis very well; but the sepulchres where the bodies of these great lordings lie interred, have they silver lamps [*Relics that use to be hanged up in the papists' churches*] burning before them, or are their chapel walls decked with crutches, winding-sheets, periwigs, legs, and wax eyes? And, if not with these, with what?" "The sepulchres of the Gentiles," said Don

Quixote, "were, for the most part, sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar's body were put upon a huge pyramis of stone, which at this day is called Saint Peter's Needle. The Emperor Adrian's sepulchre was a great castle as big as a pretty village; it was called Moles Adriani, and, at this day, the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausoleus in a sepulchre which was held to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World. But none of all these, nor many others the Gentiles had, were decked with winding-sheets, nor any kind of offerings or signs that testified they were saints that were buried in them."

"That's it I come to," said Sancho; "and tell me now, which is more, to raise a dead man or to kill a giant?" "The answer is at hand," said Don Quixote: "to raise a dead man." "There I caught you," quoth Sancho. "Then, the fame of him that raiseth the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, restoreth sick men, who hath lamps burning before his sepulchre, whose chapel is full of devout people, which upon their knees adore his relics,—this man hath greater renown, and in another world, than ever any of your Gentile emperors or knights-errant ever left behind them."

"I grant you that," quoth Don Quixote. "Well," answered Sancho, "this fame, these graces, these prerogatives—how call ye 'em?—have the bodies and relics of saints, that, by the approbation and license of our holy Mother the Church, have their lamps, their lights, their winding-sheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their eyes and legs, by which they increase men's devotions, and endear their Christian fame. Kings carry the bodies of saints or their relics upon their shoulders; they kiss the

pieces of their bones, and do deck and enrich their chapels with them, and their most precious altars."

"What will you have me infer from all this, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "I mean," said Sancho, "that we endeavour to be saints, and we shall the sooner obtain the fame we look after. And let me tell you, sir, that yesterday or t'other day,—for so I may say, it being not long since,—there were two poor barefoot friars canonised or beatified, and now many think themselves happy to kiss or touch those iron chains with which they girt and tormented their bodies; and they are more revered than is, as I said, Roldan's sword in the armoury of our lord the King—God save him! So that, master mine, better it is to be a poor friar, of what order soever, than a valiant knight-errant; a dozen or two of lashes obtain more at God's hands than two thousand blows with the lance, whether they be given to giants, to spirits, or hobgoblins."

"All this is true," answered Don Quixote; "but all cannot be friars, and God Almighty hath many ways by which He carries His elect to heaven. Cavallery is a religion, and you have many knights saints in heaven." "That may be," said Sancho; "but I have heard you have more friars there than knights-errant." "That is," quoth Don Quixote, "because the religious in number are more than the knights." "But there are many knights-errant," said Sancho. "Many, indeed," quoth Don Quixote, "but few that deserve the name."

In these and such-like discourses they passed the whole night and the next day, without lighting upon anything worth relation, for which Don Quixote was not a little sorry; at last, the next day toward night, they discovered the goodly city of Toboso, with which sight Don Quixote's spirits were revived, but Sancho's dulled, because he knew not Dulcinea's house, nor ever

saw her in his life, no more than his master; so that, the one to see her, and the other because he had not seen her, were at their wits' end, and Sancho knew not how to do, if his master should send him to Toboso. But Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the night, and till the time came they stayed between certain oaks that were near Toboso; and, the prefixed moment being come, they entered the city, where they lighted upon things indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE IS SET DOWN AS FOLLOWETH.

MIDNIGHT was near spun out when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain and entered the city: the town was all hushed, and the dwellers were asleep with their legs stretched at length, as they say; the night was brightsome, though Sancho wished it had been darker, that he might not see his madness; the dogs in the town did nothing but bark and thunder in Don Quixote's ears, and affrighted Sancho's heart; now and then an ass brayed, hogs grunted, cats mewed, whose different howlings were augmented with the silent night; all which the enamoured knight held to be ominous, but yet he spoke to Sancho: "Son Sancho," said he, "guide to Dulcinea's palace; it may be we shall find her waking." "Body of the sun!" quoth Sancho, "to what palace shall I guide? for where I saw her highness it was a little house." "Belike," quoth Don Quixote, "she was retired into some corner of her palace to solace herself in private with her damsels, as great ladies and princesses use to do." "Sir," quoth Sancho, "since, whether I will or no, you will have my mistress Dulcinea's house to be a palace, do you think nevertheless this to be a fit time of night to find the door open in? Do you think it fit that we bounce, that they may hear and let us in, to disquiet the whole town? Are we going to a bawdy-house, think ye, like your whoremasters that come and call and enter at

what hour they list, how late soever it be?" "First of all, to make one thing sure, let's find the palace," replied Don Quixote, "and then, Sancho, I'll tell thee what's fit to be done. And look, Sancho, either my sight fails me or that great bulk and shadow that we see is Dulcinea's palace." "Well, guide on, sir," said Sancho; "it may be it is so, though I'll first see it with my eyes, and feel it with my hands, and believe it as much as it is now day."

Don Quixote led on, and, having walked about some two hundred paces, he lighted on the bulk that made the shadow, and saw a great steeple, which he perceived was not the palace, but of the chief church in the town. Then said he, "Sancho, we are come to the church." "I see it very well," quoth Sancho, "and I pray God we come not to our graves; for it is no good sign to haunt churchyards so late, especially since I told you, as I remember, that this lady's house is in a little alley without passage through." "A pox on thee, block-head!" said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever found that kings' houses and palaces have been built in such alleys?" "Sir," quoth Sancho, "every country hath their several fashions. It may be here in Toboso they build their great buildings thus, and therefore pray, sir, give me leave to look up and down the streets or lanes that lie in my way, and it may be that in some corner I may light upon this palace—the devil take it!—that thus mocks and misleads us." "Speak mannerly, sir," quoth Don Quixote, "of my mistress' things, and let's be merry and wise, and cast not the rope after the bucket."

"I will forbear," said Sancho; "but how shall I endure that you will needs have me be thoroughly acquainted with a house I never saw but once, and to find it at midnight, being you cannot find it that have

seen it a million of times?" "Sirrah, I shall grow desperate," quoth Don Quixote. "Come hither, heretic. Have not I told thee a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor never crossed the thresholds of her palace, and that I only am enamoured on her by hearsay, and the great fame of her beauty and discretion?" "Why, now I hear you," said Sancho; "and, since you say you have never seen her—nor I neither." "That cannot be," said Don Quixote; "for you told me, at least, that you had seen her winnowing of wheat, when you brought me the answer of the letter I sent by you." "Ne'er stand upon that," said Sancho; "for let me tell you, that I only saw her by hearsay too, and so was the answer I brought, for I know her as well as I can box the moon." "Sancho, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there's a time to laugh and a time to mourn. Not because I say I have neither seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul shouldst thou say thou hast neither seen nor spoken to her, it being otherwise, as thou knowest."

Being in this discourse, they saw one passing by them with two mules, and by the noise the plough made which they drew upon the ground they might see it was some husbandman that rose by break of day to go to his tillage, and so it was: as he came, he went singing that Romante of the battle of Roncesvalles with the Frenchmen. In hearing of which quoth Don Quixote, "Sancho, hang me if we have any good fortune this night! Do not you hear what this clown sings?" "Yes, marry, do I," said Sancho; "but what doth the Chase of Roncesvalles concern us? 'Tis no more than if he had sung the Romante of Calainos [*As if we should have said in English Chevy Chase, or some such-like*]; and all one, for our good or ill luck in this business."

By this the ploughman came by them, and Don Quixote questioned him: "Can you tell me, friend, so God reward you, which is the palace of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso?" "Sir," answered the young man, "I am a stranger, and have lived but a while in this town, and serve a rich husbandman, to till his ground; here over-against the vicar and the sexton both live; any of them will tell you of this lady princess, as having a list of all the inhabitants of Toboso; although I think there is no such princess here, but many gentlefolk, each of which may be a princess in her own house." "Why, friend," quoth Don Quixote, "it may be that she I ask for is amongst these." "It may be so," said the fellow, "and God speed you, for now it begins to be day-peep;" and, switching his mules, he stayed for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in a deep suspense and very malcontent, told him, "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be so fit that we sun ourselves in the street; it is better to go out of the city, and that you shade yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will come back anon, and not leave a by-place in all this town, where I may search for the house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it were ill luck if I found her not; and, if I do, I will speak with her and let her know where and how you do, expecting that she give you order and direction how you may see her, without any manner of prejudice to her honour and good name." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, enclosed in the circle of thy short discourse. The advice that thou hast now given me I hunger after, and most lovingly accept of. Come, son, let us take shade, and thou shalt return, as thou sayest, to seek, to see, and to speak to my mistress, from whose discretion and courtesy I hope for a thousand miraculous favours."

Sancho stood upon thorns till he had drawn his master from the town, lest he should verify the lie of the answer that he had carried him from Dulcinea to Sierra Morena. So he hastened him to be gone, which was presently done, some two miles from the town, where they found a forest or wood, where Don Quixote took shade ; and Sancho returned to the city to speak with Dulcinea, in which embassy matters befel him that require a new attention, and a new belief.

CHAPTER X.

HOW SANCHEO CUNNINGLY ENCHANTED THE LADY
DULCINEA, AND OTHER SUCCESES, AS RIDICULOUS
AS TRUE.

THE author of this history, coming to relate that which he doth in this chapter, says that he would willingly have passed it over in silence, as fearing not to be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness did exceed, and was at least two flight-shots beyond his greatest that ever was; but, for all this fear and suspicion, he set it down as t'other acted it, without adding or diminishing the least jot of truth in the history, not caring for anything that might be objected against him for a liar; and he had reason, for truth is stretched, but never breaks, and tramples on the lie as oil doth upon water; and so, prosecuting his history, he says that as Don Quixote had shaded himself in the forest or oak wood near the grand Toboso, he willed Sancho to return to the city, and not to come to his presence without he had first spoken to his mistress from him, requesting her that she would please to be seen by her captived knight, and to deign to bestow her blessing on him, that by it he might hope for many most prosperous successes in all his onsets and dangerous enterprises. Sancho took on him to fulfil his command, and to bring him now as good an answer as the former.

"Go, lad," said Don Quixote, "and be not daunted

when thou comest before the beams of the sun of beauty, which thou goest to discover. Oh, happy thou above all the squires of the world! be mindful, and forget not how she entertains thee,—if she blush just at the instant when thou deliverest my embassy; if she be stirred and troubled when she hears my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if she be set in the rich state of her authority. And if she stand up, mark her whether she clap sometimes one foot upon another; if she repeat the answer she gives thee twice or thrice over, or change it from mild to curst, from cruel to amorous; whether she seem to order her hair, though it be not disordered. Lastly, observe all her actions and gestures; for, if thou relate them just as they were, I shall guess what is hidden in her heart, touching my love, in matter of fact; for know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that the actions and outward motions that appear, when love is in treaty, are the certain messengers that bring news of what passeth within. Go, friend; and better fortune guide thee than mine, and send thee better success than I can expect 'twixt hope and fear in this uncouth solitude in which thou leavest me."

"I go," said Sancho, "and will return quickly. Enlarge that little heart of yours, no bigger than an hazel-nut, and consider the saying, 'Faint heart never,' etc.; 'Sweet meat must have sour sauce'; and another, 'Where we least think, there goes the hare away.' This I say, because that if to-night we found not the castle or palace of my lady, now by day I doubt not but to find it, when I least dream of it, and so to find her." "Believe me, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou always bringest thy proverbs so to the hair of the business we treat of as God give me no worse fortune than I desire."

This said, Sancho turned his back and switched his Dapple; and Don Quixote stayed a-horseback, easing himself on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sorrowful and confused thoughts, where we will leave him, and wend with Sancho, who parted from his master no less troubled and pensative than he; insomuch that he was scarce out of the wood when, turning his face and seeing that Don Quixote was out of sight, he lighted from his ass, and, resting at the foot of a tree, he began to discourse thus to himself, and say, "'Now, brother Sancho, I pray let's know, whither is your worship going? To seek some ass that you have lost?' 'No, forsooth.' 'Well, what is it you seek for?' 'I seek a matter of nothing—a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven withal.' 'And where do you think to find this you speak of, Sancho?' 'Where? Why, in the grand city of Toboso.' 'Well, and from whom do you seek her?' 'From the most famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that righteth wrongs, gives the thirsty meat, and the hungry drink.' [*Mistakes of simplicity.*] 'All this is well. And do you know her house, Sancho?' 'My master says it is a royal palace, or a lofty tower.' 'And have you ever seen her, trow?' 'Neither he nor I, never.' 'And do you think it were well that the men of Toboso should know that you were here to entice their princesses, and to trouble their wenches, and should come and grind your ribs with bangs, and leave you never a sound bone? Indeed, belike they should consider that you are commanded, friend, but as a messenger; that you are in no fault, not you. Trust not to that, Sancho, for your Manchegan people are as cholerick as honest, and do not love to be jested with. In very deed, if they smell you, you are sure to pay for it.' 'Ware

hawk, ware hawk! No, no, let me for another's pleasure seek better bread than's made of wheat! and I may as well find this Dulcinea as one Mary in Robena [*As if we should say, one Joan in London*], or a scholar in black in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and none else, hath clapped me into this business."

This soliloquy passed Sancho with himself, and the upshot was this: "All things," said he, "have a remedy but death, under whose yoke we must all pass in spite of our teeth, when life ends. This master of mine, by a thousand signs that I have seen, is a bedlam, fit to be bound; and I come not a whit short of him, and am the greater coxcomb of two, to serve him, if the proverb be true that says, 'Like master, like man'; and another, 'Thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed.' He being thus mad, then, and subject, out of madness, to mistaking of one thing for another, to judge black for white, and white for black, as appeared when he said the windmills were giants, and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and much more to this tune, it will not be hard to make him believe that some husbandman's daughter, the first we meet with, is the Lady Dulcinea; and, if he believe it not, I'll swear; and, if he swear I'll outswear him; and, if he be obstinate, I'll be so more: so that I will stand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps with mine obstinacy I shall so prevail with him that he will send me no more upon these kind of messages, seeing what bad despatch I bring him; or perhaps he will think that some wicked enchanter, one of those that he says persecute him, hath changed her shape to vex him."

With this conceit Sancho's spirit was at rest, and he thought his business was brought to a good pass; and

so, staying there till it grew to be toward the evening, that Don Quixote might think he spent so much time in going and coming from Toboso, all fell out happily for him; for when he got up to mount upon Dapple he might see three country-wenches coming towards him from Toboso, upon three ass-colts, whether male or female the author declares not, though it be likely they were she-asses, they being the ordinary beasts that those country-people ride on; but, because it is not very pertinent to the story, we need not stand much upon deciding that. In fine, when Sancho saw the three country-wenches, he turned back apace to find out his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing, and uttering a thousand amorous lamentations.

As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said: "How now, Sancho, what is the matter? May I mark this day with a white or a black stone?" "'Twere fitter," quoth Sancho, "you would mark it with red ochre, as the inscriptions are upon professors' chairs, that they may plainly read that see them." "Belike, then," quoth Don Quixote, "thou bringest good news." "So good," said Sancho, "that you need no more but spur Rozinante, and straight discover the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with two damsels waiting on her, coming to see your worship." "Blessed God! friend Sancho, what sayest thou?" quoth Don Quixote. "See thou deceive me not with thy false mirth to glad my true sorrow."

"What should I get by deceiving you," quoth Sancho, "the rather yourself being so near to discover the truth? Spur, sir, ride on, and you shall see our mistress the princess coming, clad indeed and adorned like herself; she and her damsels are a very spark of gold; they are all robes of pearl, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold ten storeys high at least;

their hairs hung loose over their shoulders, that were like so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and, besides all this, they are mounted upon three flea-bitten nackneys, the finest sight that can be." "Hackneys thou wouldst say, Sancho." "Hackney or nackney," quoth Sancho, "there is little difference; but, let them come upon what they will, they are the bravest ladies that can be imagined, especially my lady the Princess Dulcinea that dazzles the senses." "Let's go, son Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "and, for a reward for this unlooked-for good news, I bequeath thee the best spoil I get in our first adventure next; and, if this content thee not, I give thee my this year's colts by my three mares thou knowest I have to foal in our own town common." "The colts I like," quoth Sancho, "but for the goodness of the spoil of the first adventure, I have no mind to that."

By this they came out of the wood, and saw the three country-wenches near them. Don Quixote stretched his eyes all over Toboso way, and, seeing none but the three wenches, he was somewhat troubled, and demanded of Sancho if he had left them coming out of the city. "How! out of the city?" quoth Sancho; "are your eyes in your noddle, that you see them not coming here, shining as bright as the sun at noon?" "I see none," said he, "but three wenches upon three asses." "Now, God keep me from the devil!" quoth Sancho; "and is it possible that three hackneys—or how call ye 'em?—as white as a flake of snow, should appear to you to be asses? As sure as may be, you shall pull off my beard if that be so." "Well, I tell you, friend Sancho, 'tis as sure that they are he or she asses, as I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and thou Sancho Panza; at least to me they seem so." "Peace, sir," quoth Sancho, "and say not so; but snuff

your eyes, and reverence the mistress of your thoughts, for now she draws near." And so saying he advanced to meet the three country-wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, took one of their asses by the halter, and, fastening both his knees to the ground, said, "Queen, and princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captived knight that stands yonder turned into marble, all amazed and without his pulse, to see himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the way-beaten knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance."

And now Don Quixote was on his knees by Sancho, and beheld with unglad but troubled eyes her that Sancho called queen and lady; but, seeing he discovered nothing in her but a country-wench, and not very well-favoured, for she was blub-faced and flat-nosed, he was in some suspense, and durst not once open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see those two so different men upon their knees, and that they would not let their companion go forward. But she that was stayed, angry to hear herself misused, broke silence first, saying, "Get you out of the way, with a mischief, and let's be gone, for we are in haste." To which quoth Sancho: "O princess and universal Lady of Toboso! why doth not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry prostrated before your sublimated presence?" Which when one of the other two heard, after she had cried out to her ass, that was turning aside, she said: "Look how these yonkers come to mock at poor country-folk, as if we knew not how to return their flouts upon them! Get you gone your way and leave us, you had best."

"Rise, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "at this instant, for I perceive now that mine ill fortune, not satisfied, hath shut up all the passages by which any content might come to this my wretched soul within my flesh. O thou, the extreme of all worth to be desired, the bound of all human gentleness, the only remedy of this mine afflicted heart that adores thee! now that the wicked enchanter persecutes me, and hath put clouds and cataracts in mine eyes, and for them only, and none else, hath transformed and changed thy peerless beauty and face into the face of a poor country-wench,—if so be now he have not turned mine too into some hobgoblin, to make it loathsome in thy sight, look on me gently and amorously, perceiving by this submission and kneeling which I use to thy counterfeit beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"Marry, muff!" quoth the country-wench; "I care much for your courtings! Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be beholding to you."

Sancho let her pass by him, most glad that he had sped so well with his device. The country-wench that played Dulcinea's part was no sooner free, when, spurring her hackney with a prickle she had at the end of her cudgel, she began to run apace; and the ass, feeling the smart of it more than ordinary, began to wince so fast that down came my Lady Dulcinea; which when Don Quixote saw, he came to help her up, and Sancho went to order and gird her pack-saddle, that hung at the ass's belly; which being fitted, and Don Quixote about to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms to her ass, she, being now got upon her legs, saved him that labour, for, stepping a little back, she fetched a rise, and clapping both her hands upon the ass's crupper, she lighted as swift as an hawk upon the pack-saddle, and sat astride like a man.

Then said Sancho: "By Saint Roque, our mistress is as light as a robin-ruddock, and may teach the cunningest Cordovan or Mexicanian to ride on their jennets. At one spring she hath leaped over the crupper, and without spurs makes the hackney run like a musk-cat; and her damsels come not short of her, for they fly like the wind." And he said true; for when Dulcinea was once on horseback they all made after her, and set a-running for two miles without looking behind them.

Don Quixote still looked after them; but, when they were got out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "Sancho, how thinkest thou? How much enchanterers do hate me! And see how far their malice extends, and their aim at me, since they have deprived me of the happiness I should have received to have seen my mistress in her true being. Indeed, I was born to be an example of unfortunate men, to be the mark and butt at which ill-fortune's arrows should be sent. And thou must note, Sancho, that these enchanterers were not content to have changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they have done it into a shape so base and ugly as of a country-wench thou sawest; and, withal, they have taken from her that which is so proper to her and great ladies, to wit, her sweet scent of flowers and amber; for let me tell thee, Sancho, that when I went to help Dulcinea to her hackney—which as thou sayest, seemed to me to be a she-ass—she gave me such a breath of raw garlic as pierced and intoxicated my brain."

"O base rout!" cried out Sancho instantly; "O dismal and ill-minded enchanterers! I would I might see you all strung up together like galls, or like pilchards in shoals. Cunning you are, much you can, and much you do. It had been enough for you,

rascals, to have turned the pearls of my lady's eyes into corky galls, and her most pure golden hair into bristles of a red ox's tail, and, finally, all her feature from good to bad, without meddling with her breath; for only by that we might have guessed what was concealed under that coarse rind; though, to say true, I never saw her coarseness, but her beauty, which was infinitely increased by a mole she had upon her lip, like a mustacho, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and above a handful long." "To this mole," quoth Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence that those of the face have with those of the body, she hath another in the table of her thigh that corresponds to the side where that of her face is; but hairs of that length thou speakest of are very much for moles." "Well, I can tell you," quoth Sancho, "that there they appeared, as if they had been born with her." "I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote; "for nature could form nothing in Dulcinea that was not perfect and complete; and so, though she had a hundred moles, as well as that one thou sawest in her, they were not moles, but moons and bright stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which thou didst set on, which seemed to me to be a pack-saddle, was it a plain saddle or a saddle with a back?" "It was," said Sancho, "a jennet-saddle, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it." "And could not I see all this? Well, now I say again, and will say it a thousand times, I am the unhappiest man alive." The crack-rope Sancho had enough to do to hold laughter, hearing his master's madness, that was so delicately gulled.

Finally, after many other reasons that passed betwixt them both, they gat up on their beasts, and held on the way to Saragosa, where they thought to be fitly to

see the solemnities that are performed once every year in that famous city. But before they came thither things befel them that, because they are many, famous, and strange, they deserve to be written and read, as shall be seen here following.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE CART OR WAGGON OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

DON QUIXOTE went on, wonderful pensative to think what a shrewd trick the enchanter had played him, in changing his mistress Dulcinea into the rustic shape of a country-wench, and could not imagine what means he might use to bring her to her pristine being ; and these thoughts so distracted him that carelessly he gave Rozinante the reins, who, perceiving the liberty he had, stayed every stitch-while to feed upon the green grass of which those fields were full ; but Sancho put him out of his maze, saying, "Sir, sorrow was not ordained for beasts but men, yet if men do exceed in it they become beasts. Pray, sir, recollect and come to yourself, and pluck up Rozinante's reins ; revive and cheer yourself, show the courage that befits a knight-errant. What a devil's the matter ? What faintness is this ? Are we dreaming on a dry summer ? Now, Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world ! since the welfare of one only knight-errant is more worth than all the enchantments and transformations in the world."

"Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, with a voice now not very faint ; "peace, I say, and speak no blasphemies against that enchanted lady, for I only am in fault for her misfortune and unhappiness ; her ill plight springs from the envy that enchanter bear me."

"So say I too," quoth Sancho ; "for what heart sees her now, that saw her before, and doth not deplore?" "Thou mayst well say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "since thou sawest her in her just entire beauty, and the enchantment dimmed not thy sight nor concealed her fairness. Against me only, only against mine eyes, the force of its venom is directed. But for all that, Sancho, I have fallen upon one thing, which is that thou didst ill describe her beauty to me ; for, if I forget not, thou saidst she had eyes of pearls, and such eyes are rather the eyes of a sea-bream than a fair dame's ; but, as I think, Dulcinea's eyes are like two green emeralds ceiled with two celestial arcs, that serve them for eyebrows. And therefore, for your pearls, take them from her eyes and put them to her teeth ; for doubtless, Sancho, thou mistookest eyes for teeth."

"All this may be," said Sancho, "for her beauty troubled me as much as her foulness since hath done you ; but leave we all to God, who is the knower of all things that befalls us in this vale of tears, in this wicked world, where there is scarce anything without mixture of mischief, impostorship, or villainy. One thing, master mine, troubles me more than all the rest—to think what means there will be, when you overcome any giant or other knight, and command him to present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where this poor giant or miserable vanquished knight shall find her ? Methinks I see 'em go staring up and down Toboso to find my Lady Dulcinea, and, though they should meet her in the middle of the street, yet they would no more know her than my father."

"It may be, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "her enchantment will not extend to take from vanquished and presented giants and knights the knowledge of Dulcinea ; and therefore, in one or two of the first I

conquer and send, we will make trial whether they see her or no, commanding them that they return to relate unto me what hath befallen them."

"I say, sir," quoth Sancho, "I like what you have said very well, and by this device we shall know what we desire; and, if so be she be only hidden to you, your misfortune is beyond hers. But, so my Lady Dulcinea have health and content, we will bear and pass it over here as well as we may, seeking our adventures; and let time alone, who is the best physician for these and other infirmities."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho Panza, but he was interrupted by a waggon that came cross the way, loaden with the most different and strange personages and shapes that might be imagined. He that guided the mules, and served for waggoner, was an ugly devil. The waggon's self was open, without tilt or boughs. The first shape that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was of Death herself, with a human face, and next her an angel with large painted wings; on one side stood an emperor, with a crown upon his head, to see to, of gold; at Death's feet was the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, his quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, only he had no morion or headpiece, but a hat full of divers-coloured plumes. With these there were other personages of different fashions and faces. All which, seen on a sudden, in some sort troubled Don Quixote, and affrighted Sancho's heart; but straight Don Quixote was jocund, believing that some rare and dangerous adventure was offered unto him; and with this thought, and a mind disposed to give the onset to any peril, he got himself before the waggon, and with a loud and threatening voice cried out, "Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatsoe'er thou

art, be not slow to tell me who thou art, whither thou goest, and what people these are thou carriest in thy cart-coach, rather like Charon's boat than waggons now in use."

To which the devil, staying the cart, gently replied, "Sir, we are players of Thomas Angulo's company. We have played a play called *The Parliament of Death* against this Corpus Christi tide, in a town behind the ridge of yonder mountain, and this afternoon we are to play it again at the town you see before us, which because it is so near, to save a labour of new attiring us, we go in the same clothes in which we are to act. That young man plays Death; that other an angel; that woman, our author's wife, the queen; a fourth there, a soldier; a fifth the emperor; and I the devil, which is one of the chiefest actors in the play, for I have the best part. If you desire to know anything else of us, ask me, and I shall answer you most punctually; for, as I am a devil, nothing is unknown to me."

"By the faith of a knight-errant," said Don Quixote, "as soon as ever I saw this waggon I imagined some strange adventure towards; and now I say it is fit to be fully satisfied of these apparitions, by touching them with our hands. God be with you, honest people; act your play, and see whether you will command anything wherein I may be serviceable to you; for I will be so most cheerfully and willingly: for since I was a boy I have loved mask-shows, and in my youth I have been ravished with stage-plays."

Whilst they were thus discoursing, it fell out that one of the company came toward them, clad for the fool in the play, with morrice-bells, and at the end of a stick he had three cows' bladders full-blown, who thus masked, running toward Don Quixote, began to fence

with his cudgel, and to thwack the bladders upon the ground, and to frisk with his bells in the air, which dreadful sight so troubled Rozinante that, Don Quixote not able to hold him in, for he had gotten the bridle betwixt his teeth, he fell a-running up and down the field, much swifter than his anatomised bones made show for. Sancho, that considered in what danger of being thrown down his master might be, leaped from Dapple, and with all speed ran to help him; but, by that time he came to him, he was upon the ground, and Rozinante by him, for they both tumbled together. This was the common pass Rozinante's tricks and boldness came to. But no sooner had Sancho left his horsebackship to come to Don Quixote, when the damning devil with the bladders leaped on Dapple, and, clapping him with them, the fear and noise, more than the blows, made him fly thorough the field toward the place where they were to play. Sancho beheld Dapple's career and his master's fall, and knew not to which of the ill chances he might first repair; but yet, like a good squire and faithful servant, his master's love prevailed more with him than the cockering of his ass, though every hoisting of the bladders, and falling on Dapple's buttocks, were to him trances and tidings of death, and rather had he those blows had lighted on his eyeballs than on the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this perplexity he came to Don Quixote, who was in a great deal worse plight than he was willing to see him; and, helping him on Rozinante, said, "Sir, the devil hath carried away Dapple." "What devil?" quoth Don Quixote. "He with the bladders," replied Sancho. "Well, I will recover him," said Don Quixote, "though he should lock him up with him in the darkest and deepest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the waggon goes but slowly, and the mules

shall satisfy Dapple's loss." "There is no need," said Sancho; "temper your choler, for now I see the devil hath left Dapple, and he returns to his home." And he said true, for the devil having fallen with Dapple, to imitate Don Quixote and Rozinante, he went on foot to the town, and the ass came back to his master.

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "it were fit to take revenge of the devil's unmannerliness upon some of those in the waggon, even of the emperor himself." "Oh, never think of any such matter," said Sancho, "and take my counsel, that is, never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have known one of 'em in prison for two murders, and yet escaped scot-free. Know this, sir, that, as they are merry jovial lads, all men love, esteem, and help them, especially if they be the king's players, and all of them in their fashion and garb are gentleman-like." "For all that," said Don Quixote, "the devil-player shall not scape from me and brag of it, though all mankind help him." And so saying, he got to the waggon, that was now somewhat near the town, and, crying aloud, said, "Hold, stay, merry Greeks, for I'll make ye know what belongs to the asses and furniture belonging to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote's noise was such that those of the waggon heard it; and, guessing at his intention by his speeches, in an instant Mistress Death leaped out of the waggon, and after her the emperor, the devil-waggoner, and the angel, and the queen too, with little Cupid; all of them were straight loaded with stones, and put themselves in order, expecting Don Quixote with their pebble-points.

Don Quixote, that saw them in so gallant a squadron, ready to discharge strongly their stones, held in Rozinante's reins, and began to consider how he should set upon them with least hazard of his person.

Whilst he thus stayed, Sancho came to him, and, seeing him ready to give the onset, said: "'Tis a mere madness, sir, to attempt this enterprise; I pray consider that, for your river-sops [*Meaning the stones*], there are no defensive weapons in the world, but to be shut up and inlaid under a brazen bell; and consider likewise 'tis rather rashness than valour for one man alone to set upon an army wherein Death is, and where emperors fight in person, and where good and bad angels help; and, if the consideration of this be not sufficient, may this move you, to know that amongst all these, though they seem to be kings, princes, and emperors, yet there is not so much as one knight-errant."

"Thou hast hit upon the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the very point that may alter my determination. I neither can nor must draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against any that be not knights-errant. It concerns thee, Sancho, if thou meanest to be revenged for the wrong done unto thine ass; and I will encourage thee, and from hence give thee wholesome instructions." "There needs no being revenged of anybody," said Sancho, "for there is no Christianity in it; besides, mine ass shall be contented to put his cause to me and to my will, which is to live peaceable and quietly, as long as Heaven shall be pleased to afford me life." "Since this is thy determination," said Don Quixote, "honest, wise, discreet, Christian-like, pure Sancho, let us leave these dreams, and seek other better and more real adventures; for I see this country is like to afford us many miraculous ones."

So he turned Rozinante's reins, and Sancho took his Dapple; Death with all the flying squadron returned to the waggon, and went on their voyage;

and this was the happy end of the waggon of Death's adventure, thanks be to the good advice that Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day after there happened another adventure, no less pleasant, with an enamoured knight-errant as well as he.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE RARE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE
WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the ensuing night, after their Death's encounter, under certain high and shady trees, Don Quixote having first, by Sancho's entreaty, eaten somewhat of the provision that came upon Dapple ; and as they were at supper Sancho said to his master, "Sir, what an ass had I been, had I chosen for a reward the spoils of the first adventure which you might end, rather than the breed of the three mares ! Indeed, indeed, a bird in the hand is better than two in the bush."

"For all that," quoth Don Quixote, "if thou, Sancho, hadst let me give the onset, as I desired, thou hadst had to thy share, at least, the empress's golden crown and Cupid's painted wings, for I had taken 'em away against the hair, and given them thee." "Your players' sceptres and emperors' crowns," said Sancho, "are never of pure gold, but leaf and tin."

"'Tis true," answered Don Quixote, "for it is very necessary that your play-ornaments be not fine, but counterfeit and seeming, as the play itself is, which I would have thee, Sancho, to esteem of, and consequently the actors too, and the authors, because they are the instruments of much good to a commonwealth, being like looking-glasses, where the actions of human life are lively represented ; and there is no comparison that

doth more truly present to us what we are, or what we should be, than comedy and comedians. If not, tell me, hast not thou seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, bishops, knights, dames, and other personages are introduced? One plays a ruffian, another the cheater; this a merchant, t'other a soldier; one a crafty fool, another a foolish lover; and, the comedy ended and the apparel taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were." "Yes, marry, have I," quoth Sancho. "Why, the same thing," said Don Quixote, "happens in the comedy and theatre of this world, where some play the emperors, other the bishops, and, lastly, all the parts that may be in a comedy; but, in the end—that is, the end of our life—death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their burial they are equal." "A brave comparison," quoth Sancho; "but not so strange to me, that have heard it often, as that of the chess-play, that while the game lasts every piece hath its particular motion; and, the game ended, all are mingled and shuffled together, and cast into a leathern bag, which is a kind of burial."

"Every day, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou growest wiser and wiser." "It must needs be," said Sancho, "that some of your wisdom must cleave to me; for grounds that are dry and barren, by mucking and tilling them, give good fruit; I mean your conversation hath been the muck that hath been cast upon the sterile ground of my barren wit, and the time that I have served you the tillage, with which I hope to render happy fruit, and such as may not gainsay or slide out of the paths of good manners which you have made in my withered understanding."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected reasons, and it seemed true to him, what he had said touching his reformation; for now and then his talk admired

him, although for the most part, when Sancho spoke by way of contradiction, or like a courtier, he ended his discourse with a downfall from the mount of his simplicity to the profundity of his ignorance ; but that wherein he showed himself most elegant and memorable was in urging of proverbs, though they were never so much against the hair of the present business, as hath been seen and noted in all this history.

A great part of the night they passed in these and such-like discourses, but Sancho had a great desire to let fall the portcullises, as he called them, of his eyes, and sleep ; and so, undressing his Dapple, he turned him freely to graze. With Rozinante's saddle he meddled not, for it was his master's express command that whilst they were in field or slept not within doors he should not unsaddle him, it being an ancient custom observed by knights-errant to take the bridle and hang it at the saddle-pommel, but beware taking away the saddle, which Sancho observed, and gave him the same liberty as to his Dapple, whose friendship and Rozinante's was so sole and united that the report goes by tradition from father to son that the author of this true history made particular chapters of it ; only, to keep the decency and decorum due to so heroic a story he omitted it, although sometimes he forgets his purpose herein, and writes that, as the two beasts were together, they would scratch one another, and, being wearied and satisfied, Rozinante would cross his throat over Dapple's neck at least half a yard over the other side, and, both of them looking wistly on the ground, they would stand thus three days together, at least as long as they were let alone, or that hunger compelled them not to look after their provender. 'Tis said, I say, that the author, in his story, compared them, in their friendship, to Nisus and Euryalus, to Pylades and Orestes,

which if it were so, it may be seen, to the general admiration, how firm and steadfast the friendship was of these two pacific beasts, to the shame of men, that so ill know the rules of friendship one to another. For this it was said, "No falling out like to that of friends." And let no man think the author was unreasonable in having compared the friendship of these beasts to the friendship of men; for men have received many items from beasts, and learned many things of importance, as the stork's dung, the dog's vomit and faithfulness, the crane's watchfulness, the ant's providence, the elephant's honesty, and the horse's loyalty.

At length Sancho fell fast asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote reposed himself under an oak; but not long after, a noise behind wakened him, and, rising suddenly, he looked and hearkened from whence the noise came, and he saw two men on horseback, and the one, tumbling from his saddle, said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle our horses, for methinks this place hath pasture enough for them, and befits the silence and solitude of my amorous thoughts." Thus he spoke, and stretched himself upon the ground in an instant, but, casting himself down, his armour wherewith he was armed made a noise, a manifest token that made Don Quixote think he was some knight-errant, and coming to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he plucked him by the arm, and told him softly, "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure." "God grant it be good!" quoth Sancho; "and where is this master adventure's worship?" "Where, Sancho!" replied Don Quixote: "look on one side, look, and there thou shalt see a knight-errant stretched who, as it appears to me, is not over much joyed, for I saw him cast himself from his horse, and stretch on the ground, with some shows of grief, and as he fell he crossed

his arms." "Why, in what do you perceive that this is an adventure?" quoth Sancho. "I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to it, for thus adventures begin. But hark, it seems he is tuning a lute or viol, and, by his spitting and clearing his breast, he prepares himself to sing." "In good faith, you say right," quoth Sancho, "and 'tis some enamoured knight." "There is no knight-errant," said Don Quixote, "that is not so. Let us give ear, and by the circumstance we shall search the labyrinth of his thoughts, if so be he sing; for out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh." Sancho would have replied to his master; but the Knight of the Wood's voice, which was but so-so, hindered him, and whilst the two were astonished he sung as followeth :—

SONNET.

Permit me, mistress, that I follow may
 The bound cut out just to your heart's desire,
 The which in mine I shall esteem for aye,
 So that I never from it will retire.
 If you be pleased my grief I silent stay,
 And die, make reckoning that I straight expire;
 If I may tell it you, th' unusual way,
 I will, and make Love's self be my supplier.
 Fashioned I am to proof of contraries,
 As soft as wax, as hard as diamond too;
 And to Love's laws my soul herself applies;
 Or hard, or soft, my breast I offer you;
 Graven, imprint in't what your pleasure is,
 I, secret, swear it never to forego.

With a deep-fetched "Heigh-ho!" even from the bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood ended his song; and, after some pause, with a grieved and sorrowful voice, uttered these words: "Oh, the fairest and

most ungrateful woman in the world ! And shall it be possible, most excellent Casildea de Vandalia, that thou suffer this thy captive knight to pine and perish, with continual peregrinations, with hard and painful labours ? Sufficeth not that I have made all the knights of Navarre, of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians confess thee to be the fairest lady of the world—ay, and all the knights of Mancha too ?” “Not so,” quoth Don Quixote straight ; “for I am of the Mancha, but never yielded to that, for I neither could nor ought confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress ; and thou seest, Sancho, how much this knight is wide ; but let us hear him, it may be he will unfold himself more.” “Marry, will he,” quoth Sancho, “for he talks as if he would lament a month together.”

But it fell out otherwise ; for the Knight of the Wood having overheard that they talked somewhat near him, ceasing his complaints, he stood up, and with a clear but familiar voice thus spake : “Who’s there ? who is it ? Is it haply some of the number of the contented or of the afflicted ?” “Of the afflicted,” answered Don Quixote. “Come to me, then,” said he of the Wood, “and make account you come to sadness itself, and to affliction’s self.” Don Quixote, when he saw himself answered so tenderly and so modestly, drew near, and Sancho likewise. The wailful knight laid hold on Don Quixote’s arm, saying, “Sit down, sir knight ; for to know that you are so, and one that professeth knight-errantry, it is enough that I have found you in this place, where solitariness and the serene bear you company [*Serene, the night-dew that falls*], the natural beds and proper beings for knights-errant.” To which Don Quixote replied, “A knight I am, and of the profession you speak of ; and, though disgraces, misfortunes, and sorrows have their proper seat in my

mind, notwithstanding, the compassion I have to other men's griefs hath not left it. By your complaints I guess you are enamoured,—I mean that you love that ungrateful fair one mentioned in your laments." Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat together lovingly upon the cold ground, as if by daybreak their heads also would not break. The Knight of the Wood demanded, "Are you happily enamoured, sir knight?" "Unhappily I am," quoth Don Quixote, "although the unhappiness that ariseth from well-placed thoughts ought rather to be esteemed a happiness than otherwise." "True it is," replied he of the Wood, "if disdains did not vex our reason and understanding, which, being unmerciful, come nearer to revenge." "I was never," said Don Quixote, "disdained of my mistress." "No, indeed," quoth Sancho, who was near them; "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter." "Is this your squire?" said he of the Wood. "He is," said Don Quixote. "I ne'er saw squire," replied he of the Wood, "that durst prate so boldly before his master; at least yonder is mine, as big as his father, and I can prove he never unfolded his lips, whensoever I spake." "Well, i' faith," quoth Sancho, "I have spoken, and may speak before—as—and perhaps—but let it alone; the more it is stirred, the more it will stink."

The Squire of the Wood took Sancho by the hand, saying, "Let us go and talk what we list squire-like, and let us leave these our masters; let them fall from their lances and tell of their loves, for I warrant you the morning will overtake them before they have done." "I' God's name," quoth Sancho; "and I'll tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the number of your talking squires." So the two squires went apart, between whom there passed as witty a dialogue as their masters' was serious.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHERE THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD IS PROSECUTED, WITH THE DISCREET, RARE, AND SWEET COLLOQUY THAT PASSED BETWIXT THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and their squires were divided, these telling their lives, they their loves; and thus saith the story, that the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, "It is a cumbersome life that we lead, sir,—we, I say, that are squires to knights-errant; for truly we eat our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God laid upon our first parents." "You may say also," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heats and colds than your miserable squires to knights-errant? And yet not so bad if we might eat at all, for good fare lessens care; but sometimes it happens that we are two days without eating, except it be the air that blows on us." "All this may be borne," quoth he of the Wood, "with the hope we have of reward; for, if the knight-errant whom a squire serves be not too unfortunate he shall, with a little good hap, see himself rewarded with the government of some island, or with a reasonable earldom." "I," said Sancho, "have often told my master that I would content myself with the government of any island, and he is so noble and liberal that he hath often promised it me." "I," said he of the Wood, "for my services would be satisfied with some

canonry which my master too hath promised me." "Your master, indeed," said Sancho, "belike is an ecclesiastical knight, and may do his good squires these kindnesses; but my master is merely lay, though I remember that some persons of good discretion, though out of bad intention, counselled him that he should be an archbishop, which he would not be, but an emperor; and I was in a bodily fear lest he might have a mind to the Church, because I held myself incapable of benefits by it; for let me tell you, though to you I seem a man, yet in Church matters I am a very beast."

"Indeed, sir," said he of the Wood, "you are in the wrong, for your island-governments are not all so special, but that some are crabbed, some poor, some distasteful, and, lastly, the stateliest and best of all brings with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which he to whom it falls to his lot undergoes. Far better it were that we who profess this cursed slavery retire home, and there entertain ourselves with more delightful exercises, to wit, hunting and fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor that wants his nag, his brace of greyhounds, or his angle-rod, to pass his time with at his village?" "I want none of this," said Sancho. "True it is, I have no nag; but I have an ass worth two of my master's horse. An ill Christmas God send me—and let it be the next ensuing—if I would change for him, though I had four bushels of barley to boot. You laugh at the price of my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of mine ass;—well, greyhounds I shall not want neither, there being enough to spare in our town; besides, the sport is best at another man's charge." "Indeed, indeed, sir squire," said he of the Wood, "I have proposed and determined with myself to leave these bezzlings of these knights, and return to my village, and

bring up my children, for I have three like three orient pearls." "Two have I," said Sancho, "that may be presented to the Pope in person, especially one, a wench, which I bring up to be a countess—God save her!—although it grieve her mother." "And how old," asked he of the Wood, "is this lady-countess that you bring up so?" "Fifteen, somewhat under or over," said Sancho; "but she is as long as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as sturdy as a porter." "These are parts," said he of the Wood, "not only for her to be a countess, but a nymph of the greeny grove. Ah, whoreson whore, and what a sting the quean hath!" To which quoth Sancho, somewhat musty, "She is no whore, neither was her mother before her; and none of them, God willing, shall be, as long as I live. And I pray, sir, speak more mannerly; for these speeches are not consonant from you that have been brought up amongst knights-errant, the flowers of courtesy." "Oh," said he of the Wood, "sir squire, how you mistake, and how little you know what belongs to praising! What! have you never observed that when any knight in the market-place gives the bull a sure thrust with his lance, or when anybody doth a thing well, the common people use to say, 'Ah, whoreson whoremaster, how bravely he did it!' So that that which seems to be a dispraise, in that sense is a notable commendation; and renounce you those sons and daughters that do not the works that may make their parents deserve such-like praises." "I do renounce," said Sancho, "and, if you meant no otherwise, I pray you clap a whole whore-house at once upon my wife and children; for all they do or say are extremes worthy of such praises; and so I may see them, God deliver me out of this mortal sin—that is, out of this dangerous profession of being a squire—into which

this second time I have incurred, being enticed and deceived with the purse of the hundred ducats which I found one day in the heart of Sierra Morena; and the devil cast that bag of pistolets before mine eyes; methinks every foot I touch it, hug it, and carry it to mine house, set leases and rents, and live like a prince; and still when I think of this all the toil that I pass with this blockhead my master seems easy and tolerable to me, who, I know, is more madman than knight." "Hereupon," said he of the Wood, "it is said that 'All covet, all lose.' And now you talk of madmen, I think my master is the greatest in the world; he is one of them that cries, 'Hang sorrow!' and, that another knight may recover his wits, he'll make himself mad, and will seek after that which perhaps, once found, will tumble him upon his snout." "And is he amorous, haply?" "Yes," said he of the Wood; "he loves one Casildea de Vandalia, the most raw and most roasted lady in the world; but she halts not on that foot of her rawness, for other manner of impostures do grunt in those entrails of hers, which ere long will be known." "There is no way so plain," quoth Sancho, "that hath not some rub or pit, or, as the proverb goes, 'In some houses they see the beans, and in mine whole kettles-full.' So madness hath more companions, and more needy ones, than wisdom. But, if that which is commonly spoken be true, that to have companions in misery is a lightener of it, you may comfort me, that serve as sottish a master as I do." "Sottish but valiant," answered he of the Wood, "but more knave than fool or than valiant." "It is not so with my master," said Sancho; "for he is ne'er a whit knave; rather he is as dull as a beetle, hurts nobody, does good to all; he hath no malice, a child will make him believe 'tis night at noonday; and for his sim-

plicity, I love him as my heart-strings, and cannot find in my heart to leave him for all his fopperies." "For all that, brother and friend," said he of the Wood, "if the blind guide the blind, both will be in danger to fall into the pit. 'Tis better to retire fair and softly, and return to our loved homes; for they that hunt after adventures do not always light upon good."

Sancho spit often, and, as it seemed, a kind of gluey and dry matter, which noted by the charitable woody squire, he said, "Methinks with our talking our tongues cleave to our roofs; but I have a suppler hangs at the pommel of my horse as good as touch." And, rising-up, he returned presently with a borachio of wine, and a baked-meat at least half a yard long; and it is no lie, for it was of a parboiled cony so large that Sancho, when he felt it, thought it had been of a goat, and not a kid, which being seen by Sancho, he said, "And had ye this with you too, sir?" "Why, what did ye think?" said the other. "Do you take me to be some hungry squire? I have better provision at my horse's crupper than a general carries with him upon a march." Sancho fell to without invitation, and champ'd his bits in the dark, as if he had scraunched knotted cords, and said, "Ay, marry, sir, you are a true legal squire, round and sound, royal and liberal, as appears by your feast, which if it came not hither by way of enchantment, yet it seems so at least; not like me, unfortunate wretch, that only carry in my wallets a little cheese, so hard that you may break a giant's head with it, and only some dozens of Saint John's weed leaves, and some few walnuts and small nuts,—plenty in the strictness of my master, and the opinion he hath and the method he observes, that knights-errant must only be maintained and sustained only with a little dry fruit and sallets." "By my

faith, brother," replied he of the Wood, "my stomach is not made to your thistles nor your stalks, nor your mountain roots; let our masters deal with their opinions and their knightly statutes, and eat what they will; I have my cold meats, and this bottle hanging at the pommel of my saddle, will he or nill he, which I reverence and love so much that a minute passeth not in which I give it not a thousand kisses and embraces." Which said, he gave it to Sancho, who, rearing it on end at his mouth, looked a quarter of an hour together upon the stars; and when he had ended his draught he held his neck on one side, and, fetching a great sigh, cries, "O whoreson rascal, how Catholic it is!" "Law ye there!" said he of the Wood, in hearing Sancho's "whoreson," "how you have praised the wine in calling it whoreson!" "I say," quoth Sancho, "that I confess I know it is no dishonour to call anybody whoreson, when there is a meaning to praise him. But tell me, sir, by the remembrance of her you love best, is this wine of Ciudad Real?" [*A place in Spain that hath excellent wines.*] "A brave taste," said he of the Wood; "it is no less, and it is of some years' standing too." "Let me alone," said Sancho; "you could not but think I must know it to the height. Do you think it strange, sir squire, that I should have so great and so natural an instinct in distinguishing betwixt wines, that, coming to smell any wine, I hit upon the place, the grape, the savour, the lasting, the strength, with all circumstances belonging to wine? But no marvel, if in my lineage by my father's side I had two of the most excellent tasters that were known in a long time in Mancha, for proof of which you shall know what befel them. They gave to these two some wine to taste out of a hogshead, asking their opinions of the state, quality, goodness or

badness of the wine : the one of them proved it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelt to it. The first said that that wine savoured of iron ; the second said, Rather of goat's leather. The owner protested the hogshead was clean, and that the wine had no kind of mixture by which it should receive any savour of iron or leather. Notwithstanding, the two famous tasters stood to what they had said. Time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessel was cleansed there was found in it a little key with a leathern thong hanging at it. Now you may see whether he that comes from such a race may give his opinion in these matters." "Therefore I say to you," quoth he of the Wood, "let us leave looking after these adventures, and, since we have content, let us not seek after dainties, but return to our cottages, for there God will find us, if it be His will." "Till my master come to Saragosa, I mean," quoth Sancho, "to serve him, and then we'll all take a new course."

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much that it was fit sleep should lay their tongues and slake their thirst, but to extinguish it was impossible ; so both of them fastened to the nigh-empty bottle, and, their meat scarce out of their mouths, fell asleep, where for the present we will leave them, and tell what passed between the two knights.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD
IS PROSECUTED.

AMONGST many discourses that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, the history says that he of the Wood said to Don Quixote, "In brief, sir knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or, to say better, my election, enamoured me upon the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, as being so in the greatness of her stature, and in the extreme of her being and beauty. This Casildea I tell you of repaid my good and virtuous desires in employing me, as did the stepmother of Hercules, in many and different perils, promising me, at the accomplishing of each one, in performing another I should enjoy my wishes; but my labours have been so linked one upon another that they are numberless, neither know I which may be the last to give an accomplishment to my lawful desires. Once she commanded me to give defiance to that famous giantess of Seville called the Giralda, who is so valiant and so strong as being made of brass, and, without changing place, is the most moveable and turning woman in the world. I came, I saw, and conquered her, and made her stand still and keep distance; for a whole week together no winds blew but the north. Otherwhiles she commanded me to lift up the ancient stones of the fierce bulls of Guisando [*As if we should say, to remove the stones at*

Stonage in Wiltshire], an enterprise fitter for porters than knights. Another time she commanded me to go down and dive in the vault of Cabra—a fearful and unheard-of attempt—and to bring her relation of all that was enclosed in that dark profundity. I stayed the motion of the Giralda; I weighed the bulls of Guisando; I cast myself down the steep cave, and brought to light the secrets of that bottom; but my hopes were dead, how dead! her disdains still living, how living! Lastly, she hath now commanded me that I run over all the provinces of Spain, and make all the knights-errant that wander in them confess that she alone goes beyond all other women in beauty, and that I am the valiantest and most enamoured knight of the world, in which demand I have travelled the greatest part of Spain, and have overcome many knights that durst contradict me. But that which I prize and esteem most is that I have conquered in single combat that so famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is fairer than his Dulcinea; and in this conquest only I make account that I have conquered all the knights in the world, because the aforesaid Don Quixote hath conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his fame, his glory, and his honour hath been transferred and passed over to my person, and the conqueror is so much the more esteemed by how much the conquered was reputed, so that the innumerable exploits of Don Quixote now mentioned are mine, and pass upon my account.”

Don Quixote admired to hear the Knight of the Wood, and was a thousand times about to have given him the lie, and had his “Thou liest” upon the point of his tongue; but he deferred it as well as he could, to make him confess with his own mouth that he lied, and so he told him calmly: “That you may have over-

come, sir knight, all the knights-errant of Spain and the whole world I grant ye ; but that you have overcome Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt it ; it may be some other like him, though few there be so like." "Why not?" replied he of the Wood : "I can assure you, sir, I fought with him, overcame, and made him yield. He is a tall fellow, withered-faced, lank and dry in his limbs, somewhat hoary, sharp-nosed, and crooked ; his mustachoes long, black, and fallen ; he marcheth under the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance ; he presses the loin and rules the bridle of a famous horse called Rozinante ; and hath for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonsa Lorenzo, just as mine, that because her name was Casilda, and of Andalusia, I call her Casildea de Vandalia ; and, if all these tokens be not enough to countenance the truth, here is my sword that shall make incredulity itself believe it."

"Have patience, good sir knight," quoth Don Quixote, "and hear what I shall say. Know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the greatest friend I have in this world, and so much that I may tell you I love him as well as myself, and by the signs that you have given of him, so punctual and certain, I cannot but think it is he whom you have overcome. On the other side, I see with mine eyes, and feel with my hands, that it is not possible it should be he, if it be not that, as he hath many enchanterers that be his enemies, especially one that doth ordinarily persecute him, there be some one that hath taken his shape on him, and suffered himself to be overcome, to defraud him of the glory which his noble chivalry hath gotten and laid up for him throughout the whole earth. And, for confirmation of this, I would have you know that these

enchanters mine enemies, not two days since, transformed the shape and person of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso into a foul and base country-wench, and in this sort belike they have transformed Don Quixote ; and, if all this be not sufficient to direct you in the truth, here is Don Quixote himself, that will maintain it with his arms on foot or on horseback, or in what manner you please ;" and he grasped his sword, expecting what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take ; who with a staid voice answered and said : " A good paymaster needs no surety ; he that could once, Don Quixote, overcome you when you were transformed, may very well hope to restore you to your former being. But because it becomes not knights to do their feats in the dark, like highway robbers and ruffians, let us stay for the day, that the sun may behold our actions ; and the condition of our combat shall be that he that is therein overcome shall stand to the mercy of the conqueror, who, by his victory, shall have power to do with him according to his will, so far as what he ordaineth shall be fitting for a knight." " I am overjoyed with this condition and agreement," quoth Don Quixote.

And this said, they went where their squires were, whom they found snorting, and just as they were when sleep first stole upon them. They wakened them and commanded they should make their horses ready, for by sunrising they meant to have a bloody and unequalled single combat. At which news Sancho was astonished and amazed, as fearing his master's safety, by reason of the Knight of the Wood's valour, which he had heard from his squire ; but, without any reply, the two squires went to seek their cattle, for by this the three horses and Dapple had smelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the Wood said to Sancho, "You must understand, brother, that your combatants of Andalusia use, when they are sticklers in any quarrel, not to stand idly with their hands in their pockets, whilst their friends are fighting. I tell you this, because you may know that whilst our masters are at it we must skirmish too, and break our lances to shivers." "This custom, sir squire," answered Sancho, "may be current there, and pass amongst your ruffians and combatants you talk of; but with your squires that belong to knights-errant, not so much as a thought of it; at least I have not heard my master so much as speak a word of any such custom, and he knows without book all the ordinances of knight-errantry. But let me grant ye that 'tis an express ordinance that the squires fight, whilst their masters do so, yet I will not fulfil that, but pay the penalty that shall be imposed upon such peaceable squires; for I do not think it will be above two pound of wax [*Alluding to some penalties enjoined by confessors, to pay to burn in candles in the church*], and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the lint that I shall spend in making tents to cure my head, which already I make account is cut and divided in two; besides, 'tis impossible I should fight, having never a sword, and I never wore any."

"For that," quoth he of the Wood, "I'll tell you a good remedy: I have here two linen bags of one bigness; you shall have one, and I the other, and with these equal weapons we'll fight at bag-blows." "Let us do so an' you will," said Sancho; "for this kind of fight will rather serve to dust than to wound us." "Not so," said the other; "for within the bags, that the wind may not carry them to and fro, we will put half a dozen of delicate smooth pebbles of equal weight, and

so we may bag-baste one another without doing any great hurt." "Look ye, body of my father!" quoth Sancho, "what martens' or sables' fur, or what fine carded wool he puts in the bags, not to beat out our brains, or make privet of our bones! But know, sir, if they were silk balls I would not fight; let our masters fight, and hear on it in another world; let us drink and live, for time will be careful to take away our lives, without our striving to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe." "For all that," said he of the Wood, "we must fight half an hour." "No, no," said Sancho; "I will not be so discourteous and ungrateful as to wrangle with whom I have eaten and drunk, let the occasion be never so small—how much more I being without choler or anger; who the devil can barely without these fight?" "For this," said he of the Wood, "I'll give you a sufficient cause, which is, that before we begin the combat I will come me finely to you, and give you three or four boxes, and strike you to my feet, with which I shall awake your choler, although it sleep like a dormouse." "Against this cut I have another," quoth Sancho, "that comes not short of it: I will take me a good cudgel, and before you waken my choler I will make you sleep so soundly with bastinadoing you that you shall not wake but in another world, in which it shall be known that I am not he that will let any man handle my face; and every man look to the shaft he shoots; and the best way were to let every man's choler sleep with him, for no man knows what's in another, and many come for wool that return shorn; and God blessed the peace-makers, and cursed the quarreller; for if a cat shut into a room, much baited and straitened, turn to be a lion, God knows what I that am a man may turn to. Therefore

from henceforward, sir squire, let me intimate to you that all the evil and mischief that shall arise from our quarrel be upon your head." "'Tis well," quoth he of the Wood; "let it be day and we shall thrive by this."

And now a thousand sorts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and in their different delightful tones it seemed they bade good-morrow and saluted the fresh Aurora, that now discovered the beauty of her face thorough the gates and bay-windows of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, bathing the herbs in her sweet liquor, that it seemed they also sprouted and rained white and small pearls. The willows did distil their savoury manna; the fountains laughed; the brooks murmured; the woods were cheered; and the fields were enriched with her coming.

But the brightness of the day scarce gave time to distinguish things, when the first thing that offered itself to Sancho's sight was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was so huge that it did as it were shadow his whole body. It is said, indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bigness, crooked in the midst, and all full of warts of a darkish-green colour, like a berengene, and hung some two fingers over his mouth. This hugeness, colour, warts, and crookedness did so disfigure his face that Sancho, in seeing him, began to lay about him backward and forward, like a young raw ancient, and resolved with himself to endure two hundred boxes before his choler should waken to fight with that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote beheld his opposite, and perceived that his helmet was on and drawn, so that he could not see his face; but he saw that he was well set in his body, though not tall: upon his armour he wore an upper

garment or cassock, to see to, of pure cloth of gold, with many moons of shining looking-glasses spread about it, which made him appear very brave and gorgeous ; a great plume of green feathers waved about his helmet, with others white and yellow ; his lance, which he had reared up against a tree, was very long and thick, and with a steel pike above a handful long. Don Quixote observed and noted all, and by what he had seen and marked judged that the said knight must needs be of great strength ; but yet he was not afraid, like Sancho, and with a bold courage thus spoke to the Knight of the Looking-glasses : " If your eagerness to fight, sir knight, have not spent your courtesy, for it I desire you to lift up your visor a little, that I may behold whether the liveliness of your face be answerable to that of your disposition, whether vanquished or vanquisher you be in this enterprise." " Sir knight," answered he of the Looking-glasses, " you shall have time and leisure enough to see me ; and, if I do not now satisfy your desire, it is because I think I shall do a great deal of wrong to the fair Casildea de Vandalia, to delay so much time as to lift up my visor, till I have first made you confess what I know you go about." " Well, yet while we get a-horseback," Don Quixote said, " you may resolve me whether I be that Don Quixote whom you said you had vanquished." " To this I answer you," said he of the Looking-glasses, " you are as like the knight I conquered as one egg is to another ; but, as you say, enchanterers persecute you, and therefore I dare not affirm whether you be he or no." " It sufficeth," quoth Don Quixote, " for me that you believe your being deceived ; but that I may entirely satisfy you let's to horse ; for in less time than you should have spent in the lifting up your visor, if God, my mistress, and mine arm defend me, will I see your

face ; and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you speak of."

And here cutting off discourse, to horse they go, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante about to take so much of the field as was fit for him to return to encounter his enemy ; and the Knight of the Looking-glasses did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces from him when he heard that he of the Looking-glasses called him ; so the two parting the way, he of the Glasses said, "Be mindful, sir knight, that the condition of our combat is that the vanquished, as I have told you before, must stand to the discretion of the vanquisher." "I know it," said Don Quixote, "so that what is imposed and commanded the vanquished be within the bounds and limits of cavallery." "So it is meant," said he of the Glasses.

Here Don Quixote saw the strange nose of the squire, and he did not less wonder at the sight of it than Sancho ; insomuch that he deemed him a monster, or some new kind of man not usual in the world. Sancho, that saw his master go to fetch his career, would not tarry alone with Nose-autem, fearing that at one snap with t'other's nose upon his, their fray would be ended ; that either with the blow, or it, he should come to ground ; so he ran after his master, laying hold upon one of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers ; and when he thought it time for his master to turn back he said, "I beseech your worship, master mine, that before you fall to your encounter you help me to climb up yon cork-tree, from whence I may better, and with more delight than from the ground, see the gallant encounter you shall make with this knight." "Rather, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou wouldst get aloft, as into a scaffold to see the bulls without danger." "Let me deal truly," said Sancho ; "the ugly nose of that

squire hath astonished me, and I dare not come near him." "Such an one it is," said Don Quixote, "that any other but I might very well be afraid of it; and therefore come and I'll help thee up."

Whilst Don Quixote was helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took up room for his career, and thinking that Don Quixote would have done the like, without looking for trumpet's sound, or any other warning sign, he turned his horse's reins—no better to see to, nor swifter, than Rozinante—and with his full speed, which was a reasonable trot, he went to encounter his enemy; but, seeing him busied in the mounting of Sancho, he held in his reins and stopped in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, as being unable to move. Don Quixote, who thought his enemy by this came flying, set spurs lustily to Rozinante's hinder flank, and made him post in such manner that, the story says, now only he seemed to run, for all the rest was plain trotting heretofore; and with this unspeakable fury he came where he of the Looking-glasses was jaggling his spurs into his horse to the very hoops, without being able to remove him a finger's length from the place where he had set up his rest for the career.

In this good time and conjuncture Don Quixote found his contrary puzzled with his horse, and troubled with his lance; for either he could not or else wanted time to set it in his rest. Don Quixote, that never looked into these inconveniences, safely and without danger encountered him of the Looking-glasses so furiously that in spite of his teeth he made him come to the ground from his horse-crupper, with such a fall that, stirring neither hand nor foot, he made show as if he had been dead. Sancho scarce saw him down, when he slid from the cork-tree, and came in all haste to his

master, who dismounted from Rozinante, got upon him of the Looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet to see if he were dead or if he were alive, to give him air, he saw—who can tell without great admiration, wonder, and amaze to him that shall hear it?—he saw, says the history, the selfsame face, the same visage, the same aspect, the same physiognomy, the same shape, the same perspective of the bachelor Samson Carrasco; and as he saw it he cried aloud, “Come, Sancho, and behold what thou mayest see, and not believe; run, whoreson, and observe the power of magic, what witches and enchanters can do.”

Sancho drew near, and saw the bachelor Samson Carrasco's face, and so began to make a thousand crosses, and to bless himself as oft. In all this while the overthrown knight made no show of living. And Sancho said to Don Quixote, “I am of opinion, sir, that by all means you thrust your sword down this fellow's throat that is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and so perhaps in him you shall kill some of your enemies the enchanters.” “’Tis not ill advised,” quoth Don Quixote. So drawing out his sword, to put Sancho's counsel in execution, the knight's squire came in, his nose being off that had so disfigured him, and said aloud, “Take heed, Sir Don Quixote, what you do; for he that is now at your mercy is the bachelor Samson Carrasco your friend, and I his squire.”

Now Sancho, seeing him without his former deformity, said to him, “And your nose?” To which he answered, “Here it is in my pocket;” and, putting his hand to his right side, he pulled out a pasted nose and a varnished vizard, of the manufacture described. And Sancho, more and more beholding him, with a loud and admiring voice said, “Saint Mary defend me!

and is not this Thomas Cecial my neighbour and my gossip?" "And how say you by that?" quoth the unnosed squire. "Thomas Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho, and straight I will tell you the conveyances, sleights, and tricks that brought me hither; in the meantime request and entreat your master that he touch not, misuse, wound, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses, now at his mercy, for doubtless it is the bold and ill-advised bachelor Samson Carrasco our countryman."

By this time the Knight of the Looking-glasses came to himself, which Don Quixote seeing, he elapt the bare point of his sword upon his face, and said, "Thou diest, knight, if thou confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and moreover you shall promise, if from this battle and fall you remain with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself from me before her, that she may dispose of you as she pleaseth; and if she pardon you you shall return to me; for the track of my exploits will be your guide, and bring you where I am, to tell me what hath passed with her. These conditions, according to those we agreed on before the battle, exceed not the limits of knight-errantry." "I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and foul shoe is more worth than the ill-combed hair, though clean, of Casildea; and here I promise to go and come from her presence to yours, and give entire and particular relation of all you require." "You shall also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight whom you overcame neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some other like him, as I confess and believe that you, although you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not he, but one like

him, and that my enemies have cast you into his shape, that I may withhold and temper the force of my choler, and use moderately the glory of my conquest." "I confess, judge, and allow of all, as you confess, judge, and allow," answered the back-broken knight. "Let me rise, I pray you, if the blow of my fall will let me; for it hath left me in ill case."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, and Thomas Cecial his squire, on whom Sancho still cast his eyes, asking him questions, whose answers gave him manifest signs that he was Thomas Cecial indeed, as he said; but the apprehension that was made in Sancho by what his master had said, that the enchanter had changed the form of the Knight of the Glasses into Samson Carrasco's, made him not believe what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the master and man remained still in their error; and he of the Glasses and his squire, very moody and ill errants, left Don Quixote, purposing to seek some town where he might search for himself, and settle his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho held on their way to Saragosa, where the story leaves them, to tell who was the Knight of the Glasses and his new squire.

CHAPTER XV.

WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE LOOKING-GLASSES AND HIS
SQUIRE WERE.

DON QUIXOTE was extremely contented, glad, and vain-glorious, that he had subdued so valiant a knight as he imagined he of the Looking-glasses was, from whose knightly word he hoped to know if the enchantment of his mistress were certain, since of necessity the said vanquished knight was to return, on pain of not being so, to relate what had happened unto him ; but Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the Glasses another, though for the present he minded nothing but to seek where he might searchcloth himself. The history then tells us that, when the bachelor Samson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to prosecute his forsaken cavallery, he entered first of all into counsel with the vicar and the barber to know what means they should use that Don Quixote might be persuaded to stay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himself with his unlucky adventures ; from which counsel, by the common consent of all and particular opinion of Carrasco, it was agreed that Don Quixote should abroad again, since it was impossible to stay him ; and that Samson should meet him upon the way like a knight-errant, and should fight with him, since an occasion would not be wanting, and so to overcome him, which would not be difficult, and that there should be a covenant and agreement that the vanquished should stand

to courtesy of the vanquisher, so that, Don Quixote being vanquished, the bachelor knight should command him to get him home to his town and house, and not to stir from thence in two years after, or till he should command him to the contrary ; the which in all likelihood Don Quixote, once vanquished, would infallibly accomplish, as unwilling to contradict or be defective in the laws of knighthood, and it might so be that, in this time of sequestering, he might forget all his vanities, or they might find out some convenient remedy for his madness. Carrasco accepted of it, and Thomas Cecial offered himself to be his squire—Sancho Panza's neighbour and gossip, a merry knave and a witty. Samson armed himself, as you have heard, and Thomas Cecial fitted the false nose to his own, and afterwards he clapt on his vizard, that he might not be known by his gossip when they should meet. So they held on the same voyage with Don Quixote, and they came even just as he was in the adventure of Death's waggon ; and at last they lighted on them in the wood, where what befel them the discreet reader hath seen ; and, if it had not been for the strange opinion that Don Quixote had, that the bachelor was not the self-same man, he had been spoiled for ever for taking another degree, since he missed his mark.

Thomas Cecial, that saw what ill use he had made of his hopes, and the bad effect that his journey took, said to the bachelor, "Truly, Master Samson, we have our deserts ; things are easily conceived, and enterprises easily undertaken, but very hardly performed. Don Quixote mad, we wise ; but he is gone away sound and merry, you are here bruised and sorrowful ; let us know, then, who is the greatest madman, he that is so and cannot do withal, or he that is so for his pleasure." To which quoth Samson : "The difference between

these madmen is, that he that of necessity is so will always remain so, and he that accidentally is so may leave it when he will." "Since it is so," said Thomas Cecial, "I that for my pleasure was mad, when I would needs be your squire, for the same reason I would leave the office and return home to my own house." "'Tis fit you should," said Samson; "yet to think that I will do so till I have soundly banged Don Quixote is vain. And now I go not about to restore him to his wits, but to revenge myself on him; for the intolerable pain I feel in my ribs will not permit me a more charitable discourse."

Thus they two went on parleying till they came to a town where by chance they lighted upon a bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate Samson. Thomas Cecial went home and left him, and he stayed musing upon his revenge: and the history hereafter will return to him, which at present must make merry with Don Quixote.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET
GENTLEMAN OF MANCHA.

DON QUIXOTE went on his journey with the joy, content, and gladness as hath been mentioned, imagining that for the late victory he was the most valiant knight that that age had in the world; he made account that all adventures that should from thenceforward befall him were brought to a happy and prosperous end; he cared not now for any enchantments or enchanters; he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his chivalry had been given him, and the stones cast, that strook out half his teeth, and the unthankfulness of the galley-slaves, and the boldness and showers of stakes of the Yangueses. In conclusion, he said to himself that, if he could find any art, manner, or means how to disenchant his mistress Dulcinea, he would not envy the greatest happiness or prosperity that ever any knight-errant of former times had obtained.

He was altogether busied in these imaginations when Sancho told him: "How say you, sir, that I have still before mine eyes that ill-favoured, more than ordinary, nose of my gossip Thomas Cecial?" "And do you happily, Sancho, think that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and his squire Thomas Cecial your gossip?" "I know not what to say to it," quoth Sancho; "only I know that the tokens he gave me of my house, wife, and children,

no other could give 'em me but he; and his face, his nose being off, was the same, that Thomas Cecial's, as I have seen him many times in our town, and next house to mine; and his voice was the same." "Let us be reasonable, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "come hither. How can any man imagine that the bachelor Samson Carrasco should come like a knight-errant, armed with arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever given him occasion that he should dog me? Am I his rival; or is he a professor of arms, to envy the glory that I have gotten by them?" "Why, what should I say," answered Sancho, "when I saw that knight, be he who he will, look so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire to Thomas Cecial my gossip? And if it were an enchantment, as you say, were there no other two in the world they might look like?" "All is juggling and cunning," quoth Don Quixote, "of the wicked magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I should remain victor in this combat, had provided that the vanquished knight should put on the shape of my friend Carrasco, that the friendship I bear him might mediate betwixt the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and temper my heart's just indignation; and so that he might escape with his life that with tricks and devices sought to take away mine. For proof of which, O Sancho! thou knowest, by experience that will not let thee lie or be deceived, how easy it is for enchanterers to change one face into another, making the beautiful deformed, and the deformed beautiful; and it is not two days since with thine own eyes thou sawest the beauty and liveliness of the peerless Dulcinea in its perfection and natural conformity, and I saw her in the foulness and meanness of a coarse milkmaid, with blear eyes and stinking breath, so that the perverse enchanter that durst cause

so wicked a metamorphosis, 'tis not much that he hath done the like in the shapes of Samson Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my conquest. Notwithstanding, I am of good comfort; for, in what shape soever it were, I have vanquished mine enemy." "God knows all," said Sancho; and, whereas he knew the transformation of Dulcinea had been a trick of his, his master's chimeras gave him no satisfaction; but he durst not reply a word, for fear of discovering his cozenage.

Whilst they were thus reasoning, one overtook them that came their way, upon a fair flea-bitten mare, upon his back a riding-coat of fine green cloth, welted with tawny velvet, with a hunter's cap of the same; his mare's furniture was for the field, and after the jennet fashion, of the said tawny and green; he wore a Moorish scimitar, hanging at a broad belt of green and gold; his buskins were wrought with the same that his belt was; his spurs were not gilt, but laid on with a green varnish, so smooth and burnished that they were more suitable to the rest of his clothes than if they had been of beaten gold. Coming near, he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, rode on; but Don Quixote said to him, "Gallant, if you go our way, and your haste be not great, I should take it for a favour that we might ride together." "Truly, sir," said he with the mare, "I should not ride from you, but that I fear your horse will be unruly with the company of my mare." "You may well, sir," said Sancho, "you may well rein in your mare; for our horse is the honestest and mannerliest horse in the world; he is never unruly upon these occasions; and once, when he flew out, my master and I paid for it with a witness. I say again, you may stay if you please, for, although your mare were given him between two dishes, he would not look at her."

The passenger held in his reins, wondering at Don Quixote's countenance and posture, who was now without his helmet, for Sancho carried it in a cloak-bag at the pommel of Dapple's pack-saddle; and, if he in the green did much look at Don Quixote, Don Quixote did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth. His age showed him to be about fifty, having few grey hairs; his face was somewhat sharp, his countenance of an equal temper; lastly, in his fashion and posture, he seemed to be a man of good quality. His opinion of Don Quixote was that he had never seen such a kind of man before; the lankness of his horse, the tallness of his own body, the spareness and paleness of his face made him admire; his arms, his gesture, and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not been seen many ages before in that country.

Don Quixote noted well with what attention the traveller beheld him, and in his suspense read his desire, and, being so courteous and so great a friend to give all men content, before he demanded him anything, to prevent him, he said: "This outside of mine that you have seen, sir, because it is so rare and different from others now in use, may, no doubt, have bred some wonder in you, which you will cease when I shall tell you, as now I do, that I am a knight, one of those, as you would say, that seek their fortunes. I went out of my country, engaged mine estate, left my pleasure, committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. My desire was to raise again the dead knight-errantry; and long ago, stumbling here and falling there, casting myself headlong in one place and rising up in another, I have accomplished a great part of my desire, succouring widows, defending damsels, favouring married women, orphans, and distressed children, the proper and natural office of

knights-errant; so that by my many valiant and Christian exploits I have merited to be in the press, in all or most nations of the world; thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if Heaven permit. Lastly, to shut up all in a word, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; and, though one should not praise himself, yet I must needs do it,—that is, there being none present that may do it for me; so that, kind gentleman, neither this horse, this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms together, nor the paleness of my face, nor my slender macilency, ought henceforward to admire you, you knowing now who I am, and the profession I maintain.”

This said, Don Quixote was silent, and he with the green coat was a great while ere he could answer, as if he could not hit upon't; but, after some pause, he said: “You were in the right, sir knight, in knowing, by my suspension, my desire; but yet you have not quite removed my admiration, which was caused with seeing you; for, although that, as you say, sir, that to know who you are might make me leave wondering, it is otherwise rather, since, now I know it, I am in more suspense and wonderment. And is it possible that at this day there be knights-errant in the world, and that there be true histories of knighthood printed? I cannot persuade myself that any now favour widows, defend damsels, honour married women, or succour orphans; and I should never have believed it, if I had not in you beheld it with mine eyes. Blessed be heavens! for with this history you speak of, which is printed, of your true and lofty chivalry, those innumerable falsities of feigned knights-errant will be forgotten, which the world was full of, so hurtful to good

education and prejudicial to true stories." "There is much to be spoken," quoth Don Quixote, "whether the histories of knights-errant were feigned or true." "Why, is there any that doubts," said he in the green, "that they be not false?" "I do," said Don Quixote, "and let it suffice; for, if our journey last, I hope in God to let you see that you have done ill to be led with the stream of them that hold they are not true."

At this last speech of Don Quixote the traveller suspected he was some idiot, and expected when some others of his might confirm it; but, before they should be diverted with any other discourse, Don Quixote desired to know who he was, since he had imparted to him his condition and life. He in the green made answer: "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, am a gentleman born in a town where, God willing, we shall dine to day; I am well to live; my name is Don Diego de Miranda; I spend my life with my wife and children, and friends: my sports are hunting and fishing; but I have neither hawk nor greyhounds, only a tame cock-partridge, or a murdering ferret; some six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some history, others devotion; your books of knighthood have not yet entered the threshold of my door; I do more turn over your profane books than religious, if they be for honest recreation, such as may delight for their language, and admire and suspend for their invention, although in Spain there be few of these. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and otherwhiles invite them; my meals are neat and handsome, and nothing scarce. I neither love to backbite myself, nor to hear others do it; I search not into other men's lives, or am a lynce to other men's actions; I hear every day a mass; part my goods with the poor, without making a muster of my good deeds, that I may not give way to

hypocrisy and vain-glory to enter into my heart, enemies that easily seize upon the variest breast; I strive to make peace between such as are at odds; I am devoted to our Blessed Lady, and always trust in God's infinite mercy."

Sancho was most attentive to this relation of the life and entertainments of this gentleman, which seeming to him to be good and holy, and that he that led it worked miracles, he flung himself from Dapple, and in great haste laid hold of his right stirrup, and with the tears in his eyes often kissed his feet, which being seen by the gentleman, he asked him, "What do you, brother? Wherefore be these kisses?" "Let me kiss," quoth Sancho, "for methinks your worship is the first saint that in all the days of my life I ever saw a-horseback." "I am no saint," said he, "but a great sinner; you, indeed, brother, are, and a good soul, as your simplicity shows you to be." Sancho went again to recover his pack-saddle, having, as it were, brought into the market-place his master's laughter out of a profound melancholy, and caused a new admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote asked him how many sons he had, who told him that one of the things in which the philosopher's *summum bonum* did consist (who wanted the true knowledge of God) was in the goods of nature and in those of fortune; in having many friends, and many and virtuous children. "I, Sir Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have a son, whom if I had not, perhaps you would judge me more happy than I am,—not that he is so bad, but because not so good as I would have him. He is about eighteen years of age, six of which he hath spent in Salamanca, learning the tongues, Greek and Latin; and, when I had a purpose that he should fall to other sciences, I found him so

besotted with poesy, and that science, if so it may be called, that it is not possible to make him look upon the law, which I would have him study, nor divinity, the queen of all sciences. I would he were the crown of all his lineage, since we live in an age wherein our King doth highly reward good learning; for learning without goodness is like a pearl cast in a swine's snout. All the day long he spends in his criticisms, whether Homer said well or ill in such a verse of his *Iliads*, whether Martial were bawdy or no in such an epigram, whether such or such a verse in Virgil ought to be understood this way or that way. Indeed, all his delight is in these aforesaid poets, and in Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus; but of your modern writers he makes small account: yet, for all the grudge he bears to modern poesy, he is mad upon your catches, and your glossing upon four verses, which were sent him from Salamanca, and that I think is his true study."

To all which Don Quixote answered: "Children, sir, are pieces of the very entrails of their parents, so, let them be good or bad, they must love them, as we must love our spirits that give us life. It concerns their parents to direct them from their infancy in the paths of virtue, of good manners, and good and Christian exercises, that when they come to years they may be the staff of their age and the glory of their posterity; and I hold it not so proper to force them to study this or that science, though to persuade them were not amiss; and, though it be not to study to get his bread—the student being so happy that God hath given him parents able to leave him well—mine opinion should be that they let him follow that kind of study he is most inclined to, and, though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, yet it is none of those that will

dishonour the professor. Poetry, signior, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, young and most beautiful, whom many other virgins—to wit, all the other sciences—are to enrich, polish, and adorn; she is to be served by them all, and all are to be authorised by her. But this virgin will not be handled and hurried up and down the streets, nor published in every market-nook nor court-corners; she is made of a kind of alchymy that he that knows how to handle her will quickly turn her into the purest gold of inestimable value; he that enjoyeth her must hold her at distance, not letting her lash out in unclean satires nor in dull sonnets; she must not by any means be vendible, except in heroic poems, in lamentable tragedies, or pleasant and artificial comedies; she must not be meddled with by jesters, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures that are locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I call here only the common people vulgar, for whosoever is ignorant, be he potentate or prince, he may and must enter into the number of the vulgar; so that he who shall handle and esteem of poetry with these requisites I have declared, he shall be famous, and his name shall be extolled in all the politic nations of the world. And whereas, sir, you say your son neglects modern poesy, I persuade myself he doth not well in it; and the reason is this: great Homer never wrote in Latin, because he was a Grecian; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Latin; indeed, all your ancient poets wrote in the tongue which they learnt from their cradle, and sought not after strange languages to declare their lofty conceits. Which being so, it were reason this custom should extend itself through all nations, and that your German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his language, nor the Castilian or Biscayner

because they write in theirs. But your son, as I suppose, doth not mislike modern poesy, but poets that are merely modern, without knowledge of other tongues or sciences that may adorn, rouse up, and strengthen their natural impulse; and yet in this there may be an error. For it is a true opinion that a poet is born so; the meaning is, a poet is naturally born a poet from his mother's womb, and, with that inclination that Heaven hath given him, without further study or art, he composeth things that verify his saying that said, '*Est Deus in nobis*,' etc. Let me also say, that the natural poet that helps himself with art shall be much better and have the advantage of that poet that only out of his art strives to be so: the reason is because art goes not beyond nature, but only perfects it; so that nature and art mixed together, and art with nature, make an excellent poet. Let this, then, be the scope of my discourse, sir: let your son proceed whither his star calls him; for, if he be so good a student as he ought to be, and have happily mounted the first step of the sciences, which is the languages, with them, by himself, he will ascend to the top of human learning, which appears as well in a gentleman, and doth as much adorn, honour, and ennoble him, as a mitre doth a bishop, or a loose cassock a civilian. Chide your son if he write satires that may prejudice honest men; punish him and tear them; but if he make sermons, like those of Horace, to the reprehension of vice in general, as he so elegantly did, then cherish him; for it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to inveigh against envious persons, in his verse, and so against other vices, if so be he aim at no particular person; but you have poets that, instead of uttering a jerk of wit, they will venture a being banished to the islands of Pontus. If a poet live honestly, he will be so

in his verses; the pen is the mind's tongue; as the conceits are which be engendered in it, such will the writings be; and, when kings and princes see the miraculous science of poesy in wise, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt offends not [*The laurel*], in token that none shall offend them that have their temples honoured and adorned with such crowns."

The gentleman admired Don Quixote's discourse, and so much that now he forsook his opinion he had of him, that he was a coxcomb. But in the midst of this discourse Sancho, that was weary of it, went out of the way to beg a little milk of some shepherds not far off, curing of their sheep; so the gentleman still maintained talk with Don Quixote, being wonderfully taken and satisfied with his wise discourse. But Don Quixote, lifting up suddenly his eyes, saw that in the way toward them there came a cart full of the king's colours, and, taking it to be some rare adventure, he called to Sancho for his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called on, left the shepherds and spurred Dapple apace, and came to his master, to whom a rash and stupendous adventure happened.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE IS SHOWED THE LAST AND EXTREMEST
HAZARD TO WHICH THE UNHEARD-OF COURAGE
OF DON QUIXOTE DID OR COULD ARRIVE, WITH
THE PROSPEROUS ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE
ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history says that when Don Quixote called to Sancho to bring him his helmet he was buying curds which the shepherds sold him, and, being hastily laid at by his master, he knew not what to do with them, or how to bestow them without losing them, for he had paid for them ; so he bethought himself, and clapped them into his master's helmet ; and, this good order taken, he went to see what he would have, who, when he came, said, "Give me, friend, that same helmet ; for either I know not what belongs to adventures, or that I see yonder is one that will force me to take arms." He of the green coat, that heard this, turned his eyes every way, and saw nothing but a cart that came toward them with two or three small flags, which made him think that the said cart carried the king's money, and so he told Don Quixote ; but he believed him not, always thinking that everything he saw was adventure upon adventure ; so he answered the gentleman, "He that is warned is half armed ; there is nothing lost in being provided ; for I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor at what time, or

in what shape they will set upon me." And, turning to Sancho, he demanded his helmet, who, wanting leisure to take the curds out, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, not perceiving what was in it, clapped it suddenly upon his head; and, as the curds were squeezed and thrust together, the whey began to run down Don Quixote's face and beard, at which he was in such a fright that he cried out to Sancho, "What ails me, Sancho? for methinks my skull is softened, or my brains melt, or that I sweat from top to toe; and, if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear. I believe certainly that I am like to have a terrible adventure of this; give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blinds me." Sancho was silent, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master fell not into the business. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that, as he thought, did benumb his head, and, seeing those white splashes in his helmet, he put them to his nose, and, smelling to them, said, "By my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso's life, they are curds that thou hast brought me here, thou base traitor and unmannerly squire." To which Sancho very cunningly, and with a great deal of pause, answered: "If they be curds, give them me, pray, and I'll eat. But let the devil eat 'em, for he put 'em there! Should I be so bold as to foul your worship's helmet? And there you have found, as I told you, who did it! In faith, sir, as sure as God lives, I have my enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there to stir you up to choler, and to make you bang my sides, as you use to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their labour; for I trust in my master's discretion, that he will consider that I have

neither curds nor milk, nor any such thing; for, if I had, I had rather put it in my stomach than in the helmet." "All this may be," said Don Quixote.

The gentleman observed all, and wondered, especially when Don Quixote, after he had wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapped it on again, settling himself well in his stirrups, searching for his sword and grasping his lance, he cried out, "Now come on't what will, for here I am with a courage to meet Satan himself in person."

By this the cart with the flags drew near, in which there came no man but the carter with his mules, and another upon the foremost of them. Don Quixote put himself forward, and asked, "Whither go ye, my masters? what cart is this? what do you carry in it? and what colours be these?" To which the carter answered, "The cart is mine, the carriage is two fierce lions caged up, which the General of Oran sends to the King at court for a present: these colours be his Majesty's, in sign that what goes here is his." "And are the lions big?" said Don Quixote. "So big," said he that went toward the cart door, "that there never came bigger out of Africa into Spain; and I am their keeper, and have carried others, but never any so big. They are male and female; the male is in this first grate, the female in the hindermost, and now they are hungry, for they have not eat to-day; and therefore I pray, sir, give us way, for we had need come quickly where we may meat them." To which quoth Don Quixote, smiling a little, "Your lion whelps to me? to me your lion whelps? and at this time of day? Well, I vow to God, your General that sends 'em this way shall know whether I be one that am afraid of lions. Alight, honest fellow, and, if you be the keeper, open their cages, and let me your beasts forth; for I'll

make 'em know, in the midst of this champion, who Don Quixote is, in spite of those enchanterers that sent 'em." "Fie! fie!" said the gentleman at this instant to himself, "our knight shows very well what he is; the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains."

By this Sancho came to him and said, "For God's love handle the matter so, sir, that my master meddle not with these lions, for if he do they'll worry us all." "Why, is your master so mad," quoth the gentleman, "that you fear or believe he will fight with wild beasts?" "He is not mad," said Sancho, "but hardy." "I'll make him otherwise," said the gentleman; and coming to Don Quixote, that was hastening the keeper to open the cages, said, "Sir knight, knights-errant ought to undertake adventures that may give a likelihood of ending them well, and not such as are altogether desperate; for valour grounded upon rashness hath more madness than fortitude. How much more, these lions come not to assail you; they are carried to be presented to his Majesty, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their journey." "Pray get you gone, gentle sir," quoth Don Quixote, "and deal with your tame partridge and your murdering ferret, and leave every man to his function; this is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these lions come against me or no." So, turning to the keeper, he cried: "By this —! goodman slave [*Voto a tal.* When he would seem to swear, but swears by nothing], if you do not forthwith open the cage, I'll nail you with my lance to your cart."

The carter, that perceived the resolution of that armed vision, told him, "Signior mine, will you be pleased in charity to let me unyoke my mules, and to put myself and them in safety, before I unsheath

my lions? for if they should kill them I am undone all days of my life, for I have no other living but this cart and my mules." "O thou wretch of little faith!" quoth Don Quixote, "light, and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou mightest have saved a labour."

The carter alighted, and unyoked hastily, and the keeper cried out aloud, "Bear witness, my masters all, that I am forced against my will to open the cages and to let loose the lions, and that I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief that these beasts shall do light upon him; besides that he pay me my wages and due. Shift you, sirs, for yourselves, before I open, for I am sure they'll do me no hurt."

The gentleman persuaded him the second time that he should not attempt such a piece of madness, for such a folly was to tempt God. To which Don Quixote answered that he knew what he did. The gentleman replied that he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceived. "Well, sir," said Don Quixote, "if you will not be a spectator of this which you think tragedy, pray spur your flea-bitten, and put yourself in safety." Which when Sancho heard, with tears in his eyes, he beseeched him to desist from that enterprise, in comparison of which that of the windmills was cake-bread, and that fearful one also of the fulling-mill, or all the exploits that ever he had done in his life. "Look ye, sir," said Sancho, "here's no enchantment, nor any such thing; for I have looked thorough the grates and chinks of the cages, and have seen a claw of a true lion, by which claw I guess the lion is as big as a mountain."

"Thy fear, at least," said Don Quixote, "will make him as big as half the world. Get thee out of the way, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die in the place thou

knowest our agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and that's enough." To these he added other reasons, by which he cut off all hope of his leaving the prosecution of that foolish enterprise.

He of the green coat would have hindered him, but he found himself unequally matched in weapons, and thought it no wisdom to deal with a madman, for now Don Quixote appeared no otherwise to him, who, hastening the keeper afresh and reiterating his threats, made the gentleman set spurs to his mare, and Sancho to his Dapple, and the carter to his mules, each of them striving to get as far from the cart as they could, before the lions should be unhampered. Sancho bewailed his master's loss, for he believed certainly that the lion would catch him in his paws; he cursed his fortune, and the time that ever he came again to his master's service; but, for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple, to make him get far enough from the cart. The keeper, when he saw those that fled far enough off, began anew to require and intimate to Don Quixote what he had formerly done, who answered that he heard him, and that he should leave his intimations, for all was needless, and that he should make haste.

Whilst the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote began to consider whether it were best to fight on foot or on horseback; and at last he determined it should be on foot, fearing that Rozinante would be afraid to look upon the lions; and thereupon he leaped from his horse, cast by his lance, buckled his shield to him, and unsheathed his sword: fair and softly, with a marvellous courage and valiant heart, he marched toward the cart, recommending himself first to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.

And here it is to be noted that, when the author of the

true history came to this passage, he exclaims and cries : "O strong and beyond all comparison courageous Don Quixote ! Thou looking-glass in which all the valiant knights of the world may behold themselves ! Thou new and second Don Manuel de Leon, who was the honour and glory of the Spanish knights ! With what words shall I recount this fearful exploit, or with what arguments shall I make it credible to ensuing times ? Or what praises shall not fit and square with thee, though they may seem hyperboles above all hyperboles ? Thou on foot, alone, undaunted, and magnanimous, with thy sword only—and that none of your cutting fox-blades—with a shield, not of bright and shining steel, expectest and attendest two of the fiercest lions that ever were bred in African woods. Let thine own deeds extol thee, brave Manchegan ; for I must leave 'em here abruptly, since I want words to endear them."

Here the author's exclamation ceased, and the thread of the story went knitting itself on, saying :—The keeper seeing Don Quixote in his posture, and that he must needs let loose the male lion, on pain of the bold knight's indignation, he set the first cage wide open, where the lion, as is said, was of an extraordinary bigness, fearful and ugly to see to. The first thing he did was to tumble up and down the cage, stretch one paw, and rouse himself ; forthwith he yawned and gently sneezed ; then with his tongue, some two handfuls long, he licked the dust out of his eyes, and washed his face, which done he thrust his head out of the cage and looked round about him, with his eyes like fire-coals, a sight and gesture able to make temerity itself afraid. Only Don Quixote beheld him earnestly, and wished he would leap out of the cart, that they might grapple, for he thought to slice him in

pieces. Hitherto came the extreme of his not-heard-of madness. But the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, neglecting such childishness and bravadoes, after he had looked round about him, as is said, turned his back, and showed his tail to Don Quixote, and very quietly lay down again in the cage. Which Don Quixote seeing, he commanded the keeper to give him two or three blows to make him come forth. "No, not I," quoth the keeper, "for if I urge him I shall be the first he will tear in pieces. I pray you, sir knight, be contented with your day's work, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The lion's door was open; he might have come out if he would; but, since he hath not hitherto, he will not come forth all this day. You have well showed the stoutness of your courage; no brave combatant, in my opinion, is tied to more than to defy his enemy and to expect him in field; and, if his contrary come not, the disgrace is his, and he that expected remains with the prize."

"True it is," answered Don Quixote. "Friend, shut the door, and give me a certificate, in the best form that you can, of what you have seen me do here: to wit, that you opened to the lion, that I expected him, and he came not out; that I expected him again, yet all would not do, but he lay down. I could do no more. Enchantments avaunt! God maintain right and truth, and true chivalry! Shut, as I bade you, whilst I make signs to them that are fled that they may know this exploit from thy relation."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote putting his handkerchief on the point of his lance, with which he had wiped the curd-shower from off his face, he began to call those that fled, and never so much as looked behind them, all in a troop, and the gentleman the

fore-man; but Sancho, seeing the white cloth, said, "Hang me if my master have not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls us." All of them made a stand, and knew it was Don Quixote that made the sign; so, lessening their fear, by little and little they drew near him, till they could plainly hear that he called them. At length they returned to the cart; and Don Quixote said to the carter, "Yoke your mules again, brother, and get you on your way: and, Sancho, give him two pistols in gold, for him and the lion-keeper, in recompense of their stay." "With a very good will," said Sancho. "But what's become of the lions? are they alive or dead?" Then the keeper fair and softly began to tell them of the bickering, extolling as well as he could Don Quixote's valour, at whose sight the lion, trembling, would not or durst not sally from the cage, although the door were open a pretty while; and that because he had told the knight that to provoke the lion was to tempt God, by making him come out by force—as he would that he should be provoked in spite of his teeth, and against his will—he suffered the door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Can enchantment now prevail against true valour? Well may enchanters make me unfortunate; but 'tis impossible they should bereave me of my valour."

Sancho bestowed the pistols, and the carter yoked; the keeper took leave of Don Quixote, and thanked him for his kindness, and promised him to relate his valorous exploit to the King himself, when he came to court. "Well, if his Majesty chance to ask who it was that did it, tell him 'the Knight of the Lions'; for henceforward I will that my name be trucked, exchanged, turned, and changed now from that I had of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; and in

this I follow the ancient use of knights-errant, that would change their names when they pleased, or thought it convenient."

The cart went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green held on theirs. In all this while Don Diego de Miranda spoke not a word, being busied in noting Don Quixote's speeches and actions, taking him to be a wise madman, or a mad man that came somewhat near a wise man. He knew nothing as yet of the first part of his history; for, if he had read that, he would have left admiring his words and deeds, since he might have known the nature of his madness; but, for he knew it not, he held him to be wise and mad by fits; for what he spoke was consonant, elegant, and well delivered, but his actions were foolish, rash, and unadvised. "And," thought he to himself, "what greater madness could there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and to make us believe that enchanters had softened his skull? or what greater rashness or foppery than forcibly to venture upon lions?"

Don Quixote drew him from these imaginations, saying, "Who doubts, Signior Don Diego de Miranda, but that you will hold me in your opinion for an idle fellow, or a madman? And no marvel that I be held so, for my actions testify no less; for all that, I would have you know that I am not so mad or so shallow as I seem. It is a brave sight to see a goodly knight in the midst of the market-place, before his prince, to give a thrust with his lance to a fierce bull [*In Spain they use with horsemen and footmen to course their bulls to death in the market-places*]; and it is a brave sight to see a knight armed in shining armour pass about the tilt-yard at the cheerful jousts before the ladies; and all those knights are a brave sight that in military

exercises, or such as may seem so, do entertain, revive, and honour their princes' courts; but, above all these, a knight-errant is a better sight, that by deserts and wildernesses, by crossways and woods and mountains, searcheth after dangerous adventures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, only to obtain glorious and lasting fame. A knight-errant, I say, is a better sight, succouring a widow in some desert, than a court knight courting some damsel in the city. All knights have their particular exercises. Let the courtier serve ladies, authorise his prince's court with liveries, sustain poor gentlemen at his table, appoint jousts, maintain tourneys, show himself noble, liberal, and magnificent, and, above all, religious; and in these he shall accomplish with his obligation. But, for the knight-errant, let him search the corners of the world, enter the most intricate labyrinths, every foot undertake impossibilities, and in the deserts and wilderness let him resist the sunbeams in the midst of summer, and the sharp rigour of the winds and frosts in winter; let not lions fright him, nor spirits terrify him, nor hobgoblins make him quake; for to seek these, to set upon them, and to overcome all, are his prime exercises. And since it fell to my lot to be one of the number of these knights-errant, I cannot but undergo all that I think comes under the jurisdiction of my profession. So that the encountering those lions did directly belong to me, though I knew it to be an exorbitant rashness; for well I know that valour is a virtue betwixt two vicious extremes, as cowardice and rashness; but it is less dangerous for him that is valiant to rise to a point of rashness than to fall or touch upon the coward. For, as it is more easy for a prodigal man to be liberal than a covetous, so it is easier for a rash man to be truly valiant than a coward to come to true valour.

And, touching the onset in adventures, believe me, Signior Don Diego, it is better playing a good trump than a small ; for it sounds better in the hearer's ears, 'Such a knight is rash and hardy,' than 'Such a knight is fearful and cowardly.'" "I say, signior," answered Don Diego, "that all that you have said and done is levelled out by the line of reason, and I think, if the statutes and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be found again in your breast, as in their own storehouse and register. And so let us haste, for the day grows on us ; let us get to my village and house, where you shall ease yourself of your former labour, which, though it have not been bodily, yet it is mental, which doth often redound to the body's weariness." "I thank you for your kind offer, signior," quoth Don Quixote ; and, spurring on faster, about two of the clock they came to the village and Don Diego's house, whom Don Quixote styled the Knight of the Green Cassock.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE, OR
KNIGHT OF THE GREEN CASSOCK HIS HOUSE,
WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT MATTERS.

DON QUIXOTE perceived that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; and his arms, though of coarse stone, upon the door towards the street; his wine-cellar in the court, his other cellar or vault in the entry, with many great stone vessels round about that were of Toboso, which renewed the remembrance of his enchanted and transformed Mistress Dulcinea; so sighing, and not minding who was by, said,—

“O happy pledges, found out to my loss,
Sweet and reviving, when the time was, once!¹

O you Tobosian tuns, that bring to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness!”

The scholar poet, son to Don Diego, that came out with his mother to welcome him, heard him pronounce this, and the mother and son were in some suspense at the strange shape of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired to kiss her hands; and Don Diego said, “I pray, wife, give your wonted welcome to this gentleman, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight-errant, and the valiantest and wisest

¹ *O dulces prendas.* A beginning of a sonnet in “Diana de Montemayor,” which Don Quixote here raps out upon a sudden.

in the world." The gentlewoman, called Donna Christina, welcomed him very affectionately and with much courtesy, which Don Quixote retorted with many wise and mannerly compliments, and did, as it were, use the same over again to the scholar, who, hearing Don Quixote speak, took him to be wondrous wise and witty.

Here the author paints out unto us all the circumstances of Don Diego his house, deciphering to us all that a gentleman and a rich farmer's house may have; but it seemed good to the translator to pass over these and such-like trifles, because they suited not with the principal scope of this history, the which is more grounded upon truth than upon bare digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall; Sancho unarmed him, so that now he had nothing on but his breeches and a chamois doublet, all smudged with the filth of his armour; about his neck he wore a little scholastical band, unstarched and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes close on each side; his good sword he girt to him, that hung at a belt of sea-wolves' skins, for it was thought he had the running of the reins many years; he wore also a long cloak of good russet cloth; but first of all, in five or six kettles of water—for touching the quantity there is some difference—he washed his head and his face; and for all that the water was turned whey-colour—God-amersey on Sancho's gluttony, and the buying those dismal black curds that made his master so white. With the aforesaid bravery, and with a sprightly air and gallantry, Don Quixote marched into another room, where the scholar stayed for him to entertain him till the cloth was laid; for the mistress of the house, Donna Christina, meant to show to her honourable guest that she knew how to make much of them that came to her house.

Whilst Don Quixote was disarming himself, Don Lorenzo had leisure—for that was Don Diego's son's name—to ask his father, "What do you call this gentleman, sir, that you have brought with you; for his name, his shape, and your calling him knight-errant makes my mother and me wonder?" "Faith, son," quoth Don Diego, "I know not what I should say to thee of him; only I may tell thee I have seen him play the maddest pranks of any madman in the world, and speak again speeches so wise as blot out and undo his deeds. Do thou speak to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding, and, since thou art discreet, judge of his discretion or folly as thou seest best, though, to deal plainly with thee, I rather hold him to be mad than wise."

Hereupon Don Lorenzo, as is said, went to entertain Don Quixote; and, amongst other discourse that passed betwixt them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: "Signior Don Diego de Miranda, your father, hath told me of your rare abilities and subtle wit, and chiefly that you are an excellent poet." "A poet, perhaps," replied Don Lorenzo; "but excellent, by no means; true it is that I am somewhat affectionated to poesy, and to read good poets, but not so that I may deserve the name of excellent that my father styles me with." "I do not dislike your modesty," quoth Don Quixote, "for you have seldom-times any poet that is not arrogant, and thinks himself to be the best poet in the world." "There is no rule," quoth Don Lorenzo, "without an exception; and some one there is that is so, yet thinks not so." "Few," said Don Quixote. "But tell me, sir, what verses be those that you have now in hand, that your father says do trouble and puzzle you? and, if it be some kind of gloss, I know what belongs to glossing, and should be

glad to hear them; and, if they be of your verses for the prize, content yourself with the second reward [*"De justa literaria": a custom in universities in Spain, of rewards proposed to them that make the best verses*]; for the first goes always by favour, or according the quality of the person; and the second is justly distributed; so that the third comes, according to this account, to be the second, and the first the third, according to degrees that are given in universities: but for all that the word 'first' is a great matter." "Hitherto," thought Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot think thee mad; proceed we." And he said, "It seems, sir, you have frequented the schools; what sciences have you heard?" "That of knight-errantry," quoth Don Quixote, "which is as good as your poetry, and somewhat better." "I know not what science that is," quoth Don Lorenzo, "neither hath it as yet come to my notice." "'Tis a science," quoth Don Quixote, "that contains in it all or most of the sciences of the world, by reason that he who professes it must be skilful in the laws, to know justice distributive and commutative, to give every man his own and what belongs to him; he must be a divine, to know how to give a reason clearly and distinctly of his Christian profession, wheresoever it shall be demanded him; he must be a physician, and chiefly an herbalist, to know in a wilderness or desert what herbs have virtue to cure wounds, for your knight-errant must not be looking every pissing-while who shall heal him; he must be an astronomer, to know in the night by the stars what o'clock 'tis, and in what part and climate of the world he is; he must be skilful in the mathematics, because every foot he shall have need of them; and, to let pass that he must be adorned with all divine and moral virtues, descending to other trifles, I say he

must learn to swim, as they say, Fish Nicholas, or Nicolao, did; he must know how to shoe a horse, to mend a saddle or bridle; and, coming again to what went before, he must serve God and his mistress inviolably; he must be chaste in his thoughts, honest in his words, liberal in his deeds, valiant in his actions, patient in afflictions, charitable towards the poor, and, lastly, a defender of truth, although it cost him his life for it. Of all these great and lesser parts a good knight-errant is composed, that you may see, Signior Don Lorenzo, whether it be a snivelling science that the knight that learns it professeth, and whether it may not be equalled to the proudest of them all taught in the schools." "If it be so," said Don Lorenzo, "I say this science goes beyond them all." "If it be so!" quoth Don Quixote. "Why, let me tell you," said Don Lorenzo, "I doubt whether there be any knights-errant now adorned with so many virtues." "Oft have I spoken," replied Don Quixote, "that which I must now speak again, that the greatest part of men in the world are of opinion that there be no knights-errant; and I think, if Heaven do not miraculously let them understand the truth, that there have been such and that at this day there be, all labour will be in vain, as I have often found by experience. I will not now stand upon showing you your error; all I will do is to pray to God to deliver you out of it, and to make you understand how profitable and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in former ages, and also would be at present, if they were in request; but now, for our sins, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and wantonness do reign." "I' faith," thought Don Lorenzo, "for this once our guest hath scaped me; but, for all that, he is a lively ass, and I were a dull fool if I did not believe it."

Here they ended their discourse, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what trial he had made of their guest's understanding, to which he made answer, "All the physicians and scriveners in the world will not wipe out his madness. He is a curious madman, and hath neat dilemmas."

To dinner they went, and their meat was such as Don Diego upon the way described it, such as he gave to his guests, well-dressed, savoury, and plentiful; but that which best pleased Don Quixote was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a covent of Carthusians; so that, lifting up his eyes, and grace being said, and that they had washed hands, he earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to speak his prize verses. To which quoth he: "Because I will not be like your poets, that when they are over-entreated they use to make scruple of their works, and when they are not entreated they vomit them up, I will speak my gloss, for which I expect no reward, as having written them only to exercise my muse." "A wise friend of mine," said Don Quixote, "was of opinion that to gloss was no hard task for any man, the reason being that the gloss could ne'er come near the text, and most commonly the gloss was quite from the theme given; besides that the laws of glossing were too strict, not admitting interrogations of 'Said he?' or 'Shall I say?' or changing nouns into verbs, without other ligaments and strictnesses to which the glosser is tied, as you know." "Certainly, Signior Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I desire to catch you in an absurdity, but cannot, for still you slip from me like an eel." "I know not," said Don Quixote, "what you mean by your slipping." "You shall know my meaning," said Don Lorenzo; "but for the present I pray you hearken

with attention to my glossed verses, and to the gloss, as for example,—

“If that my ‘was’ might turn to ‘is,’
I look for ‘t, then it comes complete ;
Oh, might I say, ‘Now, now time ‘tis,’
Our after-griefs may be too great.”

THE GLOSS.

“As everything doth pass away,
So Fortune’s good, that erst she gave,
Did pass, and would not with me stay,
Though she gave once all I could crave.
Fortune, ‘tis long since thou hast seen
Me prostrate at thy feet, I wis ;
I shall be glad, as I have been,
If that my ‘was’ return to ‘is.’

“Unto no honour am I bent,
No prize, conquest, or victory,
But to return to my content,
Whose thought doth grieve my memory :
If thou to me do it restore,
Fortune, the rigour of my heat
Allayed is ; let it come before
I look for ‘t, then it comes complete.

“Impossibles do I desire
To make time past return, in vain ;
No power on earth can once aspire,
Past, to recall him back again.
Time doth go, time runs and flies
Swiftly, his course doth never miss,
He’s in an error then that cries,
‘Oh, might I say, “Now, now, time ‘tis.”’

“I live in great perplexity,
Sometimes in hope, sometimes in fear ;
Far better were it for to die,
That of my griefs I might get clear ;
For me to die ‘twere better far ;
Let me not that again repeat :
Fear says, ‘Tis better live long, for
Our after-griefs may be too great.”

When Don Lorenzo had ended, Don Quixote stood up and cried aloud, as if he had screeched, taking Don Lorenzo by the hand, and said : " Assuredly, generous youth, I think you are the best poet in the world, and you deserve the laurel, not of Cyprus or Gaeta, as a poet said (God forgive him!), but of Athens, if it were extant, Paris, Bolonia, and Salamanca. I would to God those judges that would deny you the prize might be shot to death with arrows by Phœbus, and that the Muses never come within their thresholds. Speak, sir, if you please, some of your loftier verses, that I may altogether feel the pulse of your admirable wit."

How say you by this, that Don Lorenzo was pleased, when he heard himself thus praised by Don Quixote, although he held him to be a madman? O power of flattery, how far thou canst extend, and how large are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, since he condescended to Don Quixote's request, speaking this following sonnet to him, of the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe:—

" The wall was broken by the virgin fair,
That oped the gallant breast of Pyramus ;
Love parts from Cyprus, that he may declare,
Once seen, the narrow breach prodigious.
There nought but silence speaks ; no voice doth dare,
Thorough so strait a strait, be venturous ;
Let their minds speak ; Love works this wonder rare,
Facilitating things most wonderful.
Desire in her grew violent, and haste
In the fond maid, instead of heart's delight,
Solicits death. See, now the story's past :
Both of them in a moment, O strange sight !
One sword, one sepulchre, one memory,
Doth kill, doth cover, makes them never die."

" Now, thanked be God," quoth Don Quixote, having heard this sonnet, " that amongst so many consumi-

mated poets as be, I have found one consummate, as you are, sir, which I perceive by your well-framed sonnet."

Don Quixote remained four days, being well entertained, in Don Diego's house, at the end of which he desired to take his leave, and thanked him for the kindness and good welcome he had received: but, because it was not fit that knights-errant should be too long idle, he purposed to exercise his function, and to seek after adventures he knew of; for the place whither he meant to go to would give him plenty enough to pass his time with, till it were fit for him to go to the jousts at Saragosa, which was his more direct course; but that first of all he meant to go to Montesinos' vault, of which there were so many admirable tales in every man's mouth, so to search and inquire the spring and origin of those seven lakes commonly called of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son commended his noble determination, and bid him furnish himself with what he pleased of their house and wealth, for that he should receive it with all love and good will; for the worth of his person, and his honourable profession, obliged them to it.

To conclude, the day for his parting came, as pleasing to him as bitter and sorrowful to Sancho, who liked wondrous well of Don Diego's plentiful provision, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wilderness, and to the hardness of his ill-furnished wallets, notwithstanding he filled and stuffed them with the best provision he could. And Don Quixote, as he took his leave of Don Lorenzo, said, "I know not, sir, whether I have told you heretofore, but, though I have, I tell you again, that when you would save a great deal of labour and pains, to arrive at the inaccessible top of Fame's temple, you have no more to

do but to leave on one hand the strait and narrow path of poesy, and to take the most narrow of knight-errantry, sufficient to make you an emperor, ere you would say, 'What's this?'

With this epilogue Don Quixote shut up the comedy of his madness; only this he added: "God knows, I would willingly carry Signior Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him what belongs to pardoning the humble, to curbing and restraining the proud, virtues annexed to my profession; but, since his slender age is not capable, and his laudable enterprises will not permit him, I am only willing to advise you that being a poet you may be famous, if you govern yourself by other men's judgments more than by your own; for you have no parents that dislike their own children, fair or foul, and this error is more frequent in men's understandings."

The father and the son afresh admired at Don Quixote's oft-interposed reasons, some wise, some foolish, and at his obstinate being bent altogether upon his unlucky adventures which he aimed at, as the mark and end of his desire. They renewed again their kind offers and compliments with him; but Don Quixote, taking his leave of the lady of the castle, mounted his Rozinante, and Sancho his Dapple: so they parted.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD,
WITH OTHER (INDEED) PLEASANT ACCIDENTS.

DON QUIXOTE was not gone far from Don Diego's town, when he overtook two men that seemed to be parsons, or scholars, with two husbandmen that were mounted upon four asses. One of the scholars had (as it were in a portmanteau) a piece of white cloth for scarlet, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram, and two pair of cotton stockings; the other had nothing but two foils and a pair of pumps; the husbandmen had other things, which showed they came from some market town, where they had bought them to carry home to their village. So as well the scholars as the husbandmen fell into the same admiration that all they had done who first saw Don Quixote, and they longed to know what manner of fellow he was, so different from all other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and after he asked them whither they went, and that they had said they went his way, he offered them his company, and desired them to go softlier, for that their young asses travelled faster than his horse: and, to oblige them the more, he told them who he was, and of his profession, that he was a knight-errant, that he went to seek adventures round about the world. He told them his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his ordinary name the Knight of the Lions.

All this to the husbandmen was heathen Greek or

pedlar's French; but not to the scholars, who straight perceived the weakness of Don Quixote's brain: notwithstanding, they beheld him with great admiration and respect, and one of them said, "Knight, if you go no set journey, as they which seek adventures seldom do, I pray go with us, and you shall see one of the bravest and most sumptuous marriages that ever was kept in the Mancha, or in many leagues round about." Don Quixote asked them if it were of any prince, for so he imagined. "No, sir," said he, "but betwixt a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he is the richest in all the country, and she the fairest alive. Their provision for this marriage is new and rare, and it is to be kept in a meadow near the bride's town. She is called, the more to set her out, Quiteria the Fair, and he Camacho the Rich; she is about eighteen years of age, and he two-and-twenty; both well met, but that some nice people, that busy themselves in all men's lineages, will say that the fair Quiteria is of better parentage than he; but that's nothing, riches are able to solder all clefts. To say true, this Camacho is liberal, and he hath longed to make an arbour, and cover all the meadow on the top, so that the sun will be troubled to enter to visit the green herbs underneath. He hath also certain warlike morrices, as well of swords as little jingling bells; for we have those in the town that will jangle them. For your foot-clappers I say nothing; you would wonder to see them bestir themselves; but none of these, nor others I have told you of, are like to make this marriage so remarkable as the despised Basilius. This Basilius is a neighbouring swain of Quiteria's town, whose house was next door to her father's. From hence love took occasion to renew unto the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius loved Quiteria from a child, and

she answered his desires with a thousand loving favours ; so that it grew a common talk in the town, of the love between the two little ones. Quiteria began to grow to some years, and her father began to deny Basilius his ordinary access to the house ; and, to avoid all suspicion, purposed to marry her to the rich Camacho, not thinking it fit to marry her to Basilius, who was not so rich in fortune's goods as in those of the mind ; for, to say truth without envy, he is the activest youth we have, a famous bar-pitcher, an excellent wrestler, a great tennis-player, he runs like a deer, outleaps a she-goat, and plays at ten-pins miraculously, sings like a lark, plays upon a gittern as if he made it speak, and, above all, fenceth as well as the best."

"For that sleight only," quoth Don Quixote, "the youth deserves not only to match with the fair Quiteria, but with Queen Ginebra herself, if she were now alive, in spite of Lansarote, and all that would gainsay it." "There's for my wife now," quoth Sancho, that had been all this while silent, "that would have every one marry with their equals, holding herself to the proverb that says, 'Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier.' All that I desire is, that honest Basilius, for methinks I love him, were married to Quiteria ; and God give 'em joy, I was saying, those that go about to hinder the marriage of two that love well."

"If all that love well," quoth Don Quixote, "should marry, parents would lose the privilege of marrying their children when and with whom they ought ; and, if daughters might choose their husbands, you should have some would choose their fathers' servants, and others any passenger in the street, whom they thought to be a lusty swaggerer, although he were a cowardly ruffian ; for love and affection do easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which is only fit to choose, and

the state of matrimony is a ticklish thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and a particular favour to be given from above, to make it light happily. Any man that would but undertake some voyage, if he be wise, before he is on his way he will seek him some good companion. And why should not he do so that must travel all his lifetime till he come to his resting-place, death; and the rather if his company must be at bed and at board, and in all places, as the wife's company must be with the husband? Your wife is not a commodity like others, that is bought and sold, or exchanged, but an inseparable accident that lasts for term of life. It is a noose that, being fastened about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, which cannot be undone but by Death's sickle. I could tell ye much more in this business, were it not for the desire I have to be satisfied by master parson if there be any more to come of Basilius his story."

To which he answered, "This is all: that from the instant that Basilius knew the fair Quiteria was to be married to the rich Camacho he was never seen to smile, or talk sensibly; and he is always sad and pensative, talks to himself—an evident token that he is distracted—eats little, sleeps much; all he eats is fruits, and all his sleep is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a beast; now and then he looks up to heaven, and sometimes casts his eyes downward, so senseless as if he were only a statue clothed, and the very air strikes off his garments. In fine, he hath all the signs of a passionate heart, and we are all of opinion that by that time Quiteria to-morrow gives the 'Ay' it will be the sentence of his death."

"God forbid," said Sancho; "for God gives the wound, and God gives the salve; nobody knows what may happen; 'tis a good many hours between this and

to-morrow ; and in one hour, nay, one minute, a house falls ; and I have seen the sun shine and foul weather in an instant ; one goes to bed sound at night, and stirs not the next morning ; and pray tell me, is there any one here that can say he hath stayed the course of Fortune's great wheel ? No, truly, and between a woman's 'Ay' and 'No' I would be loth to put a pin's point, for it would hardly enter. Let me have Mistress Quiteria love Basilius with all her heart, and I'll give him a bag full of good luck ; for your love, as I have heard tell, looks wantonly with eyes that make copper seem gold, and poverty riches, and filth in the eyes pearls."

"Whither a plague runn'st thou, Sancho ?" quoth Don Quixote. "When thou goest threading on thy proverbs and thy flimflams, Judas himself, though he take thee, cannot hold thee. Tell me, beast, what knowest thou of Fortune or her wheel, or anything else ?" "Oh, if you understand me not, no marvel though my sentences be held for fopperies. Well, I know what I say, and know I have not spoken much from the purpose ; but you, sir, 'are always the turney to my words and actions." "Attorney, thou wouldst say ; God confound thee, thou prevaricator of language !" "Do not you deal with me," said Sancho, "since you know I have not been brought up in court, nor studied in Salamanca to know whether I add or diminish any of my syllables. Lord God ! you must not think your Galizian [*One of that province that speak a bastard language to the Spanish*] can speak like your Toledonian, and they neither are not all so nimble." "For matter of your court language," quoth the parson, "'tis true ; for they that are bred in the tanner-rows and the Zocodoner [*The market-place so called in Toledo*] cannot discourse like them that walk all day in the high



"I'll be the master of this fence."



church cloisters ; yet all are Toledonians. The language is pure, proper, and elegant, indeed, only in your discreet courtiers, let them be born where they will ; discreet, I say, because many are otherwise, and discretion is the grammar of good language, which is accompanied with practice. I, sir, I thank God, have studied the Canons in Salamanca, and presume sometimes to yield a reason in plain and significant terms." "If you did not presume," said the other scholar, "more on your using the foils you carry than your tongue, you might have been senior in your degree, whereas now you are lag." "Look you, bachelor," quoth the parson, "you are in the most erroneous opinion of the world touching the skill of the weapon, since you hold it frivolous." "'Tis no opinion of mine," said Corchuelo, "but a manifest truth ; and, if you will have me show it by experience, there you have foils commodious : I have an arm and strength, which, together with my courage, which is not small, will make you confess I am not deceived. Alight, and keep your distance, your circles, your corners, and all your science ; I hope to make you see the stars at noonday with my skill, which is but modern and mean, which though it be small, I hope to God the man is yet unborn that shall make me turn my back ; and there is no man in the world but I'll make him give ground." "For turning your back," said the skilful, "I meddle not, though perhaps where you first set your foot, there your grave might be digged,—I mean, you might be killed for despising skill." "That you shall try," said Corchuelo ; and, lighting hastily from his ass, he snatched one of the swords that the parson carried. "Not so," said Don Quixote instantly ; "I'll be the master of this fence, and the judge of this undecided controversy." And, lighting from Rozinante, and

taking his lance, he stepped between them till such time as the parson had put himself into his posture and distance against Corchuelo, who ran, as you would say, darting fire out of his eyes.

The two husbandmen that were by, without lighting from their asses, served for spectators of the mortal tragedy. The blows, the stockadoes, your false thrusts, your back-blows, your doubling-blows, that came from Corchuelo, were numberless, as thick as hops or hail ; he laid on like an angry lion ; but still the parson gave him a stopple for his mouth, with the button of his foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury ; and he made him kiss it as if it had been a relic, though not with so much devotion as is due to them. In a word, the parson with pure stockadoes told all the buttons of his cassock which he had on, his skirts flying about him like a fish's tail. Twice he strook off his hat, and so wearied him that, what for despite, what for choler and rage, he took the sword by the hilt and flung it into the air so forcibly that one of the husbandmen that was by, who was a notary, and went for it, gave testimony after that he flung it almost three-quarters of a mile, which testimony serves, and hath served, that it may be known and really seen that force is overcome by art.

Corchuelo sat down, being very weary, and Sancho, coming to him, said, "Truly, sir bachelor, if you take my advice, hereafter challenge no man to fence, but to wrestle or throw the bar, since you have youth and force enough for it ; for I have heard those that you call your skilful men say that they will thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle." "I am glad," quoth Corchuelo, "that I came from my ass, and that experience hath showed me what I would not have believed." So, rising up, he embraced the parson,

and they were as good friends as before. So, not staying for the notary that went for the sword, because they thought he would tarry long, they resolved to follow, and come betimes to Quiteria's village, of whence they all were. By the way the parson discourses to them of the excellency of the art of fencing, with so many demonstrative reasons, with so many figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfied with the rareness of the science, and Corchuelo reduced from his obstinacy.

It began to grow dark, but before they drew near they all saw a kind of heaven of innumerable stars before the town. They heard likewise harmonious and confused sounds of divers instruments, as flutes, tabors, psalteries, recorders, hand-drums, and bells; and, when they drew near, they saw that the trees of an arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the town, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the wind, that then blew not, but was so gentle that it scarce moved the leaves of the trees. The musicians were they that made the marriage more sprightly, who went two and two in companies, some dancing and singing, others playing upon divers of the aforesaid instruments; nothing but mirth ran up and down the meadow; others were busied in raising scaffolds, that they might the next day see the representations and dances commodiously, dedicated to the marriage of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius.

Don Quixote would not enter the town, although the husbandmen and the bachelor entreated him; for he gave a sufficient excuse for himself, as he thought, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in habitations, though it were under golden roofs; so he went a little out of the way, much against Sancho's will, who remembered the good lodging he had in the castle or house of Don Diego.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE MARRIAGE OF RICH CAMACHO, AND THE
SUCCESS OF POOR BASILIUS.

SCARCE had the silver morn given bright Phœbus leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and called Sancho his squire, that still lay snorting ; which Don Quixote seeing, before he could wake, he said : "O happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth, that without envy, or being envied, sleepest with a quiet breast, neither persecuted by enchanters nor frightened by enchantments ! Sleep, I say once again—nay, an hundred times—sleep ; let not thy master's jealousy keep thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchful, or how another day thou and thy small but straitened family may live, whom neither ambition troubles nor the world's vain pomp doth weary, since the bounds of thy desires extend no farther than to thinking of thine ass ; for, for thine own person, that thou hast committed to my charge,—a counterpoise and burden that nature and custom hath laid upon the masters. The servant sleeps, and the master wakes, thinking how he may maintain, good him, and do him kindnesses ; the grief that it is to see heaven obdurate in relieving the earth with seasonable moisture troubles not the servant, but it doth the master, that must keep, in sterility

and hunger, him that served him in abundance and plenty."

Sancho answered not a word to all this, for he was asleep, neither would he have awaked so soon, if Don Quixote had not made him come to himself with the little end of his lance. At length he awaked sleepy and drowsy, and, turning his face round about, he said : "From this arbour, if I be not deceived, there comes a steam and smell rather of good broiled rashers than thyme and rushes ; a marriage that begins with such smells, by my holidam, I think 'twill be brave and plentiful." "Away, glutton !" quoth Don Quixote. "Come and let us go see it, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius." "Let him do what he will," said Sancho, "were it not better that he were poor still and married to Quiteria ? There is no more in it, but let the moon lose one quarter and she'll fall from the clouds. Faith, sir, I am of opinion that the poor fellow be contented with his fortunes, and not seek after things impossible. I'll hold one of mine arms that Camacho will cover Basilius all over with sixpences ; and if it be so, as 'tis like, Quiteria were a very fool to leave her bravery and jewels that Camacho hath and can give her, and choose Basilius for his barpitching and fencing. In a tavern they will not give you a pint of wine for a good throw with the bar, or a trick at fence ; such abilities that are worth nothing have 'em whoso will for me ; but when they light upon one that hath crowns withal, let me be like that man that hath them. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and money is the best bottom and foundation that is in the world." "For God's love, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "conclude thy tedious discourse, with which, I believe, if thou wert let alone, thou wouldst neither eat nor sleep for talk-

ing." "If you had a good memory," said Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we made our last sally from home, one of which was that you would let me speak as much as I list, on condition that it were not against my neighbour or against your authority; and hitherto I am sure I have not broken that article." "I remember no such article, Sancho," said he; "and, though it were so, I would have you now be silent and come with me; for now the instruments we heard over night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage is kept in the cool of the morning, and not deferred till the afternoon's heat."

Sancho did what his master willed him, and, saddling Rozinante, with his pack-saddle clapped likewise on Dapple, the two mounted, and fair and softly entered the arbour. The first thing that Sancho saw was a whole steer spitted upon a whole elm, and for the fire, where it was to be roasted, there was a pretty mountain of wood, and six pots that were round about this bonfire, which were never cast in the ordinary mould that other pots were, for they were six half olive-butts, and every one was a very shambles of meat, they had so many whole sheep soaking in them which were not seen, as if they had been pigeons. The flayed hares and the pulled hens that were hung upon the trees to be buried in the pots were numberless; birds and fowl of divers sorts infinite, that hung on the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins of wine, each of them of above two arrobas [*Arroba, a measure of 25 lb. weight, which may be some six gallons of wine*], and as it afterward seemed, of sprightly liquor; there were also whole heaps of purest bread, heaped up like corn in the threshing-floors; your cheeses, like bricks piled

one upon another, made a goodly wall; and two kettles of oil, bigger than a dyer's, served to fry their paste-work, which they took out with two strong peels when they were fried, and they ducked them in another kettle of honey that stood by for the same purpose. There were cooks above fifty, men and women, all cleanly, careful, and cheerful. In the spacious belly of the steer there were twelve sucking pigs, which, being sewed there, served to make him more savoury. The spices of divers sorts, it seems they were not bought by pounds, but by arrones, and all lay open in a great chest. To conclude, this preparation for the marriage was rustical, but so plentiful that it might furnish an army.

Sancho Panza beheld all, and was much affected with it; and first of all the goodly pots did captivate his desires, from whence with all his heart he would have been glad to have received a good pipkin-full; by and by he was enamoured on the skins; and last of all on the fried meats, if so be those vast kettles might be called frying-pans: so, without longer patience, as not being able to abstain, he came to one of the busy cooks, and with courteous and hungry reasons desired him that he might sop a cast of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook replied, "Brother, this is no day on which hunger may have any jurisdiction, thanks be to the rich Camacho; alight, and see if you can find ever a ladle there, and skim out a hen or two, and much good may they do you!" "I see none," said Sancho. "Stay," said the cook; "God forgive me, what a ninny 'tis!" And saying this, he laid hold of a kettle, and, sousing into it one of the half-buttas, he drew out of it three hens and two geese, and said to Sancho, "Eat, friend, and break your fast with this froth till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in,"

said Sancho. "Why, take spoon and all," said the cook; "for Camacho's riches and content will very well bear it."

Whilst Sancho thus passed his time, Don Quixote saw that by one side of the harbour there came a dozen husbandmen upon twelve goodly mares, with rich and sightly furniture fit for the country, with many little bells upon their petrels, all clad in bravery for that day's solemnity, and all in a joint troop ran many careers up and down the meadow, with a great deal of mirth and jollity, crying, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she fair, and she the fairest of the world." Which when Don Quixote heard, thought he to himself, "It well appears that these men have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for, if they had, they would not be so forward in praising this their Quiteria."

A while after there began to enter, at divers places of the harbour, certain different dances, amongst which there was one sword-dance by four-and-twenty swains, handsome lusty youths, all in white linen, with their handkerchiefs wrought in several colours of fine silk; and one of the twelve upon the mares asked him that was the foreman of these, a nimble lad, if any of the dancers had hurt themselves. "Hitherto," said he, "nobody is hurt; we are all well, God be thanked." And straight he shuffled in amongst the rest of his companions, with so many tricks and so much sleight that Don Quixote, though he were used to such kind of dances, yet he never liked any so well as this. He also liked another very well, which was of fair young maids, so young that never a one was under fourteen nor none above eighteen, all clad in coarse green, their hair partly filleted and partly loose—but all were yellow, and might compare with the sun—upon which they had garlands of jasmynes [*Jasmynes, a little sweet*

white flower that grows in Spain in hedges, like our sweet marjoram], roses, woodbine, and honeysuckles. They had for their guides a reverend old man and a matronly woman, but more light and nimble than could be expected from their years. They danced to the sound of a Zamora bagpipe [*Zamora, a town in Castile famous for that kind of music, like our Lancashire hornpipe*], so that, with their honest looks and their nimble feet, they seemed to be the best dancers in the world.

After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawls; it consisted of eight nymphs, divided into two ranks; god Cupid guided one rank and Money the other: the one with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows; the other was clad in divers rich colours of gold and silk. The nymphs that followed Love carried a white parchment scroll at their backs, in which their names were written in great letters. The first was Poesy, the second Discretion, the third Nobility, the fourth Valour. In the same manner came those whom god Money led: the first was Liberality, the second Reward, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. Before them came a wooden castle, which was shot at by two savages clad in ivy, and canvas dyed in green, so to the life that they had well-nigh frightened Sancho. Upon the frontispiece and of each side of the castle was written, "The Castle of Good Heed." Four skilful musicians played to them on a tabor and pipe; Cupid began the dance, and, after two changes, he lifted up his eyes and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, and said to her in this manner:—

"I am the powerful deity,
In heaven above and earth beneath,
In sea's and hell's profundity,
O'er all that therein live or breathe.

"What 'tis to fear, I never knew;
 I can perform all that I will;
 Nothing to me is strange or new;
 I bid, forbid, at pleasure still."

The verse being ended, he shot a flight over the castle, and retired to his standing. By and by came out Money, and performed his two changes; the tabor ceased, and he spoke:—

"Lo! I that can do more than Love,
 Yet Love is he that doth me guide;
 My offspring great'st on earth, to Jove
 Above I nearest am allied.

"I Money am, with whom but few
 Perform the honest works they ought;
 Yet here a miracle to show,
 That without me they could do aught."

Money retired, and Poetry advanced, who, after she had done her changes as well as the rest, her eyes fixed upon the damsel of the castle, she said:—

"Lady, to thee, sweet Poesy
 Her soul in deep conceits doth send,
 Wrapped up in writs of sonnetry,
 Whose pleasing strains do them commend.

"If, with my earnestness, I thee
 Importune not, fair damsel, soon
 Thy envied fortune shall, by me,
 Mount to the circle of the moon."

Poetry gave way, and from Money's side came Liberality, and, after her changes, spoke:—

"To give is Liberality,
 In him that shuns two contraries,
 The one of prodigality,
 T'other of hateful avarice.

"I'll be profuse in praising thee,
Profuseness hath accounted been
A vice, yet sure it cometh nigh
Affection, which in gifts is seen."

In this sort both the shows of the two squadrons came in and out, and each of them performed their changes and spoke their verses, some elegant, some ridiculous. Don Quixote only remembered (for he had a great memory) the rehearsed ones. And now the whole troop mingled together, winding in and out with great sprightliness and dexterity; and still as Love went before the castle he shot a flight aloft, but Money broke gilded balls, and threw into it.

At last, after Money had danced a good while, he drew out a great purse made of a Roman cat's skin, which seemed to be full of money, and, casting it into the castle, with the blow the boards were disjoined and fell down, leaving the damsel discovered, without any defence. Money came with his assistants, and, casting a great chain of gold about her neck, they made a show of leading her captive, which when Love and his party saw, they made show as if they would have rescued her; and all these motions were to the sound of the tabors. With skilful dancing the savages parted them, who very speedily went to set up and join the boards of the castle, and the damsel was there enclosed anew; and with this the dance ended, to the great content of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who had so dressed and ordered her. She answered, a parson of the town, who had an excellent capacity for such inventions. "I'll lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "he was more Basilius his friend than Camacho's, and that he knows better what belongs to a satire than an even-song; he hath well fitted Basilius his abilities to the dance, and Camacho's riches."

Sancho Panza, that heard all, said, "The king is my the k I hold with Camacho." "Well, Sancho," quoth Quixote, "thou art a very peasant, and like them if he hac 'Long live the conqueror!'" "I know not must be p like," said Sancho; "but I know I shall such delicate froth out of Basilius his as I have out of Camacho's." And with 'm the kettle full of geese and hens, and, one, he fell to it merrily and hungrily. as' abilities this," he said to their teeth : t worth as thou hast, and so much as } worth. An old grandam of mine was were but two lineages in the world, and Have-little; and she was mightily the former; and at this day, master, your an had rather feel a having pulse than a nowing pulse, and an ass covered with gold makes a better show than a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say again I am of Camacho's side, the scum of whose pots are geese, hens, hares, and conies, and Basilius his, be they near or far off, but poor thin water."

"Hast thou ended with thy tediousness, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I must end," said he, "because I see it offends you; for, if it were not for that, I had work cut out for three days." "Pray God, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that I may see thee dumb before I die." "According to our life," said Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling clay, and then perhaps I shall be so dumb that I shall not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday." "Although it should be so, Sancho," said he, "thy silence will never be equal to thy talking past and thy talk to come; besides, 'tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall never see thee dumb,—no, not when thou

drinkest or sleepest, to paint thee out thoroughly”
 “In good faith, master,” quoth Sancho, “there is
 trusting in the Raw-bones, I mean Death, that d
 lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our v
 she tramples as well on the high towers of kin
 humble cottages of poor men. This lady
 power than squeamishness; she is nothing
 devours all, plays at all, and fills her w
 kind of people, ages, and pre-eminence, ^{MARRIAGE, WITH}
 mower that sleeps in the hot weather, ^{ITS.}
 hours, and cuts as well the green grass their discourse
 doth not chew, but swallows at once, y heard a great
 all that comes before her; she hath a them that rode
 that is never satisfied; and, though she in shouts went
 yet she may make us think she is hydropsical with a
 thirst she hath to drink all men’s lives, as if it w
 jug of cold water.” “No more, Sancho,” quoth Don
 Quixote, “at this instant; hold while thou art well,
 and take heed of falling, for certainly thou hast spoken
 of Death, in thy rustical terms, as much as a good
 preacher might have spoken. I tell thee, Sancho, that
 for thy natural discretion thou mightst get thee a
 pulpit, and preach thy fine knacks up and down the
 world.” “He preaches well that lives well,” said
 Sancho, “and I know no other preaching.” “Thou
 needest not,” quoth he; “but I wonder at one thing, that
 wisdom beginning from the fear of God, that thou, who
 fearest a lizard more than Him, shouldst be so wise?”
 “Judge you of your knight-errantry,” said Sancho,
 “and meddle not with other men’s fears or valours, for
 I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours,
 and so let me snuff away this scum [*Meaning to eat*
his hen and the goose]; for all the rest are but idle
 words, for which we must give account in another
 life.”

And in so saying he began to give another assault to the kettle, with such a courage that he wakened Don Quixote, that undoubtedly would have taken his part, if he had not been hindered by that that of necessity must be set down.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE PROSECUTION OF CAMACHO'S MARRIAGE, WITH
OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.

As Don Quixote and Sancho were in their discourse mentioned in the former chapter, they heard a great noise and outcry, which was caused by them that rode on the mares, who with a large career and shouts went to meet the married couple, who, hemmed in with a thousand tricks and devices, came in company of the vicar, and both their kindreds, and all the better sort of the neighbouring towns, all clad in their best apparel.

And as Sancho saw the bride he said, "In good faith she is not dressed like a country-wench, but like one of your nice court dames; by the mass, methinks her glass necklaces she should wear are rich coral, and her coarse green of Cuenca is a thirty-piled velvet [*Instead of three-piled*]; and her lacing, that should be white linen, I vow by me! is satin. Well look on her hands, that should have their jet rings; let me not thrive if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and set with pearls as white as a sillabub, each of them as precious as an eye. Ah, whoreson, and what locks she hath! for, if they be not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in my life. Well, well, find not fault with her liveliness and stature, and compare her me to a date-tree, that bends up and down when it is loaden with bunches of dates; for so doth she with her trinkets hanging at her hair and about

her neck. I swear by my soul, she is a wench of mettle, and may very well pass the pikes in Flanders."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's rustic praises, and he thought that, setting his mistress Dulcinea aside, he never saw a fairer woman. The beauteous Quiteria was somewhat pale, belike, with the ill night that brides always have when they dress themselves for the next day's marriage. They drew near to a theatre on one side of the meadow that was dressed with carpets and boughs, where the marriage was to be solemnised, and where they should behold the dances and inventions; and just as they should come to the place they heard a great outcry behind them, and a voice saying, "Stay a while, rash people as well as hasty"; at whose voice and words they all turned about, and saw that he that spoke was one clad, to see to, in a black jacket, all wet with crimson in flames, crowned, as they straight perceived, with a crown of mournful cypress; in his hand he had a great truncheon; and, coming nearer, he was known by all to be the gallant Basilius, who were in suspense, expecting what should be the issue of those cries and words, fearing some ill success from this so unlooked-for arrival. He drew near, weary and out of breath; and, coming before the married couple and clapping his truncheon upon the ground, which had a steel pike at the end of it, his colour changed, and, his eyes fixed upon Quiteria, with a fearful hollow voice thus spoke: "Well knowest thou, forgetful Quiteria, that, according to the law of God that we profess, that whilst I live thou canst not be married to any other; neither are you ignorant that, because I would stay till time and my industry might better my fortunes, I would not break that decorum that was fitting to the preserving of thy honesty; but you, forgetting all duty due to my virtuous desires, will make another

master of what is mine, whose riches serve not only to make him happy in them, but every way fortunate; and, that he may be so to the full (not as I think he deserves it, but as the fates ordain it for him), I will with these hands remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may disturb him, removing myself out of the way. Live, rich Camacho, live with the ungrateful Quiteria many and prosperous years; and let your poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and laid him in his grave."

And, saying this, he laid hold of his truncheon that he had stuck in the ground, and, the one-half of it remaining still there, showed that it served for a scabbard to a short tuck that was concealed in it; and, putting that which might be called the hilt on the ground, with a nimble spring and a resolute purpose he cast himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appeared out of his back, with half the steel blade, the poor soul weltering in his blood all along on the ground, run thorough with his own weapon. His friends ran presently to help him, grieved with his misery and miserable hap, and Don Quixote, forsaking his Rozinante, went also to help him, took him in his arms, but found that as yet there was life in him. They would have pulled out the tuck, but the vicar, there present, was of opinion that it were not best, before he had confessed himself; for that the drawing it out and his death would be both at one instant. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice said, "If thou wouldst, O Quiteria, yet in this last and forcible trance give me thy hand to be my spouse, I should think my rashness might something excuse me, since with this I obtain to be thine." The vicar, hearing this, bade him he should have a care of his soul's health, rather than of the pleasures of his

body, and that he should heartily ask God forgiveness for his sins, and for his desperate action. To which Basilius replied that he would by no means confess himself if Quiteria did not first give him her hand to be his spouse, for that content would make him cheerfully confess himself. When Don Quixote heard the wounded man's petition he cried aloud that Basilius desired a thing very just and reasonable, and that Signior Camacho would be as much honoured in receiving Quiteria, the worthy Basilius his widow, as if he had received her from her father's side: "Here is no more to do but give one 'Ay,' no more than to pronounce it, since the nuptial bed of this marriage must be the grave."

Camacho gave ear to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to do or say; but Basilius his friends were so earnest, requesting him to consent that Quiteria might give him her hand to be his spouse, that he might not endanger his soul by departing desperately, that they moved him and enforced him to say that if Quiteria would he was contented, seeing it was but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to Quiteria, some with entreaties, others with tears, most with forcible reasons, and persuaded her she should give her hand to poor Basilius; and she, more hard than marble, more lumpish than a statue, would not answer a word, neither would she at all, had not the vicar bid her resolve what she would do, for Basilius was even now ready to depart, and could not expect her irresolute determination. Then the fair Quiteria, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where Basilius was with his eyes even set, his breath failing him, making show as if he would die like a Gentile, and not like a Christian.

Quiteria came at length, and upon her knees made

signs to have his hand. Basilius unjoined his eyes, and, looking steadfastly upon her, said, "O Quiteria! thou art now come to be pitiful, when thy pity must be the sword that shall end my life, since now I want force to receive the glory that thou givest in choosing me for thine, or to suspend the dolour that so hastily closeth up mine eyes with the fearful shade of death. All I desire thee is (O fatal star of mine!) that the hand thou requirest, and that that thou wilt give me, that it be not for fashion-sake, nor once more to deceive me, but that thou confess and say, without being forced to it, that thou givest me thy hand freely, as to thy lawful spouse, since it were unmerciful in this trance to deceive me, or to deal falsely with him that hath been so true to thee." In the midst of this discourse he fainted, so that all the standers-by thought now he had been gone. Quiteria, all honest and shamefaced, laying hold with her right hand on Basilius his hand, said to him, "No force can work upon my will, and so I give thee the freest hand I have, to be thy lawful spouse, and receive thine, if thou give it me as freely, and that the anguish of thy sudden accident do not too much trouble thee." "I give it," said Basilius, "lively and courageously, with the best understanding that Heaven hath endowed me withal, and therefore take me, and I deliver myself as thy espousal." "And I," said Quiteria, "as thy spouse, whether thou live long, or whether from my arms they carry thee to thy grave."

"This young man," said Sancho, "being so wounded, talks much methinks; let him leave his wooing, and attend his soul's health, which methinks appears more in his tongue than in his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria having their hands thus fastened, the vicar, tender-hearted and compassionate, poured his blessing upon them, and prayed God to

give good rest to the new-married man's soul, who as soon as he received this benediction suddenly starts up, and, with an unlooked-for agility, drew out the tuck which was sheathed in his body. All the spectators were in a maze, and some of them, more out of simplicity than curiosity, began to cry out, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilius replied, "No miracle, no miracle; but a trick, a trick." But the vicar, heedless and astonished, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and found that the blade had neither passed through flesh or ribs, but through a hollow pipe of iron, that he filled with blood, well fitted in that place, and, as after it was known, prepared so that it could not congeal. At last the vicar and Camacho, and all the standers-by, thought that they were mocked and made a laughing-stock. The bride made no great show of sorrow; rather when she heard say that the marriage could not stand current, because it was deceitful, she said that she anew confirmed it; by which they all collected that the business had been plotted by the knowledge and consentment of them both. At which Camacho and his friends were so abashed that they remitted their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing many swords, they set upon Basilius, in whose favour in an instant there were as many more drawn; and Don Quixote, taking the vanguard on horseback, with his lance at his rest, and well covered with his shield, made way through 'em all. Sancho, whom such fears did never please or solace, ran to the pottage-pot from whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a sanctuary, and so to be respected. Don Quixote cried aloud, "Hold, hold, sirs; for there is no reason that you should take revenge for the wrongs that love doth us; and observe that love and war are all one; and, as in war it is lawful to use sleights and strata-

gems to overcome the enemy, so, in amorous strifes and competencies, impostures and juggling-tricks are held for good, to attain to the wished end, so it be not in prejudice and dishonour of the thing affected. Quiteria was due to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable inclination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his delight, and whom God hath joined let no man separate. Basilius hath but this one sheep; let none offer to take it from him, be he never so powerful; he that first attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance." At which he shook his lance strongly and cunningly, that he frightened all that knew him not.

But Quiteria's disdain was so inwardly fixed in Camacho's heart that he forgot her in an instant; so that the vicar's persuasions prevailed with him (who was a good, discreet, and honest-minded man), by which Camacho and his complices were pacified and quieted, in sign of which they put up their swords, rather blaming Quiteria's facility than Basilius his industry. Camacho framed this discourse to himself,—that if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a maid she would also have continued her love to him though she had been his wife, so that he ought to give God thanks rather for having ridden him of her than to have given her to him.

Camacho, then, and those of his crew being comforted and pacified, all Basilius his likewise were so; and Camacho, to show that he stomached not the jest, nor cared for it, was willing the feast should go forward, as if he had been really married. But neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers would stay, but went to Basilius his town; for your poor that be virtuous and discreet have as well those that will follow, honour, and uphold them, as the rich theirs,

and such as will flatter them. Don Quixote went with them too, for they esteemed him to be a man of worth and valour; but Sancho's mind was in a mist to see that it was impossible for him to stay for Camacho's sumptuous feast and sports that lasted till the evening; so that straitened and sorrowful he followed on with his master that went in Basilius his squadron, and thus left behind him those flesh-pots of Egypt, though he bore them with him in his mind, whose scum which he carried in the kettle, being consumed now and ended, represented unto him the glorious and abundant happiness he lost; so that all sad and sorrowful, though hungerless, without alighting from Dapple, he followed Rozinante's track.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF MONTESINOS' CAVE,
WHICH IS IN THE HEART OF MANCHA, WHICH THE
VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED.

THE married couple made wonderful much of Don Quixote, obliged thereunto for the willingness he showed to defend their cause, and with his valour they paralleled his discretion, accounting him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho recreated himself three days at the bridegroom's charge, and now knew that Quiteria knew nothing of the feigned wounding, but that it was a trick of Basilius, who hoped for the success that hath been showed. True it was that he had made some of his loving friends acquainted with his purpose, that they might help him at need, and make good his deceit.

"They cannot be called deceits," quoth Don Quixote, "that are done to a virtuous end, and that the marriage of a loving couple was an end most excellent. But, by the way, you must know that the greatest opposite that love hath is want and continual necessity; for love is all mirth, content, and gladness, and the more when he that loves enjoys the thing loved, against which necessity and poverty are open and declared enemies." All this he spoke with a purpose to advise Basilius that he should leave exercising his youthful abilities; that, although they got him a name, yet they brought no wealth; and that he should look to lay up

something now by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselves. "The honest poor man, if so be the poor man may be called honest, hath a jewel of a fair woman, which if any man bereave him of, dishonours him and kills her. She that is fair and honest when her husband is poor deserves to be crowned with laurel and triumphant bays. Beauty alone attracts the eyes of all that behold it, and the princely eagles and high-flying birds do stoop to it as to the pleasing lure; but, if extreme necessity be added to that beauty, then kites and crows will grapple with it, and other ravenous birds; but she that is constant against all these assaults doth well deserve to be her husband's crown. Mark, wise Basilus," proceeds Don Quixote, "it was an opinion of I know not what sage man, that there was but one good woman in the world; and his advice was that every man should think, that was married, that his wife was she, and so he should be sure to live contented. I never yet was married, neither have I any thought hitherto that way; notwithstanding, I could be able to give any man counsel herein that should ask it, and how he should choose his wife. First of all I would have him rather respect fame than wealth; for the honest woman gets not a good name only with being good, but in appearing so; for your public looseness and liberty doth more prejudice a woman's honesty than her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your house, 'tis easy keeping her so, and to better her in that goodness; but if you bring her dishonest, 'tis hard mending her, for it is not very pliable to pass from one extreme into another,—I say not impossible, but I hold it to be very difficult."

Sancho heard all this, and said to himself, "This master of mine, when I speak matters of marrow and

substance, is wont to tell me that I may take a pulpit in hand, and preach my fine knacks up and down the world; but I may say of him that when he once begins to thread his sentences he may not only take a pulpit in hand, but in each finger too, and go up and down the market-place, and cry, 'Who buys my ware?' The devil take thee for a knight-errant, how wise he is! On my soul, I thought he had known only what belonged to his knight-errantry; but he snaps at all, and there is no boat that he hath not an oar in."

Sancho spoke this somewhat aloud, and his master overheard him, and asked, "What is that thou art grumbling, Sancho?" "I say nothing, neither do I grumble," quoth he; "I was only saying to myself that I would I had heard you before I was married, and perhaps I might now have said, 'The sound man needs no physician.'" "Is Teresa so bad, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Not very bad," said Sancho, "and yet not very good—at least, not so good as I would have her." "Thou dost ill, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "to speak ill of thy wife, who is indeed mother of thy children." "There's no love lost," quoth Sancho, "for she speaks ill of me too when she list, especially when she is jealous; for then the devil himself will not cope with her."

Well, three days they stayed with the married couple, where they were welcomed like princes. Don Quixote desired the skilful parson to provide him a guide that might show him the way to Montesinos' Cave, for he had a great desire to enter into it, and to see with his own eyes if those wonders that were told of it up and down the country were true. The parson told him that a cousin-german of his, a famous student and much addicted to books of knighthood, should go with him, who should willingly carry him to the mouth of the

cave, and should show the famous lake of Ruydera, telling him he would be very good company for him, by reason he was one that knew how to publish books and direct them to great men.

By and by the young student comes me upon an ass with foal, with a coarse packing-cloth or doubled carpet upon his pack-saddle. Sancho saddled Rozinante, and made ready his Dapple, furnished his wallets, and carried the student's too, as well provided; and so taking leave and bidding all God be with you, they went on, holding their course to Montesinos' Cave. By the way Don Quixote asked the scholar of what kind or quality the exercises of his profession and study were. To which he answered that his profession was humanity, his exercises and study to make books for the press, which were very beneficial to himself and no less grateful to the commonwealth; that one of his books was intituled *The Book of the Liveries*, "where are set down seven hundred and three sorts of liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and ciphers, from whence any may be taken at festival times and shows by courtiers, without begging them from anybody, or distilling, as you would say, from their own brains to suit them to their desires and intentions; for I give to the jealous, to the forsaken, to the forgotten, to the absent, the most agreeable, that will fit them as well as their punks. Another book I have, which I mean to call the *Metamorphosis, or Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention; for, imitating Ovid in it, by way of mocking, I show who the Giralda of Seville was, the angel of the Magdalen, who was the pipe of Vecingueria of Cordova, who the bulls of Guisando, Sierra Morena, the springs of Leganitos and Lavapies in Madrid [*All these several rarities of Spain*]; not forgetting that of Pioio, that of the gilded pipe and of the abbe; and all this with

the allegories, metaphors, and translations, that they delight, suspend, and instruct all in a moment. Another book I have, which I call a Supply to Polydore Virgil, concerning the invention of things, which is of great reading and study, by reason that I do verify many matters of weight that Polydore omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing style. Virgil forgot to tell us who was the first that had a catarrh in the world, and the first that was anointed for the French disease, and I set it down presently after I propose it, and authorise it with at least four-and-twenty writers, that you may see whether I have taken good pains, and whether the said book may not be profitable to the world."

Sancho, that was very attentive to the scholar's narration, asked him, "Tell me, sir, so God direct your right hand in the impression of your books,—can you tell me (for I know you can, since you know all) who was the first man that scratched his head, for I believe it was our first father Adam?" "Yes, marry, was it," said he; "for Adam, no doubt, had both head and hair, and, being the first man in the world, would sometimes scratch himself." "I believe it," quoth Sancho; "but tell me now, who was the first vaulter in the world?" "Truly, brother," said he, "I cannot at present resolve you; I will study it when I come to my books, and then I'll satisfy you when we see one another again; for I hope this will not be the last time." "Well, sir," said Sancho, "never trouble yourself with this, for now I can resolve the doubt: know that the first tumbler in the world was Lucifer, when he was cast out of heaven, and came tumbling down to hell." "You say true," quoth the scholar. And Don Quixote said, "This answer, Sancho, is none of thine; thou hast heard somebody say so." "Peace, sir," quoth Sancho, "for, if I fall to question and answer, I shall not make an end

between this and morning; and to ask foolish questions, and answer unlikelihoods, I want no help of my neighbours." "Thou hast spoken more, Sancho, than thou [S]inkest for," quoth Don Quixote; "for you have some and are most busied in knowing and averring things, of whose knowledge and remembrance is not worth a aputton."

All that day they passed in these and other delightful discourses, and at night they lodged in a little village, from whence the scholar told them they had but two little leagues to Montesinos' Cave, and that if he meant to enter it he must be provided of ropes to tie and let himself down into the depth. Don Quixote said that, though it were as deep as hell, he would see whither it reached; so they bought an hundred fathom of cordage, and the next day at two of the clock they came to the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of briars and brambles, and wild fig-trees, and weeds so intricate and thick that they altogether blind and dam it up. When they came to it, Sancho and the scholar alighted, and Don Quixote whom they tied strongly with the cordage; and, whilst they were swathing and binding of him, Sancho said to him, "Take heed, sir, what you do; do not bury yourself alive, and do not hang yourself, like a bottle to be cooled in some well, for it neither concerns nor belongs to you to search this place, worse than a dungeon." "Bind me and peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for such an enterprise as this, Sancho, was reserved for me." Then said the guide, "I beseech you, Signior Don Quixote, that you take heed, and look about you with an hundred eyes, to see what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for me to put in my book of Transformations." "He hath his instrument in his hand," quoth Sancho, "that knows how to use it."

This said, and Don Quixote's binding ended, which was not upon his harness, but upon his arming-douplet, he said, "We did unadvisedly in not providing ourselves of some small bell, that might have been tied ^{or} with me to the same cord, by whose sound you might know that I were still toward the bottom and alive; but, since there is now no remedy, God be our good-speed!" And straight he kneeled upon his knees, and made a soft prayer to God Almighty, desiring His aid, and to give him good success in that (to see to) dangerous and strange adventure; and then straightways he cried aloud, "O thou mistress of my actions and motions, most excellent, peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy happy lover come to thine ears, hearken, I beseech thee, by thy unheard-of beauty; deny not now unto me thy favour and protection, which I so much need. I go to cast myself headlong to a plunge, and sink myself into the *abyssus* that presents itself to me, that the world may know that if thou favour me there shall be nothing impossible for me to undergo and end."

And in saying this he came to the mouth, but saw he could not come near to be let down, except it were by making way with main force, or with cutting through; and so, laying hand on his sword, he began to cut and slash the weeds that were at the mouth of the cave, at whose rushing and noise there came out an infinite company of crows and daws, so thick and so hastily that they tumbled Don Quixote on the ground; and, if he had been as superstitious as good Christian, he would have taken it for an ill sign, and not have proceeded.

Well, he rose, and seeing the crows were all gone, and that there were no other night-birds, as bats, that came out amongst the crows, Sancho and the scholar let him down to search the bottom of that fearful cave;

but Sancho first bestowed his benediction on him, and, making a thousand crosses over him, said, "God and the Rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta [*Several places of devotion*], guide thee, thou flower, cream, and scum of knights-errant. There thou goest, hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass; God again be thy guide, and deliver thee sound and without scar to the light of this world which thou leavest, to bury thyself in the obscurity which thou seekest."

The scholar did, as it were, make the same kind of wishes and deprecations. Don Quixote cried out that they should yet give him more rope, which they gave by little and little; and when his voice, that was stopt in the gutters of the cave, could be no longer heard, and that they had let down their hundred fathom of rope, they were of opinion to hoist him up again, since they could give him no more cord; for all that, they stayed some half an hour, and then began easily to draw up the rope, and without any weight, which made them think Don Quixote was within; and Sancho believing it wept bitterly, and drew up apace, that he might be satisfied; but, coming somewhat near fourscore fathom, they felt a weight, which made them very much rejoice. At length, when they came to ten, they plainly saw Don Quixote, to whom Sancho cried out, saying, "You are well returned, sir, for we thought you had stayed there for breed."

But Don Quixote did not answer a word, but, drawing him altogether out, they saw that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep; they stretched him on the ground and unbound him, and for all this he awaked not. But they so turned, tossed, and shook him that a pretty while after he came to himself, lazing himself, as if he had wakened out of a great and profound sleep, and, looking wildly round about him, said, "God forgive

you, friends, for you have raised me from one of the delicatest and pleasingest lives and sights that ever was seen by human eye. Now at length I perceive that all the delights of this world do pass like a shadow or dream, or wither like a flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O ill-wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O mournful Guadiana! and you, unfortunate daughters of Ruydera, that show by your waters those your fair eyes wept!"

The scholar and Sancho gave ear to these words which Don Quixote spake, as if with great pain they came from his very entrails; they desired him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seen in that hellish place. "Hellish, call ye it?" said Don Quixote. "Well, call it not so, for it deserves not the name, as straight you shall hear." He desired them to give him somewhat to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They laid the scholar's coarse wrapper upon the green grass, and went to the spence of their wallets; and, all three of them being set like good fellows, eat their bever, and supped all together. The cloth taken up, Don Quixote said, "Sit still, ho! let none of you rise, and mark me attentively."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE ADMIRABLE THINGS THAT THE UNPARALLELED
DON QUIXOTE RECOUNTED, WHICH HE HAD SEEN
IN MONTESINOS' PROFOUND CAVE, WHOSE STRANGE-
NESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY MAKES THIS CHAPTER BE
HELD FOR APOCRYPHA.

It was well toward four of the clock, when the sun, covered between two clouds, showed but a dim light, and with his temperate beams gave Don Quixote leave, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous auditors what he had seen in Montesinos' Cave ; and he began as followeth :

"About a twelve or fourteen men's heights in the profundity of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a concavity and space able to contain a cart, mules and all ; some light there comes into it by certain chinks and loopholes, which answer to it afar off in the superficies of the earth. This space and concavity saw I, when I was weary and angry to see myself hanging by the rope, to go down to that obscure region, without being carried a sure or known way ; so I determined to enter into it, and to rest a little. I cried out unto you, that you should let down no more rope till I bade you, but it seemed you heard me not ; I went gathering up the rope you let down to me, and, rolling of it up into a heap, sat me down upon it very pensative, thinking with myself what I might do to get to the bottom ; and, being in this thought and confusion, upon a sudden,

without any former inclination in me, a most profound sleep came upon me, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which way, I awaked out of it, and found myself in the midst of the fairest, most pleasant, and delightful meadow that ever Nature created, or the wisest human discretion can imagine. I snuffed mine eyes, wiped them, and saw that I was not asleep, but really awake; notwithstanding, I felt upon my head and my breast, to be assured if I were there myself or up in person, or that it were some illusion or counterfeit; but my touching, feeling, and my reasonable discourse that I made to myself certified me that I was then present, the same that I am now. By and by I saw a princely and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and battlements seemed to be made of transparent crystal, from whence, upon the opening of two great gates, I saw that there came towards me a reverend old man, clad in a tawny baize frock, that he dragged upon the ground; over his shoulders and breast he wore a tippet of green satin, like your fellows of colleges, and upon his cap a black Milan bonnet, and his hoary beard reached down to his girdle. He had no kind of weapon in his hand, but only a rosary of beads, somewhat bigger than reasonable walnuts, and the credo-beads about the bigness of ostrich-eggs; his countenance, pace, gravity, and his spreading presence, each thing by itself, and all together, suspended and admired. He came to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me straitly, and forthwith said: 'It is long since, renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who live in these enchanted deserts have hoped to see thee, that thou mightest let the world know what is contained here, and enclosed in this profound cave which thou hast entered, called Montesinos' Cave; an exploit reserved only to be

attempted by thy invincible heart and stupendious courage. Come with me, thou most illustrious knight, for I will show thee the wonders that this transparent castle doth conceal, of which I am the governor and perpetual chief warder, as being the same Montesinos from whom the cave takes name.' Scarce had he told me that he was Montesinos, when I asked him whether it were true that was bruited here in the world above, that he had taken his great friend Durandarte's heart out of the midst of his bosom with a little dagger, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, as he willed at the instant of his death. He answered me that all was true, but only that of the dagger; for it was no dagger, but a little stiletto as sharp as a nawl."

"Belike," quoth Sancho, "it was of Ramon de Hozes the Sevillian's making." "I know not," said Don Quixote; "but 'twas not of that stiletto-maker, for he lived but the other day, and that battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was many years since. But this averring is of no importance or let, neither alters the truth, or story's text." "You say right," quoth the scholar, "for I hearken with the greatest delight in the world."

"With no less do I tell it you," said Don Quixote, "and proceed. The venerable Montesinos brought me into the crystalline palace, where in a low hall, exceeding fresh and cool, all of alabaster, was a great sepulchre of marble, made with singular art, upon which I saw a knight laid at length, not of brass, marble, or jasper, as you use to have in other tombs, but of pure flesh and bone; he held his right hand (which was somewhat hairy and sinewy, a sign that the owner was very strong) upon his heart-side; and before I asked Montesinos aught, that saw me in suspense, beholding

the tomb, he said : 'This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of chivalry, of the enamoured and valiant knights of his time ; he is kept here enchanted, as myself and many more knights and ladies are, by Merlin, that French enchanter who, they say [*For so I translate it, to show the author's mistake*], was son to the devil ; but, as I believe, he was not so, only he knew more than the devil. Why or how he enchanted us, nobody knows, which the times will bring to light, that I hope are not far off ; all that I admire is (since I know for certain, as it is now day, that Durandarte died in my arms, and that after he was dead I took out his heart, and surely it weighed above two pounds ; for, according to natural philosophy, he that hath the biggest heart is more valiant than he that hath but a less, which being so, and that this knight died really) how he complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive.' Which said, the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said, 'O my cousin Montesinos, the last thing that I requested you when I was dying, and my soul departing, was that you would carry my heart to Belerma, taking it out of my bosom, either with poniard or dagger.' Which when the venerable Montesinos heard, he kneeled before the grieved knight, and with tears in his eyes said, 'Long since, O Durandarte, long since, my dearest cousin, I did what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss. I took your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least part of it in your breast ; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and posted with it towards France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, with so many tears as was sufficient to wash my hands, or to wipe off the blood from them which I had gotten by stirring them in your entrails ; and, for more assurance that I did it, my dearest cousin, at the first place I came to from

Roncesvalles, I cast salt upon your heart, that it might not stink, and might be fresh and embalmed when it should come to the presence of the Lady Belerma, who with you and me, Guadiana your squire, the waiting-woman Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and her two nieces, and many other of your acquaintances and friends, have been enchanted here by Merlin, that wizard, long since; and, though it be above five hundred years ago, yet none of us is dead; only Ruydera, her daughters and nieces are wanting, whom, by reason of their lamentation, Merlin, that had compassion on them, turned them into so many lakes now living in the world; and in the province of Mancha they are called the lakes of Ruydera; seven belong to the Kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of Saint John. Guadiana your squire, wailing in like manner this mishap, was turned into a river that bore his own name, who, when he came to the superficies of the earth, and saw the sun in another heaven, such was his grief to have left you that he straight plunged himself into the entrails of the earth; but, as it is not possible for him to leave his natural current, sometimes he appears and shows himself where the sun and men may see him. The aforesaid lakes do minister their waters to him, with which, and many others, he enters Portugal in pomp; but, which way soe'er he goes, he shows his sorrow and melancholy, and contemns the breeding of dainty fish in his waters and such as are esteemed, but only muddy and unsavoury, far differing from those of golden Tagus. And what I now tell you, cousin mine, I have told you often, and, since you answer me nothing, I imagine you either believe me not, or not hear me, for which God knows I am heartily sorry. One news I will let you know, which, though perhaps it may not any way

lighten your grief, yet it will no way increase it. Know that you have here in your presence—open your eyes and you shall see him—that famous knight of whom Merlin prophesied such great matters, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, that now newly, and more happily than former ages, hath raised the long-forgotten knight-errantry, by whose means and favour it may be that we also may be disenchanted; for great exploits are reserved for great personages.’ ‘And if it be otherwise,’ answered the grieved Durandarte, with a faint and low voice, ‘if it be otherwise, O cousin, I say, patience and shuffle’ [*“Patencia y baraiar:” a metaphor taken from card-players, who, when they lose, cry to the dealer, “Patience, and shuffle the cards”*]; and, turning on one side, he returned to his accustomed silence, without speaking one word.

“By this we heard great howling and moan, accompanied with deep sighs and short-breathed accents: I turned me about and saw that in another room there came passing by the crystal waters a procession of a company of most beautiful damsels, in two ranks, all clad in mourning, with turbants upon their heads, after the Turkish fashion; at last, and in the end of the ranks, there came a lady, who by her majesty appeared so, clothed in like manner in black, with a white dressing on her head, so large that it kissed the very ground. Her turbant was twice as big as the biggest of the rest; she was somewhat beetle-browed, flat-nosed, wide-mouthed, but red-lipped; her teeth, for sometimes she discovered them, seemed to be thin and not very well placed, though they were as white as blanched almonds; in her hand she carried a fine cloth, and within it, as might be perceived, a mummied heart, by reason of the dry embalming of it. Montesinos told me that all those in that procession were servants to Durandarte

and Belerma, that were there enchanted with their masters; and that she that came last with the linen cloth and the heart in her hand was the Lady Belerma, who, together with her damsels, four days in the week did make that procession, singing, or, to say truer, howling their dirges over the body and grieved heart of his cousin; and if now she appeared somewhat foul to me, or not so fair as fame hath given out, the cause was her bad nights, but worse days, that she endured in that enchantment, as I might see by her deep-sunk eyes and her broken complexion. 'And her monthly disease is not the cause of these (an ordinary thing in women), for it is many months since, and many years, that she hath not had it, nor known what it is, but the grief that she hath in her own heart, for that she carries in her hand continually, which renews and brings to her remembrance the unfortunateness of her luckless lover; for, if it were not for this, scarce would the famous Dulcinea del Toboso equal her in beauty, wit, or liveliness, that is so famous in the Mancha, and all the world over.' 'Not too fast,' then said I, 'Signior Don Montesinos; on with your story as befits; for you know all comparisons are odious, and so leave your comparing: the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is and hath been; and let this suffice.' To which he answered, 'Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote; for I confess I did ill, and not well, to say the Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the Lady Belerma, since it had been sufficient that I understood—I know not by what aim—that you are her knight, enough to have made me bite my tongue, before I had compared her with anything but heaven itself.' With this satisfaction that Montesinos gave me, my heart was free from that sudden passion I had, to hear my mistress compared to Belerma."

"And I marvel," said Sancho, "that you got not to the old carle and banged his bones and pulled his beard, without leaving him a hair in it." "No, friend Sancho," said he; "it was not fit for me to do so; for we are all bound to reverence our elders, although they be no knights, and most of all when they are so, and are enchanted. I know well enough I was not behind-hand with him in other questions and answers that passed between us."

Then said the scholar, "I know not, Signior Don Quixote, how you in so little time as it is since you went down have seen so many things, and spoken and answered so much." "How long is it," quoth he, "since I went down?" "A little more than an hour," said Sancho. "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "because it was morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times; so that, by my account, I have been three days in those parts so remote and hidden from our sight." "Surely my master," quoth Sancho, "is in the right; for, as all things that befall him are by way of enchantment, so perhaps that which appears to us but an hour is to him there three nights and three days." "He hath hit it," said Don Quixote. "And have you eat, sir, in all this time?" quoth the scholar. "Not a bit," quoth Don Quixote, "neither have I been hungry, or so much as thought of eating." "And the enchanted, eat they?" said the scholar. "No," said he, "neither are they troubled with your greater excrements, although it be probable that their nails, their beards, and their hairs grow." "Sleep they haply?" said Sancho. "No, indeed," said Don Quixote; "at least, these three days that I have been with them, not one of them hath closed his eyes, nor I neither." "That fits the proverb," quoth Sancho, "which says, 'You shall know the person by his

company.' You have been amongst the enchanted, and those that watch and fast ; no marvel, therefore, though you neither slept nor eat whilst you were amongst them. But pray, sir, pardon me if I say, God—or the devil, I was about to say—take me, if I believe a word of all this you have spoken." "Why not?" said the scholar. "Do you think Signior Don Quixote would lie to us ; for, though he would, he hath not had time to compose or invent such a million of lies?" "I do not believe," quoth Sancho, "that my master lies." "But what do you believe, then?" quoth Don Quixote. "Marry, I believe," said Sancho, "that that Merlin, or those enchanter, that enchanted all that rabble that you say you have seen and conversed with there below, clapped into your apprehension or memory all this machine that you have told us, and all that remains yet to be told." "All this may be, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "but 'tis otherwise ; for what I have told I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands. But what wilt thou say when I shall tell thee that amongst infinite other matters and wonders that Montesinos showed me, which at more leisure and at fitting time in process of our journey I shall tell thee, he showed me three country-wenches, that went leaping and frisking up and down those pleasant fields, like goats ? and I scarce saw them when I perceived the one was the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the selfsame that we spoke to when we left Toboso. I asked Montesinos whether he knew them, who answered me, not ; but that sure they were some ladies of quality there enchanted, that but lately appeared in those fields ; and that it was no wonder, for that there were many others of former times, and these present, that were enchanted in strange and different shapes, amongst whom he knew Queen

Guinivere, and her woman Quintaniona, filling Lansarote's cups when he came from Britain."

When Sancho heard his master thus far, it made him stark mad, and ready to burst with laughter; for by reason that he knew the truth of Dulcinea's enchantment, as having been himself the enchanter, and the raiser of that tale, he did undoubtedly ratify his belief that his master was mad and out of his wits; and so told him, "In an ill time, and dismal day, patron mine, went you down into the other world, and at an ill season met with Signior Montesinos, that hath returned you in this pickle; you were well enough here above, in your right senses as God hath given them you, uttering sentences and giving good counsel every foot, and not, as now, telling the greatest unlikelihoods that can be imagined." "Because I know thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "I make no account of thy words." "Nor I of yours," said he; "you may strike or kill me if you will, either for those I have spoken or those I mean to speak, if you do not correct and amend yourself. But pray tell me, sir, whilst we are at quiet, how knew you it was our mistress. Spoke you to her? What said she? And what answered you?"

"I knew her," said Don Quixote, "by the same clothes she had on at such time as thou show'dst her me. I spoke to her, but she gave me not a word, but turned her back, and scudded away so fast that a flight would not have overtaken her. I meant to have followed her, and had done it, but that Montesinos told me it was in vain, and the rather, because it was now high time for me to return out of the cave. He told me likewise that in process of time he would let me know the means of disenchanting Durandarte, and Belerma, and himself, together with all the rest that

were there. But that which most grieved me was, that whilst I was thus talking with Montesinos one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions came on one side of me, I not perceiving it, and, with tears in her eyes and hollow voice, said to me, 'My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso commends her to you, and desires to know how you do; and withal, because she is in great necessity, she desires you with all earnestness that you would be pleased to lend her three shillings upon this new cotton petticoat that I bring you, or what you can spare, for she will pay you again very shortly.' This message held me in suspense and admiration; so that, turning to Signior Montesinos, I asked him, 'Is it possible, signior, that those of your better sort that be enchanted are in want?' To which he answered, 'Believe me, Signior Don Quixote, this Necessity rangeth and extends itself everywhere, and overtakes all men, neither spares she the enchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea demands these three shillings of you, and that the pawn seems to be good, lend them her, for sure she is much straitened.' 'I will take no pawn,' quoth I, 'neither can I lend what she requires, for I have but two shillings.' These I gave, which were the same, Sancho, that thou gavest me t'other day for alms to the poor we met; and I told the maid, 'Friend, tell your mistress that I am sorry with all my heart for her wants, and I would I were a Fucar to relieve them [*Fucars were a rich family and name in Germany that maintained a bank of moneys in Spain, and still used to furnish Philip the Second with moneys in his wars*]; and let her know that I neither can nor may have health, wanting her pleasing company and discreet conversation; and that I desire her, as earnestly as may be, that this her captive servant and way-beaten knight may see and treat with her. You

shall also say, that when she least thinks of it she shall hear say that I have made an oath and vow, such as was the Marquis his of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Baldwine, when he found him ready to give up the ghost in the midst of the mountain, which was, not to eat his meat with napkins, and other flim-flams added thereunto, till he had revenged his death; and so swear I, not to be quiet till I have travelled all the seven partitions of the world, more punctually than Prince Don Manuel of Portugal, till I have disenchanted her.' 'All this and more you owe to my mistress,' said the damsel; and, taking the two shillings, instead of making me a courtesy, she fetched a caper two yards high in the air."

"Blessed God!" Sancho cried out, "and is it possible that enchanter and enchantments should so much prevail upon him as to turn his right understanding into such a wild madness? Sir, sir, for God's love have a care of yourself, and look to your credit; believe not in these bubbles that have lessened and crazed your wits." "Out of thy love, Sancho, thou speakest this," said Don Quixote; "and, for want of experience in the world, all things that have never so little difficulty seem to thee to be impossible: but time will come, as I have told thee already, that I shall relate some things that I have seen before, which may make thee believe what I have said, which admits no reply or controversy."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHERE ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND FLIM-FLAMS,
AS IMPERTINENT AS NECESSARY TO THE UNDER-
STANDING OF THIS FAMOUS HISTORY.

THE translator of this famous history out of his original, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, says that, when he came to the last chapter going before, these words were written in the margin by the same Hamet : "I cannot believe or be persuaded that all that is written in the antecedent chapter happened so punctually to the valorous Don Quixote ; the reason is, because all adventures hitherto have been accidental and probable ; but this of the cave, I see no likelihood of the truth of it, as being so unreasonable : yet to think Don Quixote would lie, being the worthiest gentleman and noblest knight of his time, is not possible, for he would not lie though he were shot to death with arrows. On the other side, I consider that he related it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that in so short a time he could not frame such a machina of fopperies ; and, if this adventure seem to be apocrypha, the fault is not mine ; so that, leaving it indifferent, I here set it down. Thou, O reader, as thou art wise, judge as thou thinkest good, for I can do no more ; though one thing be certain, that when he was upon his deathbed he disclaimed this adventure, and said that he had only invented it because it suited with such

as he had read of in his histories. So he proceeds, saying :—

The scholar wondered as well at Sancho's boldness as his master's patience ; but he thought that by reason of the joy that he received in having seen his mistress Dulcinea, though enchanted, that softness of condition grew upon him ; for, had it been otherwise, Sancho spoke words that might have grinded him to powder, for in his opinion he was somewhat saucy with his master, to whom he said : "Signior Don Quixote, I think the journey that I have made with you very well employed, because in it I have stored up four things : the first is the having known yourself, which I esteem as a great happiness ; the second, to have known the secrets of this Montesinos' Cave, with the transformations of Guadiana and Ruydera's lakes, which may help me in my Spanish Ovid I have in hand ; the third is, to know the antiquity of card-playing, which was used at least in time of the Emperor Charles the Great, as may be collected out of the words you say Durandarte used, when, after a long speech between him and Montesinos, he awakened saying, 'Patience and shuffle' (and this kind of speaking he could not learn when he was enchanted, but when he lived in France, in time of the aforesaid emperor) ; and this observation comes in pudding-time for the other book that I am making, which is my Supply to Polydore Virgil in the Invention of Antiquities ; and I believe in his he left out cards, which I will put in, as a matter of great importance, especially having so authentic an author as Signior Durandarte. The fourth is to have known for a certain the true spring of the river Guadiana, which hath hitherto been concealed."

"You have reason," said Don Quixote ; "but I

would fain know of you, now that it hath pleased God to give you abilities to print your books, to whom will you direct them?" "You have lords and grandees [*A name given to men of title, as dukes, marquises, or earls, in Spain, whose only privilege is to stand covered before the king*] in Spain," said the scholar, "to whom I may direct them." "Few of them," said Don Quixote; "not because they do not deserve the dedications, but because they will not admit of them, not to oblige themselves to the satisfaction that is due to the author's pains and courtesy. One prince I know that may supply the deserts of the rest, with such advantage that, should I speak of it, it might stir up envy in some noble breasts; but let this rest till some fit time, and let us look out where we may lodge to-night." "Not far from hence," said the scholar, "there is a hermitage, where dwells a hermit that they say hath been a soldier, and is thought to be a good Christian, and very discreet and charitable. Besides the hermitage, he hath a little house which he hath built at his own charge; yet, though it be little, it is fit to receive guests." "Hath he any hens, trow?" said Sancho. "Few hermits are without them," quoth Don Quixote; "for your hermits nowadays are not like those that lived in the deserts of Egypt, that were clad in palm-leaves, and lived upon the roots of the earth; but mistake me not, that because I speak well of them I should speak ill of these, only the penitency of these times comes not near those; yet, for aught I know, all are good, at least I think so; and, if the worst come to the worst, your hypocrite that feigns himself good doth less hurt than he that sins in public."

As they were thus talking they might espy a footman coming towards them, going apace, and beating with his wand a he-mule laden with lances and halberds.

When he came near them he saluted them and passed on; but Don Quixote said to him, "Honest fellow, stay, for methinks you make your mule go faster than needs." "I cannot stay, sir," said he, "because these weapons that you see I carry must be used to-morrow morning, so I must needs go on my way. Farewell; but, if you will know why I carry them, I shall lodge to-night in the vent above the hermitage [*Vente—places in Spain, in barren unpeopled parts, for lodging, like our beggarly alehouses upon the highways*]; and, if you go that way, there you shall have me, and I will tell you wonders; and so once more, farewell." So the mule pricked on so fast that Don Quixote had no leisure to ask him what wonders they were; and as he was curious, and always desirous of novelties, he took order that they should presently go and pass that night in the vent, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar would have stayed that night.

So all three of them mounted, and went toward the vent, whither they reached somewhat before it grew dark, and the scholar invited Don Quixote to drink a sup by the way at the hermitage, which as soon as Sancho heard, he made haste with Dapple, as did Don Quixote and the scholar likewise; but, as Sancho's ill-luck would have it, the hermit was not at home, as was told them by the under-hermit. They asked him whether he had any of the dearer sort of wine, who answered his master had none, but, if they would have any cheap water, he would give it them with a good will. "If my thirst would be quenched with water, we might have had wells to drink at by the way. Ah, Camacho's marriage and Don Diego's plenty, how oft shall I miss you!"

Now they left the hermitage, and spurred toward the vent, and a little before them they overtook a youth

that went not very fast before them ; so they overtook him. He had a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it, as it seemed, a bundle of clothes, as breeches and cloak and a shirt—for he wore a velvet jerkin that had some kind of remainder of satin, and his shirt hung out—his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at toe, after the court fashion ; he was about eighteen years of age, and active of body to see to ; to pass the tediousness of the way, he went singing short pieces of songs, and as they came near him he made an end of one, which the scholar, they say, learned by heart, and it was this :—

“ To the wars I go for necessity,
At home would I tarry if I had money.”

Don Quixote was the first that spoke to him, saying, “ You go very naked, sir gallant ; and whither, a God’s name ? Let’s know, if it be your pleasure to tell us ? ” To which the youth answered, “ Heat and poverty are the causes that I walk so light, and my journey is to the wars.” “ Why for poverty ? ” quoth Don Quixote ; “ for heat it may well be.” “ Sir,” said the youth, “ I carry in this bundle a pair of slops, fellows to this jerkin ; if I wear ’em by the way, I shall do myself no credit with them when I come to any town, and I have no money to buy others with ; so as well for this as to air myself I go till I can overtake certain companies of foot, which are not above twelve leagues from hence, where I shall get me a place, and shall not want carriages to travel in, till I come to our embarking-place, which, they say, must be in Cartagina, and I had rather have the king to my master, and serve him, than any beggarly courtier.” “ And pray tell me, have you any extraordinary pay ? ” said the scholar. “ Had I served any grandee, or man of quality,” said the youth, “ no doubt I should ; for that

comes by your serving good masters, that out of the scullery men come to be lieutenants or captains, or to have some good pay ; but I always had the ill luck to serve your shagraggs and upstarts, whose allowance was so bare and short that one half of it still was spent in starching me a ruff, and it is a miracle that one venturing page amongst a hundred should ever get any reasonable fortune." "But tell me, friend," quoth Don Quixote, "is it possible that in all the time you served you never got a livery ?" "Two," said the page ; "but, as he that goes out of a monastery before he professeth hath his habit taken from him, and his clothes given him back, so my masters returned me mine, when they had ended their businesses for which they came to the court, and returned to their own homes, and withheld their liveries which they had only showed for ostentation."

"A notable Espilocherio [*Cullionry*], as saith your Italian," quoth Don Quixote. "For all that, think yourself happy that you are come from the court with so good an intention, for there is nothing in the world better nor more profitable than to serve God first, and next your prince and natural master, especially in the practice of arms, by which, if not more wealth, yet at least more honour, is obtained than by learning ; as I have said many times, that though learning hath raised more houses than arms, yet your swordmen have a kind of I know not what advantage above scholars, with a kind of splendour that doth advantage them over all. And bear in your mind what I shall now tell you, which shall be much for your good and much lighten you in your travels ; that is, not to think upon adversity, for the worst that can come is death, which if it be a good death, the best fortune of all is to die. Julius Cæsar, that brave Roman emperor,

being asked which was the best death, answered, 'A sudden one, and unthought of'; and, though he answered like a Gentile, and void of the knowledge of the true God, yet he said well, to save human feeling a labour; for say you should be slain in the first skirmish, either with cannon-shot or blown up with a mine, what matter is it? All is but dying, and there's an end; and, as Terence says, a soldier slain in the field shows better than alive and safe in flight; and so much the more famous is a good soldier, by how much he obeys his captains and those that may command him. And mark, child, it is better for a soldier to smell of his gunpowder than of civet; and when old age comes upon you in this honourable exercise, though you be full of scars, maimed or lame, at least you shall not be without honour, which poverty cannot diminish; and, besides, there is order taken now that old and maimed soldiers may be relieved; neither are they dealt withal like those men's *negars*, that when they are old and can do their masters no service, they (under colour of making them free) turn them out of doors and make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing can free them but death. [*He describes the right subtle and cruel nature of his damned countrymen.*] And for this time I will say no more to you, but only get up behind me till you come to the vent, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow take your journey, which God speed as your desires deserve."

The page accepted not of his invitement to ride behind him; but for the supper he did. And at this season, they say, Sancho said to himself, "Lord defend thee, master! And is it possible that a man that knows to speak such, so many, and so good things as he hath said here should say he hath seen such

impossible fooleries as he hath told us of Montesinos' Cave? Well, we shall see what will become of it."

And by this they came to the vent just as it was night, for which Sancho was glad, because too his master took it to be a true vent, and not a castle, as he was wont. They were no sooner entered when Don Quixote asked the venter [*Ventero, the master of the vent*] for the man with the lances and halberds, who answered him he was in the stable looking to his moil. Sancho and the scholar did the same to their asses, giving Don Quixote's Rozinante the best manger and room in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRAYING, AND THE MERRY
ONE OF THE PUPPET-MAN, WITH THE MEMORABLE
SOOTHSAYING OF THE PROPHESYING APE.

DON QUIXOTE stood upon thorns till he might hear and know the promised wonders of the man that carried the arms, and went where the venter had told him, to seek him; where finding him, he said that by all means he must tell him presently what he had promised him upon the way. The man answered him, "The story of the wonders requires more leisure, and must not be told thus standing. Good sir, let me make an end of provendering my beast, and I will tell you things that shall admire you." "Let not that hinder you," quoth Don Quixote, "for I'll help you;" and so he did, sifting his barley and cleansing the manger, a humility that obliged the fellow to tell him his tale heartily. Thus sitting down upon a bench, Don Quixote by him, with the scholar, page, and Sancho, and the venter, for his complete senate and auditory, he began:—

"You shall understand that in a town some four leagues and an half from this vent it fell out that an alderman there, by a trick and wile of a wench, his maid-servant (which were long to tell how), lost his ass; and, though the said alderman used all manner of diligence to find him, it was impossible. His ass was wanting, as the public voice and fame goeth,

fifteen days, when the alderman that lost him, being in the market-place, another alderman of the same town told him, 'Pay me for my news, gossip, for your ass is forthcoming.' 'I will willingly, gossip,' said the other; 'but let me know where he is.' 'This morning,' said the second, 'I saw him upon the mountains without his pack-saddle or any other furniture, so lean that it was pity to see him. I would have gotten him before me, and have driven him to you, but he is so mountainous and wild that when I made towards him he flew from me, and got into the thickest of the wood. If you please, we will both return and seek him; let me first put up this ass at home, and I'll come by and by.' 'You shall do me a great kindness,' quoth he, 'and I will repay you, if need be, in the like kind.'

"With all these circumstances, just as I tell you, all that know the truth relate it. In fine, the two aldermen, afoot and hand to hand, went to the hills, and, coming to the place where they thought to find the ass, they missed of him, neither could they find him for all their seeking round about. Seeing then there was no appearance of him, the alderman that had seen him said to the other, 'Hark you, gossip, I have a trick in my head with which we shall find out this beast, though he be hidden under ground, much more if in the mountain. Thus it is: I can bray excellent well, and so can you a little—well, 'tis a match.' 'A little, gossip!' quoth the other; 'verily, I'll take no odds of anybody, nor of an ass himself.' 'We shall see then,' said the second alderman; 'for my plot is that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other, so that we may compass it round; now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and it cannot be but that your ass will answer one of us, if he be in the mountain.'

"To this the owner of the ass answered, 'I tell you, gossip, the device is rare, and worthy your great wit.' So dividing themselves, according to the agreement, it fell out that just at one instant both brayed, and each of them cozened with the other's braying came to look one another, thinking now there had been news of the ass; and as they met the loser said, 'Is it possible, gossip, that it was not mine ass that brayed?' 'No, 'twas I,' said the other. 'Then,' replied the owner, 'gossip, between you and an ass there is no difference touching your braying; for in my life I never heard a thing more natural.' 'These praises and extolling,' said the other, 'do more properly belong to you than me; for truly you may give two to one to the best and skilfullest brayer in the world; for your sound is lofty, you keep very good time, and your cadences thick and sudden. To conclude, I yield myself vanquished, and give you the prize and glory of this rare ability.' 'Well,' said the owner, 'I shall like myself the better for this hereafter, and shall think I know something, since I have gotten a quality; for, though I ever thought I brayed well, yet I never thought I was so excellent at it as you say.' 'Let me tell you,' said the other, 'there be rare abilities in the world that are lost and ill employed in those that will not good themselves with them.' 'Ours,' quoth the owner, 'can do us no good but in such businesses as we have now in hand, and pray God in this they may.'

"This said, they divided themselves again, and returned to their braying, and every foot they were deceived and met, till they agreed upon a countersign, that, to know it was themselves and not the ass, they should bray twice together; so that with this doubling their brays every stitch-while they compassed the hill, the lost ass not answering so much as by the least sign; but how

could the poor and ill-thriving beast answer, when they found him in the thicket eaten with wolves? And his owner seeing him said, 'I marvelled he did not answer; for if he had not been dead he would have brayed, if he had heard us, or else he had been no ass. But i' faith, gossip, since I have heard your delicate braying, I think my pains well bestowed in looking this ass, though I have found him dead.' 'Tis in a very good hand, gossip,' said the other [*"En buena mano esta:" alluding to two that strive to make one another drink first*]; 'and if the abbot sing well the little monk comes not behind him.' [*The one as very an ass as the other.*]

"With this, all comfortless and hoarse, home they went, where they told their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances what had happened in the search for the ass, the one exaggerating the other's cunning in braying, all which was known and spread abroad in the neighbouring towns; and the devil, that always watcheth how he may sow and scatter quarrels and discord everywhere, raising brabbles in the air, and making great chimeras of nothing, made the people of other towns that when they saw any of ours they should bray, as hitting us in the teeth with our aldermen's braying. The boys at length fell to it, which was as if it had fallen into the jaws of all the devils in hell; so this braying spread itself from one town to the other, that they which are born in our town are as well known as the beggar knows his dish; and this unfortunate scoff hath proceeded so far that many times those that were scoffed at have gone out armed in a whole squadron, to give battle to the scoffers, without fear or wit, neither king nor kaiser being able to prevent them. I believe that to-morrow or next day those of my town will be in field—to wit, the brayers—against the next town, which is

two leagues off, one of them that doth most persecute us ; and, because we might be well provided, I have bought those halberds and lances that you saw. And these be the wonders that I said I would tell you of ; and, if these be not so, I know not what may."

And here the poor fellow ended his discourse ; and now there entered at the door of the vent one clad all in his chamois, in hose and doublet, and called aloud, " Mine host, have you any lodging ? for here comes the prophesying ape, and the motion of Melisendra." " Body of me ! " quoth the venter, " here is Master Peter ; we shall have a brave night of it." I had forgot to tell how this Master Peter had his left eye and half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that all that side was sore. So the venter proceeded, saying, " You are welcome, Master Peter. Where's the ape and the motion, that I see 'em not ? " " They are not far off," quoth the chamois-man ; " only I am come before to know if you have any lodging." " I would make bold with the Duke of Alva himself," said the venter, " rather than Master Peter should be disappointed. Let your ape and your motion come, for we have guests here to-night that will pay for seeing that, and the ape's abilities." " In good time," said he of the patch, " for I will moderate the price, so my charges this night be paid for ; and therefore I will cause the cart where they are to drive on." With this he went out of the vent again.

Don Quixote straight asked the venter what Master Peter that was, and what motion or ape those he brought. To which the venter answered, " He is a famous puppet-master, that this long time hath gone up and down these parts of Aragon, showing this motion of Melisendra and Don Gayferos, one of the best histories that hath been represented these many years



"Master Peter."

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in this kingdom. Besides, he hath an ape, the strangest that ever was ; for, if you ask him anything, he marketh what you ask, and gets up upon his master's shoulder, and tells him in his ear, by way of answer, what he was asked, which Master Peter declares. He tells things to come as well as things past ; and, though he do not always hit upon the right, yet he seldom errs, and makes us believe the devil is in him. Twelvepence for every answer we give, if the ape do answer,—I mean, if his master answer for him, after he hath whispered in his ear ; so it is thought that Master Peter is very rich. He is a notable fellow, and, as your Italian saith, a boon companion, hath the best life in the world, talks his share for six men, and drinks for a dozen, all at his tongue's charge, his motion, and his ape's."

By this Master Peter was returned, and his motion and ape came in a small carriage ; his ape was of a good bigness, without a tail, and his bum as bare as a felt, but not very ill-favoured. Don Quixote scarce beheld him when he demanded, "Master prophesier, what fish do we catch ? Tell us what will become of us, and here is twelvepence," which he commanded Sancho to give Master Peter, who answered for the ape and said, "Sir, this beast answers not, nor gives any notice of things to come ; of things past he knows something, and likewise a little of things present." "Zwookers !" quoth Sancho, "I'll not give a farthing to know what is past ; for who can tell that better than myself ? and to pay for what I know is most foolish ; but, since you say he knows things present, here's my twelvepence, and let Goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza doth, and in what she busies herself."

Master Peter would not take his money, saying, "I will not take your reward beforehand, till the ape hath

first done his duty ;" so, giving a clap or two with his right hand on his left shoulder, at one frisk the ape got up, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth apace ; and, having showed this feat the space of a creed's saying, at another frisk he leaped to the ground, and instantly Master Peter very hastily ran and kneeled down before Don Quixote, and embracing his legs said, "These legs I embrace as if they were Hercules' Pillars. O famous reviver of the long-forgotten knight-errantry ! O never-sufficiently-extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha ! Raiser of the faint-hearted, propper of those that fall, the staff and comfort of all the unfortunate !"

Don Quixote was amazed, Sancho confused, the scholar in suspense, the page astonished, the bray-townsman all in a gaze, the venter at his wits' end, and all admiring that heard the puppet-man's speech, who went on saying : "And thou, honest Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight of the world, rejoice, for thy wife Teresa is a good housewife, and at this time she is dressing a pound of flax ; by the same token, she hath a good broken-mouthed pot at her left side that holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which she easeth her labour."

"I believe that very well," said Sancho, "for she is a good soul ; and if she were not jealous I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, that, as my master says, was a woman for the nonce ; and my Teresa is one of those that will not pine herself, though her heirs smart for it."

"Well, I say now," quoth Don Quixote, "he that reads much and travels much sees much and knows much. This I say, for who in the world could have persuaded me that apes could prophesy, which now I have seen with mine own eyes ? For I am the same Don Quixote

that this beast speaks of, although he have been somewhat too liberal in my praise ; but, howsoever I am, I give God thanks that He hath made me so relenting and compassionate ; always inclined to do good to all, and hurt to no man."

"If I had money," said the page, "I would ask master ape what should befall me in the peregrination I have in hand." To which Master Peter answered (that was now risen from Don Quixote's foot), "I have told you once that this little beast foretells not things to come ; for, if he could, 'twere no matter for your money ; for here is Signior Don Quixote present, for whose sake I would forego all the interest in the world ; and to show my duty to him, and to give him delight, I will set up my motion, and freely show all the company in the vent some pastime gratis." Which the venter hearing, unmeasurably glad, pointed him to a place where he might set it up, which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote liked not the ape's prophesying very well, holding it to be frivolous that an ape should only tell things present, and not past or to come. So, whilst Master Peter was fitting his motion, Don Quixote took Sancho with him to a corner of the stable, and in private said : "Look thee, Sancho, I have very well considered of this ape's strange quality, and find that this Master Peter hath made a secret express compact with the devil, to infuse this ability into the ape, that he may get his living by it, and when he is rich he will give him his soul, which is that that this universal enemy of mankind pretends. And that which induceth me to this belief is that the ape answers not to things past, but only present, and the devil's knowledge attains to no more ; for things to come he knows not, only by conjecture ; for God alone can distinguish the times

and moments ; and to Him nothing is past or to come, but all is present. Which being so, it is most certain that this ape speaks by instinct from the devil, and I wonder he hath not been accused to the Inquisition, and examined, and that it hath not been pressed out of him, to know by what virtue this ape prophesieth ; for certainly neither he nor his ape are astrologers, nor know how to cast figures, which they call judiciary, so much used in Spain ; for you have no paltry woman nor page nor cobbler that presumes not to cast a figure, as if it were one of the knaves at cards upon a table, falsifying that wondrous science with their ignorant lying. I knew a gentlewoman that asked one of these figure-flingers if a little foisting-hound of hers should have any puppies, and, if it had, how many, and of what colour the whelps should be. To which my cunning man, after he had cast his figure, answered that the bitch should have young, and bring forth three little whelps, the one green, the other carnation, and the third of a mixed colour,—with this proviso, that she should take the dog between eleven and twelve of the clock at noon, or at night, which should be on the Monday or the Saturday. And the success was that some two days after the bitch died of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser was reputed in the town a most perfect judiciary, as all or the greatest part of such men are."

"For all that," said Sancho, "I would you would bid Master Peter ask his ape whether all were true that befel you in Montesinos' Cave ; for I think, under correction, all was cogging and lying, or at least but a dream." "All might be," said Don Quixote ; "yet I will do as thou dost advise me, though I have one scruple remaining."

Whilst they were thus communing, Master Peter came to call Don Quixote, and to tell him that the

motion was now up, if he would please to see it, which would give him content. Don Quixote told him his desire, and wished that his ape might tell him if certain things that befel him in Montesinos' Cave were true or but dreams, for himself was uncertain whether. Master Peter, without answering a word, fetched his ape, and, putting him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said, "Look you, master ape, Signior Don Quixote would have you tell him whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' Cave were true or false." And, making the accustomed sign, the ape whipped upon his left shoulder, and, seeming to speak to him in his ear, Master Peter straight interpreted: "The ape, signior, says that part of those things are false and part of them true, and this is all he knows touching this demand; and now his virtue is gone from him, and, if you will know any more, you must expect till Friday next, and then he will answer you all you will ask, for his virtue will not return till then."

"Law ye there!" quoth Sancho, "did not I tell you that I could not believe that all you said of Montesinos' Cave could hold current?" "The success hereafter will determine that," quoth Don Quixote, "for time, the discoverer of all things, brings everything to the sun's light, though it be hidden in the bosom of the earth. And now let this suffice, and let us go see the motion, for I believe we shall have some strange novelty." "Some strange one!" quoth Master Peter; "this motion of mine hath a thousand strange ones. I tell you, signior, it is one of the rarest things to be seen in the world; '*Operibus credite et non verbis*,' and now to work, for it is late, and we have much to do, say, and show."

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and went where the motion was set and opened, all full of little wax-

lights, that made it most sightly and glorious. Master Peter straight clapped himself within it, who was he that was to manage the artificial puppets, and without stood his boy to interpret and declare the mysteries of the motion; in his hand he had a white wand, with which he pointed out the several shapes that came in and out. Thus, all that were in the vent being placed, and some standing over against the motion, Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page placed in the best seats, the trudge-man [*“El Truxaman,” an interpreter amongst the Turks, but here taken for any in general*] began to speak what shall be heard or seen by him that shall hear or read the next chapter.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and data. This may involve research, consultation with experts, or collecting data from various sources.

3. The third step is to analyze the information and data collected. This involves identifying patterns, trends, and relationships that can help in understanding the problem or question.

4. The fourth step is to develop a solution or answer. This involves applying the analysis to the problem or question and proposing a course of action or a conclusion.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the solution or answer. This involves checking the solution against the original problem or question and assessing its effectiveness and feasibility.

6. The sixth step is to communicate the solution or answer. This involves presenting the findings in a clear and concise manner, using appropriate language and visual aids.

7. The seventh step is to reflect on the process. This involves thinking about what was learned from the experience and how it can be applied to future problems or questions.

8. The eighth step is to implement the solution or answer. This involves putting the proposed solution into practice and monitoring its progress.

9. The ninth step is to review the results. This involves evaluating the outcomes of the implementation and comparing them with the original goals and objectives.

10. The tenth step is to conclude the process. This involves summarizing the findings and drawing a final conclusion based on the evidence gathered.

11. The eleventh step is to document the process. This involves recording the steps taken and the results achieved, which can be useful for future reference.

12. The twelfth step is to share the results. This involves communicating the findings to others who may be interested in the problem or question.

13. The thirteenth step is to evaluate the overall process. This involves reflecting on the entire process and assessing its effectiveness and efficiency.

14. The fourteenth step is to plan for the future. This involves identifying areas for improvement and setting goals for future work.

15. The fifteenth step is to conclude the document. This involves providing a final summary and closing the document.



"The Puppet Play."

CHAPTER XXVI.

OF THE DELIGHTFUL PASSAGE OF THE PUPPET-PLAY,
AND OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS.

HERE Tyrians and Trojans were all silent—I mean all the spectators of the motion had their ears hanged upon the interpreter's mouth, that should declare the wonders ; by and by there was a great sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and a volley of great shot within the motion, which passing away briefly, the boy began to raise his voice and to say : "This true history which is here represented to you is taken word for word out of the French chronicles and the Spanish romaunts, which are in everybody's mouth, and sung by boys up and down the streets. It treats of the liberty that Signior Don Gayferos gave to Melisendra his wife, that was imprisoned by the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansuenna, which was then so called, and now Saragosa ; and look you there, how Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the song,—

'Now Don Gayferos at tables doth play,
Unmindful of Melisendra away.'

And that personage that peeps out there, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the Emperor Charlemain, the supposed father of the said Melisendra, who, grieved with the sloth and neglect of his son-in-law, comes to chide him ; and mark with what vehemency and earnestness he rates him, as if he meant to give him half a dozen cons with his sceptre ; some authors

there be that say he did, and sound ones too. And after he had told him many things concerning the danger of his reputation, if he did not free his spouse, 'twas said he told him, 'I have said enough, look to it.' Look ye, sir, again, how the emperor turns his back, and in what case he leaves Don Gayferos, who, all enraged, flings the tables and the table-men from him, and hastily calls for his armour, and borrows his cousin-german Roldan his sword Durindana, who offers him his company in this difficult enterprise. But the valorous enraged knight would not accept it, saying that he is sufficient to free his spouse, though she were put in the deep centre of the earth. And now he goes in to arm himself for his journey.

"Now turn your eyes to yonder tower that appears, for you must suppose it is one of the towers of the castle of Saragosa, which is now called the Aliaferia; and that lady that appears in the window, clad in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, that many a time looks toward France, thinking on Paris and her spouse, the only comfort in her imprisonment. Behold also a strange accident now that happens, perhaps never the like seen. See you not that Moor that comes fair and softly, with his finger in his mouth, behind Melisendra? Look what a smack he gives her in the midst of her lips, and how suddenly she begins to spit, and to wipe them with her white smock-sleeves, and how she laments, and for very anguish despiteously roots up her fair hairs, as if they were to blame for this wickedness. Mark you also that grave Moor that stands in that open gallery; it is Marsilius, King of Sansuenna, who when he saw the Moor's sauciness, although he were a kinsman, and a great favourite of his, he commanded him straight to be apprehended, and to have two hundred stripes given him, and to be carried through the chief streets

in the city, with minstrels before and rods of justice behind. And look ye how the sentence is put in execution before the fault be scarce committed ; for your Moors use not, as we do, any legal proceeding."

"Child, child," cried Don Quixote aloud, "on with your story in a direct line, and fall not into your crooks and your transversals ; for to verify a thing, I tell you, there had need to be a legal proceeding." Then Master Peter too said from within, "Boy, fall not you to your flourishes, but do as that gentleman commands you, which is the best course. Sing you your plain-song, and meddle not with the treble, lest you cause the strings break."

"I will, master," said the boy, and proceeded, saying : "He that you see there," quoth he, "on horseback, clad in a Gascoyne cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his boldness, shows herself from the battlements of the castle, taking him to be some passenger, with whom she passed all the discourse mentioned in the romaunt, that says :

'Friend, if towards France you go,
Ask if Gayferos be there or no.'

The rest I omit, for all prolixity is irksome ; 'tis sufficient that you see there how Don Gayferos discovers himself, and, by Melisendra's jocund behaviour, we may imagine she knows him, and the rather because now we see she lets herself down from a bay-window to ride away behind her good spouse ; but, alas ! unhappy creature, one of the skirts of her kirtle hath caught upon one of the iron bars of the window, and she hovers in the air without possibility of coming to the ground. But see how pitiful heavens relieve her in her greatest necessity ; for Don Gayferos comes, and, without any care of her rich kirtle, lays hold of it, and forcibly brings her down with him, and at one hoist sets her

astride upon his horse's crupper, and commands her to sit fast, and clap her arms about him, that she fall not ; for Melisendra was not used to that kind of riding. Look you how the horse by his neighing shows that he is proud with the burden of his valiant master and fair mistress ; look how they turn their backs to the city and merrily take their way toward Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless couple of true lovers ! safely may you arrive at your desired country, without fortune's hindering your prosperous voyage ! May your friends and kindred see you enjoy the rest of your years—as many as Nestor's—peaceably !”

Here Master Peter cried out aloud again, saying, “ Plainness, good boy ; do not you soar so high ; this affectation is scurvy.”

The interpreter answered nothing, but went on, saying, “ There wanted not some idle spectators that pry into everything, who saw the going-down of Melisendra, and gave Marsilius notice of it, who straight commanded to sound an alarm ; and now behold how fast the city even sinks again with the noise of bells that sound in the high towers of the Mesquits.” [*Mesquitas, Moorish churches.*]

“ There you are out, boy,” said Don Quixote, “ and Master Peter is very improper in his bells ; for amongst Moors you have no bells, but kettledrums, and a kind of shaulms that be like our waits ; so that your sounding of bells in Sansuenna is a most idle foppery.” “ Stand not upon trifles, Signior Don Quixote,” said Master Peter, “ and so strictly upon everything, for we shall not know how to please you. Have you not a thousand comedies, ordinarily represented, as full of incongruities and absurdities, and yet they run their career happily, and are heard not only with applause but great admiration also ?” “ On, boy, say on ; and

so I fill my purse let there be as many improprieties as motes in the sun." "You are in the right," quoth Don Quixote ; and the boy proceeded.

"Look what a company of gallant knights go out of the city in pursuit of the Catholic lovers ; how many trumpets sound, how many shaulms play, how many drums and kettles make a noise ! I fear me they will overtake them, and bring them back both bound to the same horse's tail, which would be a horrible spectacle."

Don Quixote seeing and hearing such a deal of Moorism and such a coil, he thought fit to succour those that fled ; so, standing up, with a loud voice he cried out, "I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so valiant and to so amorous a bold knight as Don Gayferos. Stay, you base scoundrels, do not ye follow or persecute him ; if you do, you must first wage war with me." So doing and speaking, he unsheathed his sword, and at one frisk he got to the motion, and with an unseen and posting fury he began to rain strokes upon the puppetish Moorism, overthrowing some and beheading others, maiming this and cutting in pieces that ; and, amongst many other blows, he fetched one so downright that, had not Master Peter tumbled and squatted down, he had clipped his mazard as easily as if it had been made of marchpane. Master Peter cried out, saying, "Hold, Signior Don Quixote, hold ; and know that these you hurl down, destroy, and kill are not real Moors, but shapes made of pasteboard. Look you, look ye now, wretch that I am, he spoils all and undoes me."

But for all this Don Quixote still multiplied his slashes, doubling and redoubling his blows as thick as hops ; and, in a word, in less than two credos, he cast down the whole motion, all the tackling first cut to fitters, and all the puppets. King Marsilius was sore

wounded, and the Emperor Charlemain his head and crown were parted in two places; the senate and auditors were all in a hurry; and the ape gat up to the top of the house, and so out at the window. The scholar was frightened; the page clean dastarded; and even Sancho himself was in a terrible perplexity, for, as he sware after the storm was past, he never saw his master so outrageous.

The general ruin of the motion thus performed, Don Quixote began to be somewhat pacified, and said, "Now would I have all those here at this instant before me, that believe not how profitable knights-errant are to the world; and had not I been now present, what, I marvel, would have become of Signior Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ere this those dogs would have overtaken and showed them some foul play. When all is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world."

"Long live it, on God's name!" said Master Peter again with a pitiful voice; "and may I die, since I live to be so unhappy as to say with King Don Rodrigo, 'Yesterday I was lord of all Spain, but to-day have not a battlement I can call mine.' [*Don Rodrigo was the last king of the Goths that reigned in Spain, conquered by the Moors.*] 'Tis not yet half an hour, scarce half a minute, that I was master of kings and emperors; had my stables, coffers, and bags full of horses and treasure; but now I am desolate, dejected, and poor; and, to add more affliction, without my ape, that before I can catch him again I am like to sweat for it; and all through the unconsiderate furies of this sir knight, who is said to protect the fatherless, to rectify wrongs, and to do other charitable works; but to me only this his generous intention hath been defective, I thank God for it. In fine, it could be none but the Knight of the

Sorrowful Countenance that discountenanced me and mine."

Sancho grew compassionate to hear Master Peter's lamentation, and said, "Weep not, nor grieve, Master Peter, for thou breakest my heart; and let me tell thee that my master Don Quixote is so scrupulous and Catholic a Christian that, if he fall into the reckoning that he have done thee any wrong, he knows how, and will satisfy it with much advantage." "If," said Master Peter, "Signior Don Quixote would but pay me for some part of the pieces that he hath spoiled, I should be contented, and his worship might not be troubled in conscience; for he that keeps that that is another man's, against the owner's will, and restores it not, can hardly be saved."

"That's true," quoth Don Quixote; "but hitherto, Master Peter, I know not whether I have detained aught of yours." "No? not?" said Master Peter; "why, these poor relics that lie upon the hard and barren earth, who scattered and annihilated them but the invincible force of that powerful arm? And whose were those bodies, but mine? And with whom did I maintain myself, but with them?" "Well, I now," said Don Quixote, "verily believe what I have done often, that the enchanters that persecute me do nothing but put shapes really as they are before mine eyes, and by and by truck and change them at their pleasure. Verily, my masters, you that hear me, I tell you, all that here passed seemed to me to be really so, and immediately; that that Melisendra was Melisendra; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; and Marsilius, Marsilius; and Charlemain, Charlemain; and this was it that stirred up my choler; and, to accomplish my profession of knight-errant, my meaning was to succour those that fled; and to this good purpose I did all that

you have seen ; which if it fell out unluckily, 'twas no fault of mine, but of my wicked persecutors. Yet for all this error, though it proceeded from no malice of mine, I myself will condemn myself in the charge ; let Master Peter see what he will have for the spoiled pieces, and I will pay it all in present current coin of Castile."

Master Peter made him a low leg, saying, "I could expect no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the most valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and bulwark of all those that be in need and necessity, or wandering vagamunds ; and now let the venter and the grand Sancho be arbitrators and price-setters between your worship and me, and let them say what every torn piece was worth." The venter and Sancho both agreed ; and by and by Master Peter reached up Marsilius, King of Saragosa, headless, and said, "You see how impossible it is for this prince to return to his first being, and therefore, saving your better judgments, I think fit to have for him two shillings and threepence." "On then," quoth Don Quixote. "Then for this," quoth Master Peter, "that is parted from head to foot," taking the Emperor Charlemain up, "I think two shillings sevenpence halfpenny is little enough." "Not very little," quoth Sancho. "Nor much," said the venter ; "but moderate the bargain, and let him have half-a-crown." "Let him have his full asking," said Don Quixote, "for for such a mishap as this we'll ne'er stand upon three halfpence more or less. And make an end quickly, Master Peter, for it is near supper-time, and I have certain suspicions that I shall eat." "For this puppet," said Master Peter, "without a nose, and an eye wanting, of the fair Melisendra, I ask but in justice fourteen pence halfpenny." "Nay, the devil's in it," said Don

Quixote, "if Melisendra be not now in France, or upon the borders at least, with her husband; for the horse they rode on, to my seeming, rather flew than ran; and therefore sell not me a cat for a cony, presenting me here Melisendra noseless, when she, if the time require it, is wantonly solacing with her husband in France. God give each man his own, Master Peter; let us have plain dealing, and so proceed." Master Peter, that saw Don Quixote in a wrong vein, and that he returned to his old theme, thought yet he should not escape him, and so replied, "Indeed, this should not be Melisendra, now I think on't, but some one of the damsels that served her, so that fivepence for her will content me."

Thus he went on prizing of other torn puppets, which the arbitrating judges moderated to the satisfaction of both parties, and the whole prices of all were twenty-one shillings and elevenpence, which when Sancho had disbursed, Master Peter demanded over and above twelvepence for his labour, to look the ape." "Give it him, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to catch his ape, but a monkey [*As we say, to catch a fox*]; and I would give five pound for a reward to anybody that would certainly tell me that the Lady Melisendra and Don Gayferos were safely arrived in France, amongst their own people." "None can better tell than my ape," said Master Peter, "though the devil himself will scarce catch him; yet I imagine, making much of him, and hunger, will force him to seek me to-night, and by morning we shall come together."

Well, to conclude; the storm of the motion passed, and all supped merrily, and like good fellows, at Don Quixote's charge, who was liberal in extremity. Before day, the fellow with the lances and halberds was gone, and somewhat after the scholar and the page came to

take leave of Don Quixote, the one to return homeward and the other to prosecute his intended voyage; and for a release Don Quixote gave him six shillings.

Master Peter would have no more to do with him, for he knew him too well. So he got up before the sun, and gathering the relics of the motion together, and his ape, he betook him to his adventures. The venter, that knew not Don Quixote, wondered as much at his liberality as his madness. To conclude, Sancho paid him honestly, by his master's orders; and taking leave, about eight of the clock they left the vent, and went on their way, where we must leave them; for so it is fit, that we may come to other matters pertaining to the true declaration of this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHO MASTER PETER AND HIS APE WERE, WITH THE ILL SUCCESS THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRAYING, WHICH ENDED NOT SO WELL AS HE WOULD, OR THOUGHT FOR.

CID HAMET, the chronicler of this famous history, begins this chapter with these words : "I swear like a Catholic Christian." To which the translator says that Cid his swearing like a Catholic Christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, was no otherwise to be understood than that, as the Catholic Christian, when he swears, doth or ought to swear truth, so did he, as if he had sworn like a Catholic Christian in what he meant to write of Don Quixote, especially in recounting who Master Peter and the prophesying ape were, that made all the country astonished at his foretelling things. He says, then, that he who hath read the former part of this history will have well remembered that same Gines de Passamonte whom Don Quixote, amongst other galley-slaves, freed in Sierra Morena, a benefit for which afterward he had small thanks and worse payment from that wicked and ungrateful rout.

This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was he that stole Sancho's Dapple, which, because neither the manner nor the time were put in the First Part, made many attribute the fault of the impression to the author's weakness of memory. But true it is that Gines stole him as Sancho

slept upon his back, using the same trick and device of Brunelo's, whenas Sacripante being upon the siege of Albraca, he stole his horse from under his legs ; and after Sancho recovered him again, as was showed.

This Gines, fearful of being found by the justices that sought after him, to punish him for his infinite villanies and faults, that were so many and so great that himself made a great volume of them, determined to get him into the kingdom of Aragon, and so covering his left eye, to apply himself to the office of a puppet-man ; for this and juggling he was excellent at. It fell out so that he bought his ape of certain captive Christians that came out of Barbary, whom he had instructed that upon making a certain sign he should leap upon his shoulder, and should mumble, or seem to do so at least, something in his ear. This done, before he would enter into any town with his motion or ape, he informed himself in the nearest town, or where he best could, what particulars had happened in such a place or to such persons, and, bearing all well in mind, the first thing he did was to show his motion, which was sometimes of one story, otherwhiles of another ; but all merry, delightful, and familiarly known. The sight being finished, he propounded the rarities of his ape, telling the people that he could declare unto them all things past and present ; but in things to come he had no skill. For an answer to each question he demanded a shilling ; but to some he did it cheaper, according as he perceived the demanders in case to pay him. And sometimes he came to such places as he knew what had happened to the inhabitants, who, although they would demand nothing, because they would not pay him, yet he would still make signs to the ape, and tell them the beast had told him this or that, which fell out just by what he had

before heard, and with this he got an unspeakable name, and all men flocked about him ; and at other times, as he was very cunning, he would reply so that the answer fell out very fit to the questions ; and, since nobody went about to sift or to press him how his ape did prophesy, he gulled every one and filled his pouch. As soon as ever he came into the vent he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and all that were there ; but it had cost him dear if Don Quixote had let his hand fall somewhat lower when he cut off King Marsilius his head and destroyed all his chivalry, as was related in the antecedent chapter. And this is all that may be said of Master Peter and his ape.

And, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say that after he was gone out of the vent he determined first of all to see the banks of the river Heber, and all round about, before he went to the city of Saragosa, since between that and the jousts there he had time enough for all. Hereupon he went on his way, which he passed two days without lighting on anything worth writing, till the third day, going up a ridgeway, he heard a sound of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers passed by that way ; so to see them he spurred Rozinante, and got up the ridge, and when he was at the top he saw, as he guessed, at the foot of it, near upon two hundred men, armed with different sorts of arms, to wit, spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds and pikes, and some guns, and many targets. He came down from the high ground, and drew near to the squadron, insomuch that he might distinctly perceive their banners, judged of their colours, and noted their impresses, and especially one, which was on a standard or shred of white satin, where was lively painted a little ass, like one of your Sardinian asses, his head lifted up, his mouth open,

and his tongue out, in act and posture just as he were braying; about him were these two verses written in fair letters:

“ ’Twas not for nought that day
The one and th’ other judge did bray.”

By this device Don Quixote collected that those people belonged to the braying town, and so he told Sancho, declaring likewise what was written in the standard. He told him also that he that told them the story was in the wrong to say they were two aldermen that brayed, for by the verses of the standard they were two judges. To which Sancho answered, “Sir, that breaks no square; for it may very well be that the aldermen that then brayed might come in time to be judges of the town; so they may have been called by both titles. Howsoever, ’tis not material to the truth of the story whether the brayers were aldermen or judges, one for another, be they who they would; and a judge is even as likely to bray as an alderman.”

To conclude, they perceived and knew that the town that was mocked went out to skirmish with another that had too much abused them, and more than was fitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote went towards them, to Sancho’s no small grief, who was no friend to those enterprises. Those of the squadron hemmed him in, taking him to be some one of their side. Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with a pleasant countenance and courage, came toward the standard of the ass, and there all the chiefest of the army gathered about him to behold him, falling into the same admiration as all else did the first time they had seen him. Don Quixote, that saw them attentively look on him, and no man offering to speak to him, or ask him aught, taking hold on their silence, and breaking his own, he raised his voice and said, “Honest





"Don Quixote addressing the mob."

friends, I desire you with all earnestness that you interrupt not the discourse that I shall make to you, till you shall see that I either distaste or weary you ; which if it be so, at the least sign you shall make, I will seal up my looks and clap a gag on my tongue." All of them bade him speak what he would, for they would hear him willingly.

Don Quixote, having this licence, went on, saying, "I, my friends, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is arms, whose profession to favour those that need favour and to help the distressed. I have long known of your misfortune, and the cause that every while moves you to take arms to be revenged on your enemies. And having, not once but many times, pondered your business in my understanding, I find, according to the laws of duel, that you are deceived to think yourselves affronted ; for no particular person can affront a whole town, except it be for defying them for traitors in general, because he knows not who in particular committed the treason for which he defied all the town. We have an example of this in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who defied the whole town of Zamora, because he was ignorant that only Velido de Olfos committed the treason in killing his king ; so he defied them all, and the revenge and answer concerned them all ; though, howsoever, Don Diego was somewhat too hasty and too forward, for it was needless for him to have defied the dead, or the waters, or the corn, or the children unborn, with many other trifles there mentioned ; but let it go, for when choler overflows the tongue hath neither father, governor, or guide that may correct it. This being so, then, that one particular person cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or town only, it is manifest that the revenge of defiance for such as affront

is needless, since it is none ; for it were a goodly matter sure that those of the town of Reloxa should every foot go out to kill those that abuse them so ; or that your Cazoteros, Verengeneros, Vallenatos, Xanoteros [*Several nicknames given to towns in Spain, upon long tradition, and too tedious to be put in a margin*], or others of these kinds of nicknames that are common in every boy's mouth, and the ordinary sort of people —'twere very good, I say, that all these famous towns should be ashamed, and take revenge, and run with their swords continually drawn like sackbuts, for every slender quarrel. No, no, God forbid ! Men of wisdom and well-governed commonwealths ought to take arms for four things, and so to endanger their persons, lives, and estates : first, to defend the Catholic faith ; secondly, their lives, which is according to divine and natural law ; thirdly, to defend their honour, family, and estates ; fourthly, to serve their prince in a lawful war ; and, if we will, we may add a fifth (that may serve for a second), to defend their country. To these five capital causes may be joined many others, just and reasonable, that may oblige men to take arms ; but to take them for trifles, and things that are rather fit for laughter and pastime than for any affront, it seems that he who takes them wants his judgment. Besides, to take an unjust revenge (indeed nothing can be just by way of revenge) is directly against God's law which we profess, in which we are commanded to do well to our enemies, and good to those that hate us—a commandment that, though it seem difficult to fulfil, yet it is not only to those that know less of God than the world, and more of the flesh than the Spirit ; for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lied, neither could nor can, being our Law-giver, said that His yoke was sweet and His burden light ; so He would command

us nothing that should be impossible for us to fulfil. So that, my masters, you are tied both by laws divine and human to be pacified."

"The devil take me," thought Sancho to himself at this instant, "if this master of mine be not a divine ; or, if not, as like one as one egg is to another."

Don Quixote took breath a while, and, seeing them still attentive, had proceeded in his discourse, but that Sancho's conceitedness came betwixt him and home, who, seeing his master pause, took his turn, saying : "My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, sometimes called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, speaks Latin and his mother tongue as well as a Bachelor of Arts, and in all he handleth or adviseth proceeds like a man of arms, and hath all the laws and statutes of that you call Duel *ad unguem* ; therefore there is no more to be done but to govern yourselves according to his direction, and let me bear the blame if you do amiss. Besides, as you are now told, 'tis a folly to be ashamed to hear one bray ; for I remember when I was a boy I could have brayed at any time I listed, without anybody's hindrance, which I did so truly and cunningly that when I brayed all the asses in the town would answer me ; and for all this I was held to be the son of honest parents ; and, though for this rare quality I was envied by more than four of the proudest of my parish, I cared not two straws ; and, that you may know I say true, do but stay and hearken ; for this science is like swimming, once known never forgotten." So, clapping his hand to his nose, he began to bray so strongly that the valleys near-hand resounded again. But one of them that stood nearest him, thinking he had flouted them, lifted up a good bat he had in his hand, and

gave him such a blow that he tumbled him to the ground.

Don Quixote, that saw Sancho so evil entreated, set upon him that did it, with his lance in his hand ; but so many came betwixt that it was not possible for him to be revenged ; rather seeing a cloud of stones coming towards himself, and that a thousand bent cross-bows began to threaten him, and no less quantity of guns, turning Rozinante's reins, as fast as he could gallop he got from among them, recommending himself heartily to God to free him from that danger, and fearing every foot lest some bullet should enter him behind, and come out at his breast ; so he still went fetching his breath, to see if it failed him. But they of the squadron were satisfied when they saw him fly, and so shot not at him. Sancho they set upon his ass, scarce yet come to himself, and let him go after his master ; not that he could tell how to guide him, but Dapple followed Rozinante's steps, without whom he was nobody.

Don Quixote being now a pretty way off, looked back, and saw that Sancho was coming, and marked that nobody followed him. Those of the squadron were there till dark night, and, because their enemies came not to battle with them, they returned home to their town, full of mirth and jollity ; and if they had known the ancient custom of the Grecians they would have raised a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF THINGS THAT BENENGELI RELATES, WHICH HE THAT
READS SHALL KNOW, IF HE READ THEM WITH
ATTENTION.

WHEN the valiant man turns his back the advantage over him is manifest, and it is the part of wise men to reserve themselves to better occasions: this truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people and to the ill intentions of that angry squadron, took his heels, and without remembering Sancho, or the danger he left him in, got himself so far as he might seem to be safe. Sancho followed, laid athwart upon his ass, as hath been said; at last he overtook him, being now come to himself; and, coming near, he fell off his Dapple at Rozinante's feet, all sorrowful, bruised and beaten. Don Quixote alighted to search his wounds; but, finding him whole from top to toe, very angrily he said, "You must bray, with a plague to you! and where have you found that 'tis good naming the halter in the hanged man's house? To your bray-music what counterpoint could you expect but bat-blows? And, Sancho, you may give God thanks that, since they blessed you with a cudgel, they had not made the *per signum crucis* on you with a scimitar." "I know not what to answer," quoth Sancho, "for methinks I speak at my back. Pray let's be gone from hence, and I'll no more braying; yet I cannot but say that your knights-errant can fly

and leave their faithful squires to be bruised like privet by their enemies." "To retire is not to fly," said Don Quixote, "for know, Sancho, that valour that is not founded upon the basis of wisdom is styled temerity, and the rash man's actions are rather attributed to good fortune than courage. So that I confess I retired, but fled not, and in this have imitated many valiant men, that have reserved themselves for better times; and histories are full of these, which, because now they would be tedious to me and unprofitable to thee, I relate them not at present."

By this time Sancho, with Don Quixote's help, got to horse, and Don Quixote mounted Rozinante, and by little and little they had gotten into a little elm-grove, some quarter of a league off. Now and then Sancho would fetch a most deep heigh-ho and dolorous sighs. And, Don Quixote demanding the reason of his pitiful complaints, he said that from the point of his backbone to the top of his crown he was so sore that he knew not what to do. "The cause of that pain, undoubtedly," quoth Don Quixote, "is that, as the cudgel with which they banged thee was long and slender, it lighted upon those parts of thy back all along that grieve thee; and if it had been thicker it had grieved thee more." "Truly," quoth Sancho, "you have resolved me of a great doubt, and in most delicate terms declared it to me. Body of me! was the cause of my grief so concealed that you must needs tell me that all of me was sore where the cudgel lighted? If my ankles did pain me, I warrant you would riddle the cause of it; but 'tis poor riddling to tell that my bruising grieves me. I' faith, i' faith, master mine, other men's ills are slightly regarded; and every day I discover land, and see how little I can expect from your service; for if at this time you suffered me to be dry-

beaten, we shall come a hundred and a hundred times to the blanket-tossing you wot of and other childish tricks, which, if they now lighted on my shoulders, they will after come out at mine eyes. It were a great deal better for me, but that I am a beast, and shall never do aught well while I live,—it were a great deal better, I say again, for me to get me home to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with that little God hath given me, and not to follow you up and down these byways, drinking ill and eating worse. And for your bed, good honest squire, even count me out seven foot of good earth; and, if you will have any more, take as many more; for you may feed at pleasure, stretch yourself at your ease. I would the first that made stitch in knight-errantry were burned or beaten to powder, or at least he that first would be squire to such fools as all your knights-errant in former times have been; of the present I say nothing, for, yourself being one, I respect them, and because I know that you know an ace more than the devil in all you speak or think.”

“I durst venture a good wager with thee, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “that now thou talkest and nobody controls thee, thou feelest no pain in all thy body. Talk on, child mine, all that is in thy mind, or comes to thy mouth, for, so thou be’st not grieved, I will be pleased with the distaste that thy impertinencies might give me. And, if you desire so much to be at home with your wife and children, God forbid I should gainsay it; you have money of mine, and see how long ’tis since our third sally from home, and how much is due to you for every month, and pay yourself.”

“When I served,” quoth Sancho, “Tomè Carrasco, father to the Bachelor Carrasco, whom you know well,

I had two ducats a month besides my victuals : of you I know not how much I shall have, though I am sure it is a greater toil to be a squire to a knight-errant than to serve a rich husbandman ; for, indeed, we that serve husbandmen, though we labour never so much in the daytime, if the worst come to the worst, at night we sup with the pottage-pot, and lie in a bed, which I have not done ever since I served you, except it were that short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, and after when I had the cheer of the skimmings of Camacho's pots, and when I ate and drunk and slept at Basilius his house ; all the rest hath been upon the cold ground, to the open air, and subject, as you would say, to the inclemencies of the heavens, only living upon bits of cheese and scraps of bread, and drinking water, sometimes of brooks, sometimes of springs, which we met withal by the ways we went."

"I confess, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest may be true ; how much more thinkest thou should I give thee than Tomè Carrasco ?" "You shall please me," quoth Sancho, "with twelvepence more a month, and that concerning my wages for my service ; but touching your word and promise you gave me, that I should have the government of an island, it were fit you added the t'other three shillings, which in all make up fifteen." "It is very well," said Don Quixote, "and, according to the wages that you have allotted unto yourself, it is now twenty-five days since our last sally. Reckon, Sancho, so much for so much, and see how much is due to you, and pay yourself, as I have bidden you." "Body of me !" said Sancho, "you are clean out of the reckoning ; for, touching the promise of governing the island, you must reckon from the time you promised till this present." "Why, how long is it," quoth he, "since

I promised it?" "If I be not forgetful," said Sancho, "it is now some twenty years wanting two or three days."

Don Quixote gave himself a good clap on the forehead, and began to laugh heartily, saying, "Why, my being about Sierra Morena and our whole travels were in less than two months, and dost thou say it was twenty years since I promised thee the island? I am now of opinion that thou wouldst have all the money thou hast of mine consumed in paying thee wages; which if it be so, and that thou art so minded, from henceforward take it, much good may it do thee; for, so I may not be troubled with such a squire, I shall be glad to be poor and without a farthing. But tell me, thou prevaricator of the squirely laws of knight-errantry, where hast thou ever seen or read of any squire belonging to knight-errant that hath capitulated with his master to give him thus much or so much? Launch, launch, thou base lewd fellow, thou hobgoblin—launch, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories; and, if thou find that any squire have said or so much as imagined what thou hast said, I will give thee leave to brand my forehead, and, to boot, to seal me with four tucks in the mouth. [*A trick to give a tuck with the thumb upon one's lips, as freshmen are used in a university.*] Turn thy reins or thine ass's halter, and get thee to thine house; for thou shalt not go a step further with me. O ill-given bread, and ill-placed promises! O man, more beast than man! Now when I thought to have put thee into a fortune, and such a one that, in spite of thy wife, thou shouldst have been styled my lord, thou leavest me; now dost thou go when I had a purpose to have made thee lord of the best island in the world. Well, well, as thou thyself hast said many times, 'The honey is not for the ass's

mouth.' An ass thou art, an ass thou wilt be, and an ass thou shalt die ; and till then wilt thou remain so, before thou fallest into the reckoning that thou art a beast."

Sancho beheld Don Quixote earnestly all the while he thus rated him, and was so moved that the tears stood in his eyes, and with a dolorous low voice he said, "Master mine, I confess that to be altogether an ass I want nothing but a tail ; if you will put one on me, I will be contented, and will serve you like an ass all days of my life. Pardon me, sir, and pity my youth, and consider my folly ; for, if I speak much, it proceeds rather out of simplicity than knavery. 'Who errs and mends, to God Himself commends.'" "I would be sorry, little Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "but that thou shouldest mingle some by-pretty proverb in thy dialogue. Well, I'll pardon thee for this once, upon condition hereafter thou mend, and show not thyself so covetous, but that thou rouse up thy spirits, and encourage thyself with hope of the accomplishment of my promise ; for better late than not at all." Sancho answered him he would, though it were to make a virtue of necessity.

Hereupon they put into the elm-grove, and Don Quixote got to the foot of an elm, and Sancho to the foot of a beech ; for these kind of trees and such-like have always feet, but no hands. Sancho had an ill night on it ; for his bat-blow made him more sensible in the cold. Don Quixote fell into his usual imaginations ; yet they both slept, and by day-peep they were on their way, searching after the famous banks of Heber, where they happened upon what shall be told in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho, by their computation, two days after they were out of the elm-grove, came to the river Heber, whose sight was very delightful to Don Quixote; for first he contemplated on the amenity of those banks, the clearness of the water, the gentle current and the abundance of the liquid crystal, whose pleasing sight brought a thousand amorous thoughts into his head: especially he fell to think what he had seen in Montesinos' Cave; for, though Master Peter's ape had told him that part of it was true and part false, he leaned more to the truth than to the other, contrary to Sancho, who held all as false as falsehood itself.

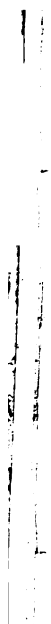
As they were thus going on, Don Quixote might see a little boat without oars or any other kind of tackling, which was tied by the brink of the river to a tree's stump on the bank. Don Quixote looked round about him, but could see nobody; so, without more ado, he alighted from Rozinante, and commanded Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and that he should tie both the beasts very well to the root of an elm or willow there. Sancho demanded of him the cause of that sudden lighting and of that tying. Don Quixote made answer, "Know, Sancho, that this boat thou seest directly, for it can be nothing else, calls and invites me to go and enter into it, to give aid to some

knight, or other personage of rank and note, that is in distress; for this is the style of books of knight-hood and of enchanter's that are there intermingled, that when any knight is in some danger that he cannot be freed from it but by the hand of some other knight, although the one be distant from the other two or three thousand leagues or more, they either snatch him into a cloud, or provide him a boat to enter in, and, in the twinkling of an eye, either carry him through the air, or through the sea, as they list, and where his assistance is needful. So that, Sancho, this boat is put here to the same effect; and this is as clear as day. And, before we go, tie Dapple and Rozinante together, and let's on in God's name, for I will not fail to embark myself, though barefoot friars should entreat me." "Well, seeing 'tis so," said Sancho, "and that you will every foot run into these—I know not what I shall call them—fopperies, there's no way but to obey and lay down the neck; according to the proverb, 'Do as thy master commands thee, and sit down at table with him.' But, for all that, for discharge of my conscience, let me tell you that methinks that is no enchanted boat, but one that belongs to some fishermen of the river, for here the best sabogas in the world are taken."

This he spoke whilst he was tying his beasts, leaving them to the protection and defence of enchanter's, which grieved him to the soul. Don Quixote bade him he should not be troubled for the leaving those beasts; for he that should carry them through such longinque ways and regions would also look to the other." "I understand not your lognick," quoth Sancho, "neither have I heard such a word in all the days of my life." "Longinque," said Don Quixote, "that is, far, remote. And no marvel thou understandest not



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that word, for thou art not bound to the understanding of Latin, though ye have some that presume to know when they are ignorant." "Now they are bound," said Sancho, "what shall we do next?" "What?" said Don Quixote; "bless ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean let us embark ourselves, and cut the rope by which this boat is tied."

So leaping into it, and Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fair and softly fell off from the bank; and when Sancho saw himself about a two rods' length within the river he began to tremble, fearing his perdition; but nothing so much troubled him as to hear Dapple bray, and to see that Rozinante struggled to unloose himself; and he told his master, "Dapple brays and condoles for our absence, Rozinante strives to be at liberty to throw himself after us. O most dear friends, remain you there in safety, and may the madness that severs us from you, converted into repentance, bring us back to your presence."

And with that he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote, all moody and choleric, began to cry out, "What makes thee fear, thou cowardly imp? What criest thou for, thou heart of curds? Who persecutes thee? Who baits thee, thou soul of a milksop? Or what wantest thou in the midst of all abundance? Art thou happily to go barefoot over the Riphæan Mountains? Rather upon a seat like an archduke, through the calm current of this delightful river, from whence we shall very quickly pass into the main sea; but hitherto we have gone and sailed some seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had an astrolabe here, to take the height of the pole, I could tell thee how far we have gone, though either my knowledge is small, or we have now or shall quickly pass the equinoctial line, which divides and

cuts the two contraposed poles in equal distance." "And when you come to this line you speak of, how far shall we have gone?" "A great way," answered Don Quixote; "for of three hundred and sixty degrees, which the whole globe containeth of land and water, according to Ptolemy's computation, who was the greatest cosmographer known, we shall have gone the half, when we come to the line I have told you of." "Verily," quoth Sancho, "you have brought me a pretty witness to confirm your saying, To-ly-my and Comtation [*Mistakes of the words, Ptolemeo and Computo, for so it is in the Spanish*], and I know not what."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's interpretation he had given to the name, and to the computation and account of the cosmographer Ptolemeus, and said to him, "You shall understand, Sancho, that when the Spaniards, and those that embark themselves at Cadiz to go to the East Indies, one of the greatest signs they have to know whether they have passed the equinoctial is that all men that are in the ship, their lice die upon them, and not one remains with them nor in the vessel, though they would give their weight in gold for him; so that, Sancho, thou mayest put thy hand to thy thigh, and if thou meet with any live thing we shall be out of doubt; if thou findest nothing, then we have passed the line." "I cannot believe any of this," quoth Sancho, "but yet I will do what you will have me, though I know no necessity for these trials, since I see with these eyes that we have not gone five rods' lengths from the bank; for there Rozinante and Dapple are, in the same places where we left them; and looking well upon the matter, as I now do, I swear by me that we neither move nor go faster than an ant." "Make the trial that I bade you, and care for no other; for thou knowest not what columns are, what lines, parallels,

zodiacs, cliptics, poles, soltices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial spheres are composed ; for, if thou knewest all these, or any part of them, thou mightest plainly see what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what images we have left behind and are leaving now. And let me wish thee again that thou search and feel thyself, for I do not think but that thou art as clean as a sheet of white smooth paper."

Sancho began to feel, and, coming softly and warily with his hand to the left side of his neck, he lifted up his head and said to his master, "Either your experience is false, or else we are not come near the place you speak of, by many leagues." "Why," quoth Don Quixote, "hast thou met with something?" "Ay, with some things," said he ; and, shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, by which, and in the current, the boat softly slid along, without being moved by any secret influence or hidden enchantment, but the very course itself of the water, as yet soft and easy.

By this they discovered two great water-mills in the midst of the river : and Don Quixote, as soon as he saw them, cried aloud to Sancho, "Seest thou, friend, that city, castle, or fortress, that shows itself, where some knight is sure oppressed, or some queen or princess in ill plight, for whose succour I am brought hither?" "What the devil of city, castle, or fortress, sir, do you talk of?" quoth Sancho. "Do you not see that those are water-mills in the river to grind corn?" "Peace, Sancho," said he ; "for, though they look like water-mills, yet they are not, and I have told thee already that these enchantments chop and change things out of their natural being. I say not that they change them out of one being into another really, but in appearance, as was seen by experience

in the transformation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hopes."

Now the boat, being gotten into the midst of the current, began to move somewhat faster than before. They of the mills, that saw the boat come down the river, and that it was now even gotten into the swift stream of the wheels, many of them came running out with long poles to stay it; and, as their faces and clothes were all covered with meal-dust, they made a strange show, and cried out, saying, "Devils of men, whither go you? Are you mad to drown yourselves, or be beaten to pieces against these wheels?" "Did not I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote then, "that we should come where I should show the force of mine arm? Look what wicked uncouth fellows come to encounter me; look what a troop of hobgoblins oppose themselves against me; look what ugly visages play the bull-beggars with us. Now you shall see, you rascals." And, standing up in the boat, he began aloud to threaten the millers, saying, "You base scum and ill-advised, free and deliver that person which is in your fortress or prison oppressed, be he high or low, or of what sort or quality soever; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom the happy ending of this adventure is reserved by order of the high heavens." And this said, he laid hand to his sword, and began to fence in the air against the millers, who, hearing but not understanding those madnesses, stood with their poles to stay the boat, which was now entering the source and channel of the wheels. Sancho kneeled devoutly upon his knees, praying Heaven to free him from so manifest a danger, which succeeded happily, by the quickness and skill of the millers, who, opposing their staves to the boat, stayed it, but so that they overturned it, and Don Quixote and

Sancho toppled into the river ; but it was well for Don Quixote, who could swim like a goose, though the weight of his arms carried him twice to the bottom, and, had it not been for the millers, who leaped into the water and pulled them out both, as if they had weighed them up, there they had both perished.

When they were both on land, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, upon his knees, with joined hands and his eyes nailed to heaven, prayed to God, with a large and devout prayer, to free him from thenceforward, from the rash desires and enterprises of his master. And now the fishermen came, the owners of the boat, which was broken to pieces by the wheels, who, seeing it spoiled, began to disrobe Sancho, and to demand payment of Don Quixote, who very patiently, as if he had done nothing, said to the millers and fishermen that he would very willingly pay for the boat, upon condition they should freely deliver him, without fraud or guile, the person or persons that were oppressed in their castle. "What person, or what castle, madman?" said one of the millers. "Will you, throw, carry away those that came hither to grind their corn?" "Enough," thought Don Quixote to himself ; "here a man may preach in a wilderness, to reduce a base people to a good work. In this adventure two deep enchanters have met, and the one disturbs the other : the one provided me the bark, and the other overthrew me out of it. God help us, all this world is tricks and devices, one contrary to the other ; I can do no more." And, raising his voice, he went on, saying, "Friends, whosoever you are, locked up in this prison, pardon me ; for, by my ill fortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your pain ; this adventure is kept and reserved for some other knight." When he had said this, he agreed with the fishers, and paid twenty-five shillings for the boat which Sancho

gave, [not] with a very good will, saying, "With two of these boat-tricks we shall sink our whole stock."

The fishermen and the millers were in a great admiration, to see two such strange shapes, quite from the ordinary fashion of other men, and never understood to what purpose Don Quixote used all those discourses to them ; so, holding them for madmen, they left them and got to their mills, and the fishers to their quarters. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts, turned to their beasts. And this end had the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH THE FAIR
HUNTRESS.

VERY melancholy and ill at ease went the knight and squire to horseback, especially Sancho, for it grieved him at the soul to meddle with the stock of their money, for it seemed to him that to part with anything from thence was to part with his eyeballs. To be brief, without speaking a word, to horse they went, and left the famous river, Don Quixote buried in his amorous cogitations, and Sancho in those of his preferment, for as yet he thought he was far enough off from obtaining it; for, although he were a fool, yet he well perceived that all his master's actions, or the greatest part of them, were idle; so he sought after some occasion that, without entering into further reckonings or leave-taking with his master, he might one day get out of his clutches and go home; but fortune ordered matters contrary to his fear.

It fell out, then, that the next day about sun-setting, and as they were going out of a wood, Don Quixote spreads his eyes about a green meadow, and at one end of it saw company, and, coming near, he saw they were falconers; he came nearer, and amongst them beheld a gallant lady upon her palfrey, or milk-white nag, with green furniture, and her saddle-pummel of silver. The lady herself was all clad in green, so brave and rich that bravery itself was transformed into her.

On her left hand she carried a soar-falcon, a sign that made Don Quixote think she was some great lady, and mistress to all the rest, as true it was ; so he cried out to Sancho, "Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady on the palfrey with the soar-hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, do kiss her most beautiful hands, and, if her magnificence give me leave, I will receive her commands, and be her servant to the uttermost of my power, that her highness may please to command me in ; and take heed, Sancho, how thou speakest, and have a care thou mix not thy ambassage with some of those proverbs of thine." "Tell me of that ! as if it were now the first time that I have carried embassies to high and mighty ladies in my life ?" "Except it were that thou carriedst to Dulcinea," quoth Don Quixote, "I know not of any other thou hast carried, at least whilst thou wert with me." "That's true," said Sancho ; "but a good paymaster needs no surety ; and where there is plenty the guests are not empty—I mean there is no telling nor advising me aught, for of all things I know a little." "I believe it," said Don Quixote ; "get thee gone in good time, and God speed thee."

Sancho went on, putting Dapple out of his pace with a career, and, coming where the fair huntress was, alighting, he kneeled down, and said, "Fair lady, that knight you see there, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am a squire of his, whom at his house they call Sancho Panza. This said Knight of the Lions, who not long since was called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, sends me to tell your greatness that you be pleased to give him leave that, with your liking, good will, and consent, he put in practice his desire, which is no other (as he says and I believe) than to serve your lofty high-flying beauty [*For so it is in the Spanish to make the simple squire*

speaks absurdly enough, for instead of Altea the author makes him say Altaneria]; and, if your ladyship give him leave, you shall do a thing that may redound to your good, and he shall receive a most remarkable favour and content." "Truly, honest squire," said the lady, "thou hast delivered thy ambassage with all the circumstances that such an ambassage requires. Rise, rise, for the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Countenance, of whom we have here special notice, 'tis not fit should kneel. Rise up, friend, and tell your master that he come near on God's name, that the duke my husband and I may do him service at a house of pleasure we have here."

Sancho rose up astonished, as well at the good lady's beauty as her courtship and courtesy, especially for that she told him she had notice of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; for, in that she called him not Knight of the Lions, it was because it was so lately put upon him. The duchess asked him (for as yet we know not of what place she was duchess), "Tell me, sir squire, is not this your master one of whom there is a history printed, and goes by the name of 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha,' the lady of whose life is likewise one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very selfsame," said Sancho, "and that squire of his that is or should be in the history, called Sancho Panza, am I, except I were changed in my cradle—I mean that I were changed in the press." "I am glad of all this," quoth the duchess. "Go, brother Panza, and tell your master that he is welcome to our dukedom, and that no news could have given me greater content."

Sancho, with this so acceptable an answer, with great pleasure returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling to the

heavens her singular beauty with his rustical terms; her affableness and courtesy. Don Quixote pranked it in his saddle, sat stiff in his stirrups, fitted his visor, roused up Rozinante, and with a comely boldness went to kiss the duchess's hands, who, causing the duke her husband to be called, told him, whilst Don Quixote was coming, his whole embassy; so both of them having read his First Part, and understood by it his besotted humour, attended him with much pleasure and desire to know him, with a purpose to follow his humour, and to give way to all he should say, and to treat with him as a knight-errant, as long as he should be with them, with all the accustomed ceremonies in books of knight-errantry, which they had read and were much affected with.

By this Don Quixote came with his visor pulled up, and, making show to alight, Sancho came to have held his stirrup; but he was so unlucky, that as he was lighting from Dapple one of his feet caught upon a halter of the pack-saddle, so that it was not possible for him to disentangle himself, but hung by it with his mouth and his breast to the ground-ward. Don Quixote, who used not to alight without his stirrups being held, thinking Sancho was already come to hold it, lighted suddenly down, but brought saddle and all to ground (belike being ill-girt) to his much shame, and curses inwardly laid upon the unhappy Sancho, that had still his leg in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his falconers to help the knight and squire, who raised Don Quixote in ill plight with his fall, and, limping as well as he could, he went to kneel before the two lordings; but the duke would not by any means consent, rather, alighting from his horse, he embraced Don Quixote, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, that your

first fortune hath been so ill in my ground ; but the carelessness of squires is oft the cause of worse successes." "It is impossible, valorous prince, that any should be bad since I have seen you, although my fall had cast me to the profound abysm, since the glory of seeing you would have drawn me out and raised me up. My squire—a curse light on him !—unties his tongue better to speak maliciously than he girts his horse's saddle to sit firmly ; but howsoever I am, down or up, on foot or on horseback, I will always be at yours and my lady the duchess's service, your worthy consort, the worthy lady of beauty and universal princess of courtesy." "Softly, my Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha," quoth the duke ; "for where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is present there is no reason other beauties should be praised."

Now Sancho Panza was free from the noose, and being at hand, before his master could answer a word, he said, "It cannot be denied, but affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very fair ; but where we least think there goes the hare away ; for I have heard say that she you call Nature is like a potter that makes vessels of clay, and he that makes a handsome vessel may make two or three, or an hundred. This I say that you may know my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turned to the duchess, and said, "Your greatness may suppose that never any knight in the world had ever such a prater to his squire, nor a more conceited, than mine, and he will make good what I say, if your highness shall at any time be pleased to make trial." To which quoth the duchess, "That honest Sancho may be conceited I am very glad, a sign he is wise ; for your pleasant conceits, signior, as you very well know, rest not in dull brains, and, since

Sancho is witty and conceited, from henceforward I confirm him to be discreet." "And a prater," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," said the duke, "for many conceits cannot be expressed in few words ; and, that we may not spend the time in many, come, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance." "Of the Lions, your highness must say," quoth Sancho, "for now we have no more sorrowful countenance, and now let the lions bear countenance." The duke proceeded : "I say let the Knight of the Lions come to my castle, which is near here, where he shall have the entertainment that is justly due to so high a personage, and that that the duchess and I are wont to give to knights-errant that come to us."

By this time Sancho had made ready and girded Rozinante's saddle well ; and Don Quixote mounting him, and the duke upon a goodly horse, set the duchess in the middle, and they went toward the castle. The duchess commanded that Sancho should ride by her, for she was infinitely delighted to hear his discretions. Sancho was easily entreated, and weaved himself between the thrce, and made a fourth in their conversation. The duke and duchess were much pleased, who held it for a great good fortune to have lodged in their castle such a knight-errant and such a squire erred.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THAT TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT AFFAIRS.

GREAT was the joy that Sancho conceived to see himself a favourite to the duchess, as he thought; for it shaped out unto him that he should find in her castle as much as in Don Diego's or that of Basilius; for he was always affected with a plentiful life, and so laid hold upon occasion's lock ever when it was presented. The history then tells us that, before they came to the house of pleasure or castle, the duke went before, and gave order to all his followers how they should behave themselves towards Don Quixote, who as he came on with the duchess to the castle gates, there came out two lackeys, or palfrey-boys, clothed down to the feet in coats like nightgowns, of fine crimson satin, and taking Don Quixote in their arms, without hearing or looking on him, they said, "Go, and let your greatness help my lady to alight." Don Quixote did so, and there was great complimenting betwixt both about it; but in the end the duchess's earnestness prevailed, and she would not descend or alight from her palfrey but in the duke's arms, saying that she was too unworthy to be so unprofitable a burden to so high a knight. At length the duke helped her; and, as they entered a great base-court, there came two beautiful damsels, and cast upon Don Quixote's shoulders a fair mantle of finest scarlet; and in an instant all the leads of the courts and entries were thronged with men and

maid servants of the duke's, who cried aloud, "Welcome, O flower and cream of knights-errant!" and all or most of them sprinkled pots of sweet water upon Don Quixote, and upon the duke, all which made Don Quixote admire; and never till then did he truly believe that he was a knight-errant really and not fantastically, seeing he was used just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, forsaking Dapple, showed himself to the duchess, and entered into the castle; but, his conscience pricking him that he had left his ass alone, he came to a reverend old waiting-woman that came out amongst others to wait upon the duchess, and very softly spoke to her: "Mistress Gonzalez, or what is your name forsooth?" "Donna Rodriguez de Grishalva," said the waiting-woman. "What would you have, brother, with me?" To which quoth Sancho, "I pray will you do me the favour as to go out at the castle gate, where you shall find a dapple ass of mine; I pray will you see him put, or put him yourself, in the stable; for the poor wretch is fearful, and cannot by any means endure to be alone." "If the master," quoth she, "be as wise as the man, we shall have a hot bargain on it. Get you gone, with a murrain to you, and him that brought you hither, and look to your ass yourself, for the waiting-women in this house are not used to such drudgeries." "Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "I have heard my master say, who is the very wizard of histories, telling that story of Lanzarote, when he came from Britain, that ladies looked to him and waiting-women to his courser; and, touching my ass in particular, I would not change him for Lanzarote's horse." "Brother," quoth she, "if you be a jester, keep your wit till you have use of it, for those that will pay you; for I have nothing but this fig to give you." [*La higa, a word of disgrace.*]

"Well, yet," said Sancho, "the fig is like to be ripe, for you will not lose the primavista of your years by a pip less." "Son of a whore," said the waiting-woman all incensed with choler, "whether I am old or no God knows; I shall give Him account, and not to thee, thou rascal, that stinkest of garlic." All this she spoke so loud that the duchess heard her, who turning and seeing the woman so altered, and her eyes so bloody red, she asked her with whom she was angry. "Here," said she, "with this idiot, that hath earnestly entreated me to put up his ass in the stable that is at the castle gate, giving me for an instance that they have done so I know not where; that certain ladies looked to one Lanzarote, and waiting-women to his horse, and, to mend the matter, in mannerly terms calls me old one." [*Vieja: a name that a woman in Spain cannot endure to hear, though she were as old as Methusalem.*] "That would more disgrace me," quoth the duchess, "than all he should say." And, speaking to Sancho, she said, "Look you, friend Sancho, Donna Rodriguez is very young, and that stole she wears is more for authority and for the fashion than for her years." "A pox on the rest of my years I have to live," quoth Sancho, "if I meant her any ill; I only desired the kindness for the love I bear to mine ass, and because I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person than Mistress Rodriguez." Don Quixote, that heard all, said, "Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place?" "Sir," said Sancho, "let every man express his wants wheresoe'er he be. Here I remembered my Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and, if I had remembered him in the stable, there I would have spoken." To this quoth the duke, "Sancho is in the right, and there is no reason to blame him; Dapple shall have provender, as much as he will, and let

Sancho take no care, he shall be used as well as his own person."

With these discourses, pleasing unto all but Don Quixote, they went upstairs, and brought Don Quixote into a goodly hall, hung with rich cloth of gold and tissue ; six damsels unarmed him, and served for pages, all of them taught and instructed by the duke and duchess what they should do, and how they should behave themselves towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant.

Don Quixote, once unarmed, was in his straight trousers and doublet of chamois, dry, high, and lank, with his jaws that within and without bussed one another, a picture that, if the damsels that served him had not had a care to hold in their laughter, which was one of the precise orders their lords had given them, had burst with laughing. They desired him to unclothe himself to shift a shirt ; but he would by no means consent, saying that honesty was as proper to a knight-errant as valour. Notwithstanding, he bade them give a shirt to Sancho, and, locking himself up with him in a chamber, where was a rich bed, he plucked off his clothes and put on the shirt, and, as Sancho and he were alone, he thus spoke to him : "Tell me, modern jester and old jolt-head, is it a fit thing to dishonour and affront so venerable an old waiting-woman and so worthy to be respected as she ? Was that a fit time to remember your Dapple ? Or think you that these were lords to let beasts fare ill, that so neatly use their masters ? For God's love, Sancho, look to thyself, and discover not thy coarse thread, that they may see thou art not woven out of a base web. Know, sinner as thou art, that the master is so much the more esteemed by how much his servants are honest and mannerly ; and one of the greatest advantages that great men have over

inferiors is that they keep servants as good as themselves. Knowest thou not, poor fellow as thou art, and unhappy that I am, that if they see thee to be a gross peasant they will think that I am some mountebank or shifting squire? No, no, friend Sancho ; shun, shun these inconveniences, for he that stumbles too much upon the prater and wit-monger at the first toe-knock falls, and becomes a scornful jester. Bridle thy tongue, consider and ruminate upon thy words before they come from thee, and observe we are now come to a place from whence, with God's help and mine arm's valour, we shall go bettered threefold, nay fivefold, in fame and wealth." Sancho promised him very truly to sew up his mouth, or to bite his tongue, before he would speak a word that should not be well considered and to purpose, as he had commanded, and that he should not fear that by him they should ever be discovered.

Don Quixote dressed himself, buckled his sword to his belt, and clapped his scarlet mantle upon him, putting on a hunter's cap of green satin, which the damosels had given him ; and thus adorned to the great chamber he went, where he found the damosels all in a row, six on one side and six on the other, and all with provision for him to wash, which they ministered with many courtesies and ceremonies. Betwixt them straight they got him full of pomp and majesty, and carried him to another room, where was a rich table, with service for four persons. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, and with them a grave clergyman, one of them that govern great men's houses [*A good character of a poor pedant*] ; one of those that, as they are not born nobly, so they know not how to instruct those that are ; one of those that would have great men's liberalities measured by the straitness of their minds ; of those that, teaching those they govern

to be frugal, would make them miserable; such a one I say, this grave clergyman was, that came with the duke to receive Don Quixote. There passed a thousand loving compliments, and at last, taking Don Quixote between them, they sat down to dinner.

The duke invited Don Quixote to the upper end of the table, which though he refused, yet the duke so importuned him that he was forced to take it. The clergyman sat over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. Sancho was by at all, gaping in admiration to see the honour those princes did to his master; and, seeing the many ceremonies and entreaties that passed betwixt the duke and him to make him sit down at the table's end, he said, "If your worahips will give me leave, I'll tell you a tale that happened in our town concerning places." Scarce had Sancho said this when Don Quixote began to shake, believing certainly he would speak some idle speech. Sancho, beholding, understood him and said, "Fear not, sir, that I shall be unmannerly, or that I shall say anything that may not be to the purpose; for I have not forgotten your counsel touching speaking much or little, well or ill." "I remember nothing, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "speak what thou wilt, so thou speak quickly."

"Well, what I shall speak," quoth Sancho, "is as true as my master Don Quixote will not let me lie, who is here present." "For me," replied Don Quixote, "lie as much as thou wilt, for I'll not hinder thee; but take heed what thou speakest." "I have so heeded and re-heeded it that you shall see, I warrant ye." "'Twere very fit," quoth Don Quixote, "that your greatnesses would command this coxcomb to be thrust out, for he will talk you a thousand follies." "Assuredly," quoth the duchess, "Sancho

shall not stir a jot from me ; for I know he is very discreet."

"Discreet years live your holiness," quoth Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, although I deserve it not ; and thus says my tale : A gentleman of our town, very rich and well born—for he was of the blood of the Alimi of Medina del Campo, and married with Donna Mencia de Quinrones, that was daughter to Don Alonso de Maranon, Knight of the Order of Saint Jacques, that was drowned in the Herradura, touching whom that quarrel was not long since in our town ; for, as I remember, my master Don Quixote was in it, where little Thomas the madcap, son to Balvastro the smith, was wounded. Is not all this true, master mine ? [*After he had begun a tale without head or foot, he asks a question.*] Say by your life, that these lords may not hold me for a prating liar."

"Hitherto," said the clergyman, "I rather hold thee for a prater than a liar ; but from henceforward I know not for what I shall hold thee." "Thou givest so many witnesses and so many tokens, Sancho, that I cannot but say," quoth Don Quixote, "thou tellest true. On with thy tale, and make an end, for I think thou wilt not have ended these two days." "Let him go on," quoth the duchess, "to do me a pleasure, and let him tell his tale as he pleaseth, though he make not an end these six days ; for if they were so many years they would be the best that ever I passed in my life."

"I say, then, my masters, that the said gentleman I told you of at first, and whom I know as well as I know one hand from another—for, from my house to his, 'tis not a bow-shoot—invited a poor but honest husbandman." "On, brother," said the clergyman, "for methinks you travel with your tale as if you would not rest till the next world." "In less than

half this I will, if it please God," said Sancho, "and so I proceed. The said husbandman coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house—God be merciful to him, for he is now dead! and, for a further token, they say died like a lamb; for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another town to reaping—" "I prethee," quoth the clergyman, "come back from your reaping, and, without burying the gentleman, except you mean to make more obsequies, end your tale." "The business, then," quoth Sancho, "was this, that both of them being ready to sit down at table; for methinks I see them now more than ever—"

The dukes received great pleasure to see the distaste that the clergyman took at the delays and pauses of Sancho's tale, and Don Quixote consumed himself in choler and rage. "Then thus," quoth Sancho: "both of them being ready to sit down, the husbandman contended with the gentleman not to sit uppermost, and he with the other that he should, as meaning to command in his own house; but the husbandman, presuming to be mannerly and courteous, never would, till the gentleman, very moody, laying hands upon him, made him sit down perforce, saying, 'Sit you down, you thresher; for whereso'er I sit that shall be the table's end to thee.' And now you have my tale, and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty well to the purpose."

Don Quixote's face was in a thousand colours, that jaspered upon his brow. The lords dissembled their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be too much abashed, when they perceived Sancho's knavery; and to change discourse, that Sancho might not proceed with other fooleries, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and if he had sent her for a present lately any giants or bugbears,

since he could not but have overcome many. To which Don Quixote answered, "Lady mine, my misfortunes, although they had a beginning, yet they will never have ending. Giants, elves, and bugbears I have overcome and sent her; but where should they find her that is enchanted, and turned into the foulest creature that can be?" "I know not," quoth Sancho; "methinks she is the fairest creature in the world, at least I know well that for her nimbleness and leaping [*A good mistake*] she'll give no advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, my lady duchess, she leaps from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat." "Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" said the duke. "How? seen her?" quoth Sancho. "Why, who the devil but I was the first that fell into the trick of her enchantment? She is as much enchanted as my ass."

The clergyman, that heard them talk of giants, elves, and bugbears, and enchantments, fell into reckoning that that was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose story the duke ordinarily read, and for which he had divers times reprehended him, telling him 'twas a madness to read such fopperies; and, being assured of the certainty which he suspected, speaking to the duke very angrily, he said, "Your Excellency ought to give God Almighty an account for this man's folly. This Don Quixote—or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him?—I suppose he is not so very an idiot as your Excellency would make him, giving him ready occasions to proceed in his empty-brained madness." And, framing his discourse to Don Quixote, he said: "And who, goodman dullpate, hath thrust into your brain that you are a knight-errant, that you overcome giants and take bugbears? Get you [*home*], in God's name, so be it spoken; return to your house, and bring up your children, if you have them, and look to your stock, and leave your ranging

thorough the world, blowing bubbles, and making all that know you, or not know you, to laugh. Where have you ever found, with a mischief, that there have been or are knights-errant? Where any giants in Spain, or bugbears in Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with the rest of your troop of simplicities?"

Don Quixote was very attentive to this venerable man's discourse, and seeing him now silent, without any respect of the dukes, with an angry countenance he stood up and said—but his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ANSWER TO HIS REPREHENDER,
WITH OTHER SUCCESSES AS WISE AS WITTY.

DON QUIXOTE being thus upon his legs, and trembling from head to foot, like a man filled with quicksilver, with a hasty and thick voice, said, "The place and presence before whom I am, and the respect I have and always had to men of your coat, do bind and tie up the hands of my just wrath; so that as well for what I have said, as for I know all know that women and gowned men's weapons are the same, their tongues, I will enter into single combat with you with mine, though I rather expected good counsel from you than infamous revilings. Good and well-meant reprehensions require and ask other circumstances, other points; at least, your public and so bitter reprehensions have passed all limits, and your gentle ones had been better; neither was it fit that, without knowledge of the sin you reprehend, you call the sinner, without more ado, coxcomb and idiot. Well, for which of my coxcombries seen in me do you condemn and revile me, and command me home to my own house, to look to the governing of it, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have any of these? Is there no more to be done, but in a hurry to enter other men's houses, to rule their owners? Nay, one that hath been a poor pedagogue, or hath not seen more world than twenty miles about him, to meddle so roundly to give laws to

chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant? Is it happily a vain plot, or time ill spent, to range through the world, not seeking its dainties, but the bitterness of it, whereby good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If your knights, your gallants, or gentlemen should have called me coxcomb, I should have held it for an affront irreparable; but that your poor scholars account me a madman, that never trod the paths of knight-errantry, I care not a chip. A knight I am, a knight I'll die, if it please the Most Highest. Some go by the spacious field of proud ambition, others by the way of servile and base flattery, a third sort by deceitful hypocrisy, and few by that of true religion; but I, by my star's inclination, go in the narrow path of knight-errantry, for whose exercise I despise wealth, but not honour. I have satisfied grievances, rectified wrongs, chastised insolencies, overcome giants, trampled over spirits; I am enamoured, only because there is a necessity knights-errant should be so; and, though I be so, yet I am not of those vicious amorists, but of your chaste platonic. My intentions always aim at a good end, as to do good to all men, and hurt to none. If he that understands this, if he that performs it, that practiseth it, deserve to be called fool, let your great-nesses judge, excellent duke and duchess."

"Well, I advise you," quoth Sancho, "master mine, speak no more in your own behalf, for there is no more to be said, no more to be thought, no more persevering in the world; besides, this signior denying as he hath done that there neither is nor hath been knight-errant in the world, no marvel though he knows not what he hath said."

"Are you, trow," quoth the clergyman, "that Panza whom they say your master hath promised an island?" "Marry, am I," said he, "and I am he that deserves it

as well as any other, and I am he that keep company with good men, and thou shalt be as good as they [*He blunders out proverbs as usually to no purpose, which is Sancho's part always*]; and I am one of those that—Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed; and of those that—Lean to a good tree and it will shadow thee. I have leaned to my master, and it is many months since I have kept him company, and I am his other self. If God please, live he and I shall live; he shall not want empires to command, nor I islands to govern.”

“No, surely, friend Sancho,” straight said the duke; “for I, in Signior Don Quixote’s name, will give thee an odd one of mine, of no small worth.” “Kneel down, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “and kiss his Excellency’s foot for the favour he hath done thee.” Which Sancho did, but when the clergyman saw this he rose up wonderful angry, saying, “By my holy order, I am about to say, your Excellency is as mad as one of these sinners; and see if they must not needs be mad, when wise men canonise their madness. Your Excellency may do well to stay with them, for whilst they be here I’ll get me home and save a labour of correcting what I cannot amend.” And without any more ado, leaving the rest of his dinner, he went away, the duke and the duchess not being able to pacify him, though the duke said not much to him, as being hindered with laughter at his unseasonable choler.

When he had ended his laughter he said to Don Quixote, “Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so deeply for yourself that you left nothing unsatisfied to this your grievance, which though it seem to be one, yet is not; for, as women have not the power to wrong, neither have churchmen, as you best know.” “’Tis true,” quoth Don Quixote; “the cause is that he who

cannot be wronged can do no wrong to anybody. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves when they are offended, so they cannot suffer an affront and a grievance. There is this difference, as your Excellency best knows: the affront comes from one that may best do it and be able to make it good; the grievance may come from either party without affronting. For example: one stands carelessly in the street; some ten men come armed, and bastanadoing him, he claps hand to his sword, and doth his devoir; but the multitude of his assailants hinder him of his purpose, which is to be revenged. This man is wronged, but not affronted, and this shall be confirmed by another example. One stands with his back turned, another comes and strikes him, and when he hath done runs away; th'other follows, but overtakes him not: he that received the blow is wronged, but not affronted, because the affront ought to have been maintained. If he that struck him, though he did it basely, stand still and face his enemy, then he that was struck is wronged and affronted both together—wronged, because he was struck cowardly; affronted, because he that struck him stood still to make good what he had done. And so, according to the laws of cursed duel, I may be wronged, but not affronted; for children nor women have no apprehension, neither can they fly, nor ought to stand still. And so is it with the religious, for these kinds of people want arms offensive and defensive; so that, though they be naturally bound to defend themselves, yet they are not to offend anybody. And, though even now I said I was wronged, I say now I am not; for he that can receive no affront can give none; for which causes I have no reason to resent, nor do I, the words that that good man gave me; only I could have wished he had

stayed a little, that I might have let him see his error, in saying or thinking there have been no knights-errant in the world ; for, if Amadis had heard this, or one of those infinite numbers of his lineage, I know it had not gone well with his worship."

"I'll swear that," quoth Sancho ; "they would have given him a slash that should have cleaved him from top to foot like a pomegranate or a ripe musk-melon. They were pretty youths to suffer such jests. By my holidam, I think certainly, if Renaldos de Montalvan had heard these speeches from the poor knave, he had bunged up his mouth that he should not have spoken these three years ; ay, ay, he should have dealt with them, and see how he would have scaped their hands."

The duchess was ready to burst with laughter at Sancho, and to her mind she held him to be more conceited and madder than his master, and many at that time were of this opinion.

Finally, Don Quixote was pacified and dinner ended, and, the cloth being taken away, there came four damsels, one with a silver bason, the other with an ewer, a third with two fine white towels, the fourth with her arms tucked up to the middle, and in her white hands—for white they were—a white Naples washing-ball. She with the bason came very mannerly, and set it under Don Quixote's chin, who, very silent and wondering at that kind of ceremony, taking it to be the custom of the country to wash their faces instead of their hands, he stretched out his face as far as he could, and instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the damsel with the soap ran over his beard apace, raising white flakes of snow ; for such were those scourings, not only upon his beard, but over all the face and eyes of the obedient knight, so that he was forced to shut them.

The duke and duchess, that knew nothing of this, stood expecting what would become of this lavatory. The barber damsel, when she had soaped him well with her hand, feigned that she wanted more water, and made her with the ewer to go for it, whilst Signior Don Quixote expected ; which she did, and Don Quixote remained one of the strangest pictures to move laughter that could be imagined. All that were present, many in number, beheld him ; and as they saw him with a neck half a yard long, more than ordinary swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard full of soap, it was great marvel and much discretion they could forbear laughing. The damsels of the jest cast down their eyes, not daring to look on their lords ; whose bodies with choler and laughter even tickled again, and they knew not what to do, either to punish the boldness of the girls or reward them for the pastime they received to see Don Quixote in that manner.

Lastly, she with the ewer came, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, and straight she that had the towels wiped and dried him gently, and all four of them, at once making him a low curtsy, would have gone : but the duke, because Don Quixote should not fall into the jest, called to the damsel with the bason, saying, " Come and wash me too, and see that you have water enough." The wench, that was wily and careful, came and put the bason under the duke, as she had done to Don Quixote, and, making haste, they washed and scoured him very well, and leaving him dry and clean, making curtsies, they went away. After, it was known that the duke swore that if they had not washed him as well as Don Quixote he would punish them for their lightness, which they discreetly made amends for with soaping him.

Sancho marked all the ceremonies of the lavatory,

and said to himself, "Lord!" thought he, "if it be the custom in this country to wash the squires' beards as well as the knights' for of my soul and conscience I have need of it; and, if they would, to run over me with a razor too."

"What sayest thou to thyself, Sancho?" said the duchess. "I say, madam," quoth he, "that I have heard that in other princes' palaces they use to give water to wash men's hands when the cloth is taken away, but not lye to scour their beards; and therefore I see 'tis good to live long, to see much; although 'tis said also that he that lives long suffers much, though to suffer one of these lavatories is rather pleasure than pain." "Take no care, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "for I'll make one of my damosels wash thee, and, if need be, lay thee a-bucking." "For my beard," quoth Sancho, "I should be glad for the present; for the rest God will provide hereafter." "Look you, carver," said the duchess, "what Sancho desires, do just as he would have you." The carver answered that Signior Sancho should be punctually served; and so he went to dinner, and carried Sancho with him, the dukes and Don Quixote sitting still, and conferring in many and several affairs, but all concerning the practice of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess requested Don Quixote to delineate and describe unto her, since he seemed to have a happy memory, the beauty and feature of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for, according to fame's trumpet, she thought that she must needs be the fairest creature in the world, and also of the Mancha.

Don Quixote sighed at the duchess's command, and said, "If I could take out my heart, and lay it before your greatness's eyes upon this table in a dish, I would save my tongue a labour to tell you that which would

not be imagined, for in my heart your Excellency should see her lively depainted; but why should I be put to describe and delineate exactly, piece for piece, each several beauty of the peerless Dulcinea, a burden fitter for other backs than mine—an enterprise in which the pencils of Parrasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the tools of Lisippus, should indeed be employed to paint and carve her in tables of marble and brass, and Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise her."

"What mean you by your Demosthenian, Signior Don Quixote?" quoth the duchess. "Demosthenian rhetoric," quoth he, "is as much as to say the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero, both which were the two greatest rhetoricians in the world." "Tis true," quoth the duke, "and you showed your ignorance in asking that question; but, for all that, Sir Don Quixote might much delight us if he would paint her out, for I'll warrant, though it be but in her first draught, she will appear so well that the most fair will envy her." "I would willingly," said he, "if misfortune had not blotted out her idea, that not long since befel her, which is such that I may rather bewail it than describe her; for your greatneses shall understand that, as I went heretofore to have kissed her hands and receive her benediction, leave and license, for this my third sally, I found another manner of one than I looked for: I found her enchanted, and turned from a princess to a country-wench, from fair to foul, from an angel to a devil, from sweet to contagious, from well-spoken to rustic, from modest to skittish, from light to darkness, and finally from Dulcinea del Toboso to a peasantess of Sayago."

"Now God defend us!" quoth the duke, with a loud voice, "who is he that hath done so much hurt

to the world? Who hath taken away the beauty that cheered it, the quickness that entertained it, and the honesty that did credit it?" "Who?" said he; "who but some cursed enchanter, one of those many envious ones that persecute me—this wicked race born in the world to darken and annihilate the exploits of good men, and to give light and raise the deeds of evil? Enchanters have me persecuted; enchanters me persecute; and enchanters will me persecute, till they cast me and my lofty chivalry into the profound abyss of forgetfulness, and there they hurt and wound me where they see I have most feeling; for to take from a knight-errant his lady is to take away his eyesight, with which he sees the sun that doth lighten him and the food that doth nourish him. Oft have I said, and now I say again, that a knight-errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, like a building without cement, or a shadow without a body by which it is caused."

"There is no more to be said," quoth the duchess; "but yet, if we may give credit to the history of Don Quixote, that not long since came to light with a general applause, it is said, as I remember, that you never saw Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world; but that she is a mere fantastical creature engendered in your brain, where you have painted her with all the graces and perfections that you please."

"Here is much to be said," quoth he. "God knows if there be a Dulcinea or no in the world, whether she be fantastical or not; and these be matters whose justifying must not be so far searched into. Neither have I engendered or brought forth my lady, though I contemplate on her, as is fitting, she being a lady that hath all the parts that may make her famous thorough the whole world, as these: fair without blemish, grave

without pride, amorous but honest; thankful as courteous, courteous as well-bred, and, finally, of high descent, by reason that beauty shines and matcheth upon her noble blood in more degrees of perfection than in mean-born beauties."

"Tis true," said the duke; "but Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history where his exploits are written says, where is inferred that, though there be a Dulcinea in Toboso, or out of it, and that she be fair in the highest degree, as you describe her, yet in her highness of birth she is not equal to your Orianas, your Alastraxarias, or your Madasimas [*Names of feigned ladies in books of knighthood*], with others of this kind, of which your histories are full, as you well know."

"To this I answer you," quoth Don Quixote, "Dulcinea is virtuous, and virtue adds to lineage, and one that is mean and virtuous ought to be more esteemed than another noble and vicious; besides, Dulcinea hath one shred that may make her queen with crown and sceptre; for the merit of a fair and virtuous woman extends to do greater miracles, and, although not formally, yet virtually, she hath greater fortunes laid up for her."

"I say, Signior Don Quixote," quoth the duchess, "that in all you speak you go with your leaden plummet and, as they say, with your sounding-line in your hand, and that henceforward I will believe, and make all in my house believe, and my lord the duke too, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, and that at this day she lives, that she is fair and well-born, and deserves that such a knight as Don Quixote should serve her, which is the most I can or know how to endear her. But yet I have one scruple left, and, I know not, some kind of inkling against Sancho; the scruple is that the history says that Panza found the said Lady Dulcinea,

when he carried your epistle, winnowing a bag of wheat, and, for more assurance, that it was red wheat, a thing that makes me doubt of her high birth."

To which Don Quixote replied: "Lady mine, you shall know that all or the most part of my affairs are clean different from the ordinary course of other knights-errant, whether they be directed by the unscrutable will of the destinies or by the malice of some envious enchanter; and as it is evident that [of] all or the most of your famous knights-errant, one hath the favour not to be enchanted, another to have his flesh so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded—as the famous Roldan, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it was said that he could not be wounded but upon the sole of his left foot, and that this too must be with the point of a great pin, and with no other kind of weapon; so that when Bernardo del Carpio did kill him in Roncesvalles, seeing he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him in his arms from [the] ground and stifled him, as mindful of the death that Hercules gave Anteon, that horrid giant, that was said to be the son of the Earth;—from all this I infer that it might be I might have had some of these favours, as not to be wounded; for many times experience hath taught me that my flesh is soft and penetrable, or that I might have the power not to be enchanted; but yet I have seen myself clapped in a cage, where all the world was not able to enclose me, had it not been by virtue of enchantments; but since I was free, I shall believe that no other can hinder me; so that these enchanters, who see that upon me they cannot use their sleights, they revenge themselves upon the things I most affect, and mean to kill me by ill-entreating Dulcinea, by whom I live; and so I believe that when my squire carried my ambassage they turned her into a peasant, to be employed in so base an office

as winnowing of wheat. But I say that wheat was neither red nor wheat, but seeds of oriental pearls ; and, for proof of this, let me tell your magnitudes that, coming a while since by Toboso, I could never find Dulcinea's palace, and, Sancho my squire having seen her before in her own shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she then seemed a foul coarse country-wench, and meanly nurtured, being the very discretion of the world. And, since I am not enchanted, neither can I be in all likelihood, she is she that is enchanted, grieved, turned, chopped and changed ; and my enemies have revenged themselves on me in her, and for her I must live in perpetual sorrow till she come to her pristine being.

"All this have I spoken, that nobody may stand upon what Sancho said of that sifting and winnowing of hers ; for, since to me she was changed, no marvel though for him she was exchanged. Dulcinea is nobly born, and of the best blood in Toboso, of which I warrant she hath no small part in her ; and for her that town shall be famous in after-ages, as Troy for Helen, and Spain for Cava [*Daughter to an earl that betrayed Spain to the Moors. Vide Marian. Hist. de Reb. Hisp.*], though with more honour and reputation. On the other side, I would have your lordships know that Sancho Panza is one of the prettiest squires that ever served knight-errant ; sometimes he hath such sharp simplicities that to think whether he be fool or knave, causeth no small content. He hath malice enough to be a knave, but more ignorance to be thought a fool ; he doubts of everything, and yet believes all ; when I think sometimes he will tumble headlong to the foot, he comes out with some kind of discretion that lifts him to the clouds.

"Finally, I would not change him for any other

squire, though I might have a city to boot ; therefore I doubt whether it be good to send him to the government that your greatness hath bestowed on him, though I see in him a certain fitness for this you call governing ; for, trimming his understanding but a very little, he would proceed with his government as well as the king with his customs : besides, we know by experience that a governor needs not much learning or other abilities, for you have a hundred that scarce can read a word, and yet they govern like jer-falcons ; the business is that their meaning be good, and to hit the matter aright they undertake, for they shall not want counsellors to teach them what they shall do, as your governors that be swordmen and not scholars, that have their assistants to direct them. My counsel should be to him that neither bribe he take nor his due forsake, and some other such toys as these that I have within me, and shall be declared at fit time to Sancho's profit, and the island's which he shall govern."

To this point of their discourse came the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote, when straight they heard a great noise of people in the palace, and Sancho came into the hall unlooked for, in a maze, with a strainer instead of a bib, and after him many lads or, to say better, scullions of the kitchen, and other inferior people ; and one came with a little kneading-tub of water, that seemed, by the colour and sluttishness, to be dish-water, who followed and persecuted Sancho, and sought by all means to join the vessel to his chin, and another would have washed him.

"What's the matter, ho?" quoth the duchess. "What do ye to this honest man? What, do ye not know he is governor elect?" To which the barber-scullion replied, "This gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed according to the custom, as my lord the

duke and his master were." "Yes, marry, will I," said Sancho, in a great huff; "but I would have cleaner towels and clearer suds, and not so sluttish hands; for there is no such difference between my master and me, that they should wash him with rose-water and me with the devil's lye. The customs of great men's palaces are so much better by how little trouble they cause; but your lavatory custom here is worse than penitentiaries. My beard is clean, and I need no such refreshing; and he that comes to wash me, or touch a hair of my head—of my beard, I say, sir-reverence of the company—I'll give him such a box that I'll set my fist in his skull; for these kind of ceremonies and soap-layings are rather flouts than entertainers of guests."

The duchess was ready to die with laughter, to see Sancho's choler and to hear his reasons; but Don Quixote was not very well pleased to see him so ill dressed with his jaspered towel, and hemmed in by so many of the kitchen pensioners; so making a low leg to the dukes, as if he intended to speak, with a grave voice he spoke to the scoundrels: "Hark ye, gentlemen, pray let the youth alone, and get you gone as you came, if you please; for my squire is as cleanly as another, and these troughs are as strait and close for him as your little red clay drinking-cups. Take my counsel and leave him, for neither he nor I can abide jests."

Sancho caught his words out of his mouth, and went on, saying, "No, let 'em come to make sport with the setting-dog and I'll let 'em alone, as sure as it is now night; let 'em bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry my beard, and if they find anything foul in it let 'em shear me to fitters."

"Then," quoth the duchess, unable to leave laughing, "Sancho says well; he is clean, as he says, and needs no washing; and, if our custom please him not, let him

take his choice. Besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been very slack and careless—I know not whether I may say presumptuous—to bring to such a personage and such a beard, instead of a bason and ewer of pure gold and diaper towels, your kneading-troughs and dish-clouts; but you are unmannerly rascals, and, like wicked wretches, must needs show the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant.”

The rascal regiment, together with the carver that came with them, thought verily the duchess was in earnest; so they took the sieve-cloth from Sancho's neck, and even ashamed went their ways and left him, who, seeing himself out of that, as he thought, great danger, kneeled before the duchess, saying, “From great ladies great favours are still expected: this that your worship hath now done me cannot be recompensed with less than to desire to see myself an armed knight-errant, to employ myself all days of my life in the service of so high a lady. I am a poor husbandman; my name is Sancho Panza; children I have, and serve as a squire; if in any of these I may serve your greatness, I will be swifter in obeying than your ladyship in commanding.”

“’Tis well seen, Sancho,” quoth the duchess, “that you have learnt to be courteous in the very school of courtesy; I mean, it seems well that you have been nursed at Don Quixote's breast, who is the cream of compliment and the flower of ceremonies. Well fare such a master and such a servant! the one for north-star of knight-errantry, the other for the star of squire-like fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, for I will repay your courtesy, in making my lord the duke, as soon as he can, perform the promise he hath made you, of being governor of the island.”

With this their discourse ceased, and Don Quixote

went to his afternoon's sleep, and the duchess desired Sancho that, if he were not very sleepy, he would pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a cool room. Sancho answered that, though true it were that he was used in the afternoons to take a some five hours' nap, yet to do her goodness service he would do what he could not to take any that day, and would obey her command ; so he parted.

The duke gave fresh order for Don Quixote's usage to be like a knight-errant, without differing a jot from the ancient style of those knights.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE WHOLESOME DISCOURSE THAT PASSED
BETWIXT THE DUCHESS AND HER DAMSELS,
WITH SANCHE PANZA, WORTHY TO BE READ
AND NOTED.

WELL, the story tells us that Sancho slept not that day, but according to his promise came when he had dined to see the duchess, who, for the delight she received to hear him, made him sit down by her in a low chair, though Sancho, out of pure mannerliness, would not sit; but the duchess bade him sit as he was governor, and speak as he was squire, though in both respects he deserved the very seat of Cid Ruydiaz the champion.

Sancho shrunk up his shoulders [*The Spaniards' lousy humility*], obeyed, and sat down, and all the duchess's waiting-women and damsels stood round about her, attending with great silence to Sancho's discourse; but the duchess spake first, saying: "Now that we are all alone, and that nobody hears us, I would signior governor would resolve me of certain doubts I have, arising from the printed history of the grand Don Quixote, one of which is that, since honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I say the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—neither carried her Don Quixote's letter (for it remained in the note-book in Sierra Morena), how he durst feign the answer, and that he found her sifting of wheat, this being a mock and a lie, and so prejudicial to the Lady Dulcinea's reputation,

and so unbefitting the condition and fidelity of a faithful squire."

Here Sancho rose without answering a word, and softly crooking his body, and with his finger upon his lips, he went up and down the room, lifting up the hangings, which done, he came and sat down again, and said, "Now I see, madam, that nobody lies in wait to hear us, besides the bystanders, I will answer you, without fear or fright, all that you have asked, and all that you will ask me. And first of all I say that I hold my master Don Quixote for an incurable madman, though sometimes he speaks things that in my opinion, and so in all theirs that hear him, are so discreet, and carried in so even a track, that the devil himself cannot speak better; but truly and without scruple I take him to be a very frantic; for so I have it in my mazzard, I dare make him believe that that hath neither head nor foot, as was the answer of that letter, and another thing that happened some eight days ago, which is not yet in print, to wit, the enchantment of my Lady Dulcinea; for I made him believe she is enchanted, it being as true as the moon is made of green cheese."

The duchess desired him to tell her that enchantment and conceit, which he did just as it passed, at which the hearers were not a little delighted. And, prosecuting her discourse, the duchess said, "I have one scruple leaps in my mind, touching what Sancho hath told me, and a certain buzz coming to mine ears that tells me, if Don Quixote de la Mancha be such a shallow madman and widgeon, and Sancho Panza his squire know it, yet why, for all that, he serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises; doubtless he is as very a madman and blockhead as his master, which being so as it is, it will be very unfitting for my lord the duke

to give Sancho an island to govern, for he that cannot govern himself will ill govern others."

"By'r Lady," quoth Sancho, "that scruple comes in pudding-time: but bid your buzz speak plain, or how he will, for I know he says true; and if I had been wise I might long since have left my master; but 'twas my luck, and this vile errantry; I cannot do withal, I must follow him, we are both of one place, I have eaten his bread, I love him well, he is thankful, he gave me the ass-colts, and, above all, I am faithful, and it is impossible any chance should part us but death. And if your altitude will not bestow the government on me, with less was I born, and perhaps the missing it might be better for my conscience; for, though I be a fool, yet I understand the proverb that says the ant had wings to do her hurt, and it may be Sancho the squire may sooner go to heaven than Sancho the governor. Here is as good bread made as in France; and in the night Joan is as good as my lady; and unhappy is that man that is to break his fast at two of the clock in the afternoon; and there's no heart a handful bigger than another; and the stomach is filled with the coarsest victuals; and the little fowls in the air have God for their provider and cater; and four yards of coarse Cuenca cloth keep a man as warm as four of fine Lemster wool of Segovia [*Their Lemster breed came first out of England*]; and when we once leave this world, and are put into the earth, the prince goes in as narrow a path as the journeyman; and the pope's body takes up no more room than a sexton's, though the one be higher than the other; for when we come to the pit all are even, or made so in spite of their teeths and—and good-night. Let me say again, if your ladyship will not give me the island as I am a fool, I'll refuse it for being a wise man; for I have heard say,

the nearer the church the further from God ; and all is not gold that glistreth ; and that from the oxen, plough, and yokes, the husbandman Bamba was chosen for King of Spain ; and that Rodrigo, from his tissues, sports, and riches, was cast out to be eaten by snakes, if we may believe the rimes of the old romaunts, that lie not."

"Why, no more they do not," said Donna Rodriguez, the waiting-woman, that was one of the auditors, "for you have one romaunt that says that Don Rodrigo was put alive into a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and some two days after, from within the tomb, he cried with a low and pitiful voice, 'Now they eat, now they eat me in the place where I sinned most'; and, according to this, this man hath reason to say he had rather be a labourer than a king, to be eaten to death with vermin."

The duchess could not forbear laughing, to see the simplicity of her woman, nor to admire to hear Sancho's proverbial reasons, to whom she said, "Honest Sancho knows that when a gentleman once makes a promise he will perform it, though it cost him his life. My lord and husband the duke, though he be no errant, yet he is a knight, and so he will accomplish his promise of the island, in spite of envy or the world's malice. Be of good cheer, Sancho ; for when thou least dreamest of it thou shalt be seated in the chair of thy island, and of estate, and shalt clasp thy government in thy robes of tissue. All that I charge thee is that you look to the governing your vassals, for you must know they are all well-born and loyal."

"For governing," quoth Sancho, "there's no charging me ; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poor, and of him that does well they will not speak ill, and, by my holidam, they shall play me no

false play. I am an old dog, and understand all their 'Hist! hist!' and I can snuff myself when I see time, and I will let no cobwebs fall in my eyes, for I know where my shoe wrings me; this I say because honest men shall have hand and heart, but wicked men neither foot nor fellowship. And methinks, for matter of government, there is no more but to begin, and in fifteen days governor I could manage the place, and know as well to govern as to labour in which I was bred."

"You have reason, Sancho," quoth the duchess; "for no man is born wise, and bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But, turning to our discourse that we had touching the Lady Dulcinea's enchantment, I am more than assured that that imagination that Sancho had to put a trick upon his master, and to make him think the country-wench was Dulcinea, that, if his master knew her not, all was invented by some of those enchanters that persecute Signior Don Quixote; for I know partly that that country-wench that leaped upon the ass-colt was and is Dulcinea, and Sancho, thinking to be the deceiver, is himself deceived; and there is no more to be doubted in this than in things that we never saw. And know, Sancho, that here we have our enchanters too, that love [us], and tell us plainly and truly what passed in the world, without tricks or devices; and believe me, Sancho, that leaping wench was and is Dulcinea, who is enchanted as the mother that brought her forth, and, when we least think of it, we shall see her in her proper shape, and then Sancho will think he was deceived."

"All this may be," quoth Sancho, "and now will I believe all that my master told me of Montesinos' Cave, where he said he saw our mistress Dulcinea, in the same apparel and habit that I said I had seen her in,

when I enchanted her at my pleasure ; and it may be, madam, all is contrary, as you say ; for, from my rude wit, it could not be presumed that I should in an instant make such a witty lie ; neither do I believe that my master is so mad that with so poor and weak a persuasion as mine he should believe a thing so incredible. But for all that, good lady, do not think me to be so malevolent, for such a leek as I am is not bound to bore into the thoughts and maliciousness of most wicked enchanters. I feigned that to scape from my master's threats, and not with any purpose to hurt him ; and, if it fell out otherwise, God is above that judgeth all hearts."

"'Tis true," said the duchess ; "but tell me, Sancho, what is that you said of Montesinos' Cave ? I should be glad to hear it." Then Sancho began to tell, word for word, all that passed in that adventure, which when the duchess heard, she said, "Out of this success may be inferred that, since the grand Don Quixote says that he saw there the same labouring wench that Sancho saw at their coming from Toboso, without doubt it is Dulcinea, and that in this the enchanters here are very listening and wary."

"This I said," quoth Sancho, "that, if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, at her peril be it, for I'll have nothing to do with my master's enemies, who are many, and bad ones. True it is, that she that I saw was a country-wench, and so I held her, and so I judged her to be ; and if that were Dulcinea I'll not meddle with her, neither shall the blowze pass upon my account. Ay, ay, let's have giving and taking every foot : Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho turned, Sancho returned, as if Sancho were a dish-clout, and not the same Sancho Panza that is now in print all the world over, as Samson Carrasco told me, who

at least is one that is bachelorised in Salamanca ; and such men cannot lie, but when they list, or that it much concerns them ; so there is no reason any man should deal with me, since I have a good report, and, as I have heard my master say, better have an honest name than much wealth. Let 'em join me to this government and they shall see wonders ; for he that hath been a good squire will easily be a good governor."

"Whatsoever Sancho hitherto hath said," quoth the duchess, "is Catonian sentences, or at least taken out of the very entrails of Michael Verinus, '*florentibus occidit annis.*' Well, well, to speak as thou dost, a bad cloak often hides a good drinker." "Truly, madam," said Sancho, "I never drunk excessively in my life ; to quench my thirst sometimes I have, for I am no hypocrite. I drink when I am dry, and when I am urged too ; for I love not to be nice or unmannerly ; for what heart of marble is there, that will not pledge a friend's carouse ? But, though I take my cup, I go not away drunk ; besides, your knight-errants' squires ordinarily drink water, for they always travel by forests, woods, meadows, mountains, craggy rocks, and meet not with a pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it." "I believe it," said the duchess ; "and now, Sancho, thou mayst repose thyself, and after we will talk at large, and give order how thou mayst be joined, as thou sayest, to the government."

Sancho again gave the duchess thanks, but desired her she would do him the kindness that his Dapple might be well looked to. "What Dapple ?" quoth she. "My ass," said Sancho ; "for, not to call him so, I say my Dapple ; and when I came into the castle I desired this waiting-woman to have a care on him, and she grew so loud with me as if I called her ugly or old ; for I held it fitter for them to provender asses than to

authorise rooms. Lord God ! a gentleman of my town could not endure these waiting-women." "Some peasant," quoth Donna Rodriguez, the waiting-woman ; "for, if he had been a gentleman and well-bred, he would have extolled them above the moon."

"Go to, no more," quoth the duchess ; "peace, Rodriguez, and be quiet, Sancho, and let me alone to see that Sancho's ass be made much of ; for, being Sancho's household-stuff, I will hold him on the apples of mine eyes." "Let him be in the stable," quoth Sancho ; "for neither he nor I am worthy to be so much as a minute upon those apples of your greatness's eyes ; and I had as lief stab myself as consent to that ; for, although my master says that in courtesies one should rather lose by a card too much than too little, yet in these ass-like courtesies, and in your apples, it is fit to be wary and proceed with discretion." "Carry him, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "to thy government ; for there thou mayst cherish him at thy pleasure, and manumit him from his labour." "Do not think you have spoken jestingly, lady duchess," quoth Sancho ; "for I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and 'twould be no novelty for me to carry mine."

Sancho's discourse renewed in the duchess more laughter and content ; and, sending him to repose, she went to tell the duke all that had passed between them, and both of them plotted and gave order to put a jest upon Don Quixote that might be a famous one, and suiting to his knightly style, in which kind they played many pranks with him, so proper and handsome that they are the best contained amongst all the adventures of this grand history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW NOTICE IS GIVEN FOR THE DISENCHANTING OF THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURES IN ALL THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the pleasure the duke and duchess received with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza's conversation ; and they resolved to play some tricks with them, that might carry some twilights and appearances of adventures. They took for a motive that which Don Quixote had told unto them of Montesinos' Cave, because they would have it a famous one ; but that which the duchess most admired at was that Sancho's simplicity should be so great that he should believe for an infallible truth that Dulcinea was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and the impostor of that business. So, giving order to their servants for all they would have done, some week after they carried Don Quixote to a boar-hunting, with such a troop of woodmen and hunters as if the duke had been a crowned king. They gave Don Quixote a hunter's suit, and to Sancho one of finest green cloth ; but Don Quixote would not put on his, saying that shortly he must return again to the hard exercise of arms, and that therefore he could carry no wardrobes or sumpters. But Sancho took his, meaning to sell it with the first occasion offered.

The wished-for day being come, Don Quixote armed

himself, and Sancho clad himself, and upon his Dapple—for he would not leave him, though they had given him a horse—thrust himself amongst the troop of the woodmen. The duchess was bravely attired, and Don Quixote out of pure courtesy and manners took the reins of her palfrey, though the duke would not consent. At last they came to a wood that was between two high mountains, where taking their stands, their lanes and paths, and the hunters divided into several stands, the chase began with great noise, hooting and hollowing, so that one could scarce hear another, as well for the cry of the dogs as for the sound of the horns.

The duchess alighted, and, with a sharp javelin in her hand, she took a stand by which she knew some wild boars were used to pass. The duke also alighted, and Don Quixote, and stood by her. Sancho stayed behind them all, but stirred not from Dapple, whom he durst not leave, lest some ill chance should befall him. And they had scarce lighted, and set themselves in order with some servants, when they saw there came a huge boar by them baited with the dogs, and followed by the hunters, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth; and Don Quixote, seeing him, buckling his shield to him and laying hand on his sword, went forward to encounter him; the like did the duke with his javelin; but the duchess would have been foremost of all, if the duke had not stopped her. Only Sancho, when he saw the valiant beast, left Dapple, and began to scud as fast as he could; and striving to get up into a high oak, it was not possible for him, but being even in the midst of it, fastened to a bough, and striving to get to the top, he was so unlucky and unfortunate that the bough broke, and, as he was tumbling to the ground, he hung in the air fastened to a snag of the oak, unable to come to the ground; and

seeing himself in that perplexity, and that his green coat was torn, and thinking that if that wild beast should come thither he might lay hold on him, he began to cry out and call for help so outrageously that all that heard him, and saw him not, thought verily some wild beast was devouring him.

Finally, the tusky boar was laid along, with many javelins' points, and Don Quixote turning aside to Sancho's noise, that knew him by his note, he saw him hanging on the oak and his head downward, and Dapple close by him, that never left him in all his calamity; and Cid Hamet says that he seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the love and friendship betwixt the couple. Don Quixote went and unhung Sancho, who, seeing himself free and on the ground, beheld the torn place of his hunting-suit, and it grieved him to the soul, for he thought he had of that suit at least an inheritance.

And now they laid the boar athwart upon a great mule, and, covering him with rosemary-bushes and myrtle boughs, he was carried in sign of their victorious spoils to a great field-tent that was set up in the midst of the wood, where the tables were set in order, and a dinner made ready, so plentiful and well dressed that it well showed the bounty and magnificence of him that gave it.

Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said, "If this had been hunting of the hare, my coat had not seen itself in this extremity. I know not what pleasure there can be in looking for a beast, that if he reach you with a tusk, he may kill you. I have often heard an old song that says :

'Of the bears mayst thou be eat,
As was Favila the Great.'

"He was a Gothish king," quoth Don Quixote, "that, going a-hunting in the mountains, a bear eat him."

"This I say," said Sancho, "I would not that kings and princes should thrust themselves into such dangers, to enjoy their pleasure ; for what pleasure can there be to kill a beast that hath committed no fault ?"

"You are in the wrong, Sancho," quoth the duke ; "for the exercise of beast-hunting is the necessariest for kings and princes that can be. The chase is a show of war, where there be stratagems, crafts, deceits to overcome the enemy at pleasure ; in it you have sufferings of cold and intolerable heats, sleep and idleness are banished, the powers are corroborated, the members agilitated. In conclusion, 'tis an exercise that may be used without prejudice to anybody, and to the pleasure of everybody, and the best of it is that it is not common, as other kinds of sports are, except flying at the fowl, only fit for kings and princes. Therefore, Sancho, change thy opinion, and when thou art a governor follow the chase, and thou shalt be a hundred times the better."

"Not so," quoth Sancho ; "'tis better for your governor to have his legs broken and be at home. 'Twere very good that poor suitors should come and seek him, and he should be taking his pleasure in the woods ; 'twould be a sweet government, i' faith. Good faith, sir, the chase and pastimes are rather for idle companions than governors. My sport shall be vyed trump at Christmas, and at skittle-pins Sundays and holidays ; for your hunting is not for my condition, neither doth it agree with my conscience."

"Pray God, Sancho, it be so," quoth the duke ; "for to do and to say go a several way." "Let it be how 'twill," said Sancho ; "for a good paymaster needs no pledge, and God's help is better than early rising ; and the belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly. I mean that, if God help me, and I do honestly what I

ought, without doubt I shall govern as well as a jerr-falcon. Ay, ay, put your finger in my mouth, and see if I bite or no."

"A mischief on thee, cursed Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and when shall we hear thee, as I have often told thee, speak a wise speech, without a proverb? My lords, I beseech you leave this dunce; for he will grind your very souls, not with his two, but his two thousand proverbs, so seasonable as such be his health or mine if I hearken to them."

"Sancho's proverbs," quoth the duchess, "although they be more than Mallaria's, yet they are not less to be esteemed than his, for their sententious brevity. For my part, they more delight me than others that be far better and more fitting."

With these and such-like savoury discourses they went out of the tent to the wood, to seek some more sport; and the day was soon past, and the night came on, and not so light and calm as the time of the year required, it being about midsummer: but a certain dismalness it had, agreeing much with the dukes' intention. And so as it grew to be quite dark it seemed that upon a sudden all the wood was on fire, through every part of it; and there were heard here and there, this way and that way, an infinite company of cornets and other warlike instruments, and many troops of horse that passed through the wood; the light of the fire and the sound of the warlike instruments did as it were blind and stunned the eyes and ears of the bystanders and of all those that were in the wood. Straight they heard a company of Moorish cries [*Le-li-lies, like the cries of the wild Irish*], such as they use when they join battle; drums and trumpets sounded, and fifes, all, as it were, in an instant, and so fast that he that had had his senses might

have lost them, with the confused sound of these instruments.

The duke was astonished, the duchess dismayed, Don Quixote wondered, Sancho trembled ; and finally even they that knew the occasion were frightened. Their fear caused a general silence, and a post in a devil's weed passed before them, sounding, instead of a cornet, a huge hollow horn that made a hoarse and terrible noise. "Hark you, post," quoth the duke ; "what are you ? Whither go you ? And what men of war are they that cross over the wood ?" To which the post answered, with a horrible and free voice, "I am the devil ; I go to seek Don Quixote de la Mancha ; and they which come here are six troops of enchanters that bring the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso upon a triumphant chariot ; she comes here enchanted with the brave Frenchman Montesinos, to give order to Don Quixote how she may be disenchanted." "If thou wert a devil, as thou sayest," quoth the duke, "and as thy shape shows thee to be, thou wouldst have known that knight Don Quixote de la Mancha ; for he is here before thee." "In my soul and conscience," quoth the devil, "I thought not on it ; for I am so diverted with my several cogitations that I quite forgot the chief for which I came." "Certainly," said Sancho, "this devil is an honest fellow, and a good Christian ; for if he were not he would not have sworn by his soul and conscience. And now I believe that in hell you have honest men."

Straight the devil, without lighting, directing his sight toward Don Quixote, said, "The unlucky but valiant knight Montesinos sends me to thee, O Knight of the Lions—for methinks now I see thee in their paws—commanding me to tell thee from him that thou expect him here, where he will meet thee ; for he hath

with him Dulcinea del Toboso, and means to give thee instruction how thou shalt disenchant her. And now I have done my message I must away, and the devils like me be with thee; and good angels guard the rest." And this said, he winds his monstrous horn, and turned his back, and went without staying for any answer.

Each one began afresh to admire, especially Sancho and Don Quixote,—Sancho to see that, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted: Don Quixote to think whether that were true that befel him in Montesinos' Cave; and, being elevated in these dumps, the duke said to him, "Will you stay, Signior Don Quixote?" "Should I not?" quoth he. "Here will I stay courageous and undaunted, though all the devils in hell should close with me." "Well," quoth Sancho, "if I hear another devil and another horn, I'll stay in Flanders as much as here."

Now it grew darker, and they might perceive many lights up and down the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth in the sky, that seem to us to be shooting-stars; besides, there was a terrible noise heard, just like that of your creaking wheels of ox-wains, from whose piercing squeak, they say, bears and wolves do fly, if there be any the way they pass. To this tempest there was another added, that increased the rest, which was that it seemed that in all four parts of the wood there were four encounters or battles in an instant; for there was first a sound of terrible cannon-shot, and an infinite company of guns were discharged, and the voices of the combatants seemed to be heard by and by; afar off, the Moorish cries reiterated.

Lastly, the trumpets, cornets and horns, drums, cannons and guns, and, above all, the fearful noise

of the carts, all together made a most confused and horrid sound, which tried Don Quixote's uttermost courage to suffer it; but Sancho was quite gone, and fell in a swoon upon the duchess's coats, who received him and commanded they should cast cold water in his face, which done, he came to himself, just as one of the carts of those whistling wheels came to the place. Four lazy oxen drew it, covered with black cloths; at every horn they had a lighted torch tied, and on the top of the cart there was a high seat made, upon which a venerable old man sat, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached to his girdle; his garment was a long gown of black buckram: for because the cart was full of lights, all within it might very well be discerned and seen; two ugly spirits guided it, clad in the said buckram, so monstrous that Sancho, after he had seen them, winked, because he would see them no more. When the cart drew near to their standing the venerable old man rose from his seat, and, standing up, with a loud voice, said, "I am the wise Lyrgander"; and the cart passed on, he not speaking a word more.

After this, there passed another cart in the same manner, with another old man enthronised, who, making the cart stay, with a voice no less lofty than the other, said, "I am the wise Alquife, great friend to the ungrateful Urganda"; and on he went. And straight another cart came on, the same pace; but he that sat in the chief seat was no old man, as the rest, but a good robustious fellow, and ill-favoured, who, when he came near, rose up, as the rest; but, with a voice more hoarse and devilish, said, "I am Archelaus the enchanter, mortal enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and all his kindred"; and so on he passed. All three of these carts, turning a little forward, made a

stand, and the troublesome noise of their wheels ceased, and straight there was heard no noise, but a sweet and consenting sound of well-formed music, which comforted Sancho, and he held it for a good sign, and he said thus to the duchess, from whom he stirred not a foot, not a jot: "Madam, where there is music, there can be no ill." "Neither," quoth the duchess, "where there is light and brightness." To which said Sancho, "The fire gives light, and your bonfires, as we see, and perhaps might burn us; but music is always a sign of feasting and jollity." "You shall see that," quoth Don Quixote, for he heard all, and he said well, as you shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHERE ~~HE~~ PROSECUTED THE NOTICE THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD OF DISENCHANTING DULCINEA, WITH OTHER ADMIRABLE ACCIDENTS.

WHEN the delightful music was ended they might see one of those you call triumphant chariots come towards them, drawn by six dun mules, but covered with white linen, and upon each of them came a penitentiary with a torch, clothed likewise all in white. The cart was twice or thrice as big as the three former, and at the top and sides of it were twelve other penitentiaries, as white as snow, all with their torches lighted, a sight that admired and astonished jointly; and in a high throne sat a nymph, clad in a veil of cloth of silver, a world of golden spangles glimmering about her; her face was covered with a fine cloth of tiffany, for all whose wrinkles the face of a most delicate damsel was seen through it, and the many lights made them easily distinguish her beauty and years, which, in likelihood, came not to twenty, nor were under seventeen. Next her came a shape clad in a gown of those you call side-garments, down to her foot; her head was covered with a black veil; but, even as the cart came to be just over against the dukes and Don Quixote, the music of the hautboys ceased, and the harps and lutes that came in the cart began; and the gowned shape rising up, unfolding her garment on both sides, and taking her veil off from

her head, she discovered plainly the picture of raw-boned Death, at which Don Quixote was troubled, and Sancho afraid, and the dukes made show of some timorous resenting. This live Death standing up, with a drowsy voice, and a tongue not much waking, began in this manner :—

“ I Merlin am,¹ he that in histories,
They say, the devil to my father had
(A tale by age succeeding authorised),
The prince and monarch of the magic art
And register of deep astrology.
Succeeding ages, since, me emulate,
That only seek to sing and blazon forth
The rare exploits of those knights-errant brave
To whom I bore and bear a liking great.

“ And howsoever of enchanters, and
Those that are wizards and magicians be,
Hard the condition, rough and devilish is,
Yet mine is tender, soft, and amorous,
And unto all friendly, to do them good.

“ In the obscure and darkest caves of Dis,
Whereas my soul hath still been entertained
In forming circles and of characters,
I heard the lamentable note of fair
And peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.

“ I knew of her enchantment and hard hap,
Her transformation from a goodly dame
Into a rustie wench ; I sorry was,
And shutting up my spirit within this hollow,
This terrible and fierce anatomy,
When I had turned a hundred thousand books
Of this my dev’lish science and uncouth,
I come to give the remedy that’s fit
To such a grief, and to an ill so great.

¹ Verses made on purpose absurdly, as the subject required, and so translated *ad verbum*.

"O glory thou of all that do put on
Their coats of steel and hardest diamond,
Thou light, thou lanthorn, path, North-star, and guide
To those that, casting off their sluggish sleep
And feather-beds, themselves accommodate
To use the exercise of bloody arms,—
To thee, I say, O never praised enough,
Not as thou oughtst to be! O valiant!

"O jointly wise! to thee, O Don Quixote,
The Mancha's splendour and the star of Spain,
That, to recover to her first estate,
The peerless Dulcinea del Tobos,
It is convenient that Sancho thy squire,
Himself three thousand and three hundred give
Lashes upon his valiant buttocks, both
Unto the air discovered, and likewise
That they may vex and smart, and grieve him sore.
And upon this let all resolved be
That of her hard misfortunes authors were.
My masters, this my cause of coming was."

"By Gad," quoth Sancho, "I say not three thousand, but I will as soon give myself three stabs as three. The devil take this kind of disenchanting. What have my buttocks to do with enchantments? Verily, if Master Merlin have found no other means to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may go enchanted to her grave."

"Goodman-rascal," quoth Don Quixote, "you garlic stinkard, I shall take you, and bind you to a tree, as naked as your mother brought you forth, and let me not say three thousand and three hundred, but I'll give you six thousand and six hundred, so well laid on that you shall not claw them off at three thousand and three hundred plucks. And reply not a word: if thou doest, I'll tear out thy very soul."

Which when Merlin heard, quoth he, "It must

not be so, for the stripes that honest Sancho must receive must be with his good will, and not perforce, and at what time he will, for no time is prefixed him; but it is lawful for him, if he will redeem one half of this beating, he may receive it from another's hand that may lay it on well."

"No other, nor laying on," quoth Sancho; "no hand shall come near me. Am I Dulcinea del Toboso's mother, trow ye? that my buttocks should pay for the offence of her eyes? My master, indeed, he is a part of her, since every stitch-while he calls her 'my life,' 'my soul,' 'my sustenance,' 'my prop'; he may be whipped for her, and do all that is fitting for her disenchanting, but for me to whip myself I bernounce." [*Mistaken instead of "renounce," for so it goes in the Spanish.*]

Sancho scarce ended his speech when the silver nymph that came next to Merlin's ghost, taking off her thin veil, she discovered her face, which seemed unto all to be extraordinary fair, and with a manly grace and voice not very amiable, directing her speech to Sancho, she said, "O thou unhappy squire, soul of lead, and heart of cork, and entrails of flint, if thou hadst been bidden, thou face-flying thief, to cast thyself from a high tower down to the ground; if thou hadst been wished, enemy of mankind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; if thou hadst been persuaded to kill thy wife and children with some truculent and sharp scimitar, no marvel though thou shouldst show thyself nice and squeamish: but to make ado for three thousand and three hundred lashes (since the poorest school-boy that is, hath them every month) admires, astonishes, and affrights all the pitiful entrails of the auditors, and of all them that in process of time shall come

to hear of it : put, O miserable and flinty breast—put, I say, thy skittish moil's eyes upon the balls of mine, compared to shining stars, and thou shalt see them weep drop after drop, making furrows, careers, and paths upon the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and untoward monster, that my flourishing age (which is yet but in its ten and some years ; for I am nineteen, and not yet twenty) doth consume and wither under the bark of a rustic labourer ; and if now I seem not so to thee, 'tis a particular favour that Signior Merlin hath done me, who is here present, only that my beauty may make thee relent ; for the tears of an afflicted fairness turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, lash that thick flesh of thine, untamed beast, and rouse up thy courage from sloth, which makes thee only fit to eat till thou burst, and set my smooth flesh at liberty, the gentleness of my condition, and the beauty of my face ; and if for my sake thou wilt not be mollified, and reduced to some reasonable terms, yet do it for that poor knight that is by thee—for thy master, I say, whose soul I see is traversed in his throat, not ten fingers from his lips, expecting nothing but thy rigid or soft answer, either to come out of his mouth or to turn back to his stomach."

Don Quixote, hearing this, felt to his throat, and turning to the duke, said, "Before God, sir, Dulcinea hath said true ; for my soul indeed is traversed in my throat like the nock of a cross-bow." "What say you to this, Sancho?" quoth the duchess. "I say what I have said," quoth Sancho, "that the lashes I ber-nounce." "Renounce, thou wouldst say, Sancho," said the duke. "Let your greatness pardon me," said Sancho ; "I am not now to look into subtleties, nor your letters too many or too few ; for these lashes that

I must have do so trouble me that I know not what to do or say ; but I would fain know of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso where she learned this kind of begging she hath ; she comes to desire me to tear my flesh with lashes, and calls me leaden soul, and untamed beast, with a catalogue of ill names that the devil would not suffer. Does she think my flesh is made of brass ? Or will her disenchantment be worth anything to me or no ? What basket of white linen, of shirts, caps, or socks (though I wear none) doth she bring with her, to soften me with ? Only some kind of railing or other, knowing the usual proverb is, 'An ass laden with gold will go lightly uphill' ; and that gifts do enter stone walls ; and serve God and work hard ; and better a bird in the hand than two in the bush. And my master too, that should animate me to this task, and comfort me, to make me become as soft as wool, he says that he will tie me naked to a tree and double the number of my lashes ; and therefore these compassionate gentles should consider that they do not only wish a squire to whip himself, but a governor also, as if it were no more but drink to your cherries : let 'em learn, let 'em learn, with a pox, to know how to ask and to demand ; for all times are not alike, and men are not always in a good-humour : I am now ready to burst with grief to see my torn coat, and now you come to bid me whip myself willingly, I being as far from it as to turn cacique." [*Caciques are great lords amongst the West Indians.*]

"By my faith, Sancho," quoth the duke, "if you do not make yourself as soft as a ripe fig, you finger not the government. 'Twere good, indeed, that I should send a cruel flinty-hearted governor amongst my islanders, that will not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, nor to the entreaties of discreet, imperious,

ancient, wise enchanter. To conclude, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or be whipped, or not be governor."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "may I not have two days' respite to consider?" "No, by no means," quoth Merlin; "now at this instant, and in this place, this business must be despatched, or Dulcinea shall return to Montesinos' Cave, and to her pristine being of a country-wench, or as she is she shall be carried to the Elysian Fields, there to expect till the number of these lashes be fulfilled." "Go to, honest Sancho," said the duchess, "be of good cheer, show your love for your master's bread that you have eaten, to whom all of us are indebted for his pleasing condition and his high chivalry. Say ay, son, to this whipping-cheer, and hang the devil, and let fear go whistle; a good heart conquers ill fortune, as well thou knowest."

To this Sancho yielded these foolish speeches, speaking to Merlin: "Tell me, Signior Merlin," said he, "when the devil-post passed by here, and delivered his message to my master from Signior Montesinos, bidding him from him he should expect him here, because he came to give order that my Lady Dulcinea should be disenchanted,—where is he, that hitherto we have neither seen Montesinos or any such thing?"

To which said Merlin, "Friend Sancho, the devil is an ass and an arrant knave. I sent him in quest of your master, but not with any message from Montesinos, but from me, for he is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say truer, expecting his disenchantment; for yet he wants something toward it; and if he owe thee aught, or thou have anything to do with him, I'll bring him thee, and set him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yield to this disciplining, and believe me it will do thee much good, as

well for thy mind as for thy body—for thy mind, touching the charity thou shalt perform; for thy body, for I know thou art of a sanguine complexion, and it can do thee no hurt to let out some blood."

"What a company of physicians there be in the world!" said Sancho. "Even the very enchanter are physicians. Well, since everybody tells me so, that it is good—yet I cannot think so—I am content to give myself three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I may be giving of them as long as I please, and I will be out of debt as soon as 'tis possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since it appears, contrary to what I thought, that she is fair. On condition likewise that I may not draw blood with the whip, and if any lash go by, too, it shall pass for current. Item, that Signior Merlin, if I forget any part of the number (since he knows all), shall have a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed." "For your exceeding," quoth Merlin, "there needs no telling, for, coming to your just number, forthwith Dulcinea shall be disenchanted, and shall come in all thankfulness to seek Sancho, to gratify and reward him for the good deed. So you need not be scrupulous, either of your excess or defect, and God forbid I should deceive anybody in so much as a hair's-breadth."

"Well," quoth Sancho, "a God's name be it! I yield to my ill fortune, and with the aforesaid condition accept of the penitence."

Scarce had Sancho spoken these words when the waits began to play, and a world of guns were shot off, and Don Quixote hung about Sancho's neck, kissing his cheeks and forehead a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and all the bystanders, were wonderfully

delighted, and the cart began to go on, and, passing by, the fair Dulcinea inclined her head to the dukes, and made a low courtesy to Sancho. And by this the merry morn came on apace, and the flowers of the field began to bloom and rise up, and liquid crystal of the brooks, murmuring through the grey pebbles, went to give tribute to the rivers, that expected them; the sky was clear, and the air wholesome, the light perspicuous; each by itself, and all together, showed manifestly that the day, whose skirts Aurora came trampling on, should be bright and clear.

And the dukes being satisfied with the chase, and to have obtained their purpose so discreetly and happily, they returned to their castle, with an intention to second their jest; for to them there was no earnest could give more content.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OF THE STRANGE AND UNIMAGINED ADVENTURE OF
THE AFFLICTED MATRON, ALIAS THE COUNTESS
TRIFALDI, WITH A LETTER THAT SANCHO PANZA
WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE duke had a steward of a very pleasant and conceited wit, who played Merlin's part, and contrived the whole furniture for the past adventure ; he it was that made the verses, and that a page should act Dulcinea. Finally, by his lord's leave, he plotted another piece of work, the pleasantest and strangest that may be imagined.

The duchess asked Sancho the next day if he had yet begun his task of the penance, for the disenchanting of Dulcinea : he told her yes, and that as that night he had given himself five lashes. The duchess asked him, with what. He answered, with his hand. "Those," quoth the duchess, "are rather claps than lashes. I am of opinion that the sage Merlin will not accept of this softness ; 'twere fitter that Sancho took the discipline of rowels, or bullets with prickles, that may smart, for the business will be effected with blood ; and the liberty of so great a lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price. And know, Sancho, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing."

To which Sancho replied, "Give me, madam, a convenient lash of some bough, and I will lash myself, that it may not smart too much ; for let me tell your

worship this, that, though I am a clown, yet my flesh is rather cotton than mattress ; and there's no reason I should kill myself for another's good." "You say well," quoth the duchess ; "to-morrow I'll give you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh as if it were akin to them." To which quoth Sancho, "Lady of my soul, I beseech you know that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, letting her know all that hath happened to me since I parted from her ; here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription : I would your discretion would read it ; for methinks it goes fit for a governor—I mean, in the style that governors should write." And who penned it ?" said the duchess. "Who should," said he, "sinner that I am, but I myself ?" "And did you write it ?" quoth she. "Nothing less," said he ; "for I can neither write nor read, though I can set to my firm." "Let's see your letter," quoth the duchess ; "for I warrant thou showest the ability and sufficiency of thy wit in it."

Sancho drew the letter open out of his bosom ; and the duchess, taking it of him, read the contents, as followeth :—

"SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE
TERESA PANZA.

"If I were well lashed, I got well by it : if I got a government, it cost me many a good lash. This, my Teresa, at present thou understandest not, hereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, Teresa, that I am determined thou go in thy coach ; for all other kind of going is to go upon all four. Thou art now a governor's wife ; let's see if anybody will gnaw thy stumps. I have sent thee a green hunter's suit, that my lady the duchess gave me ; fit it so that it may serve

our daughter for a coat and bodies. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard say in this country, is a mad wise-man, and a conceited coxcomb ; and that I am ne'er a whit behind him. We have been in Montesinos' Cave : and the sage Merlin hath laid hands on me for the disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whom you there call Aldonsa Lorenzo. With three thousand and three hundred lashes lacking five, that I give myself, she shall be disenchanted as the mother that brought her forth : but let nobody know this ; for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others black. Within this little while I will go to my government, whither I go with a great desire to make money ; for I have been told that all your governors at the first go with the same desire. I will look into it, and send thee word whether it be fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee ; and I will not leave him, although I were to go to be Great Turk. My lady the duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times. Return her two thousand ; for there's nothing costs less, nor is better cheap, as my master tells me, than compliment. God Almighty hath not yet been pleased to bless me with a cloak-bag, and another hundred pistolets, as those you wot of : but be not grieved, my Teresa ; there's no hurt done ; all shall be recompensed when we lay the government a-bucking : only one thing troubles me ; for they tell me that after my time is expired I may die for hunger ; which if it should be true, I have paid dear for it, though your lame and maimed men get their living by begging and alms ; so that, one way or other, thou shalt be rich and happy. God make thee so, and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the twentieth of July, 1614.—The governor thy husband,

SANCHO PANZA."

When the duchess had made an end of reading the letter, she said to Sancho, "In two things the good governor is out of the way: the one in saying, or publishing, that this government hath been given him for the lashes he must give himself, he knowing, for he cannot deny it, that when my lord the duke promised it him there was no dreaming in the world of lashes; the other is that he shows himself in it very covetous, and I would not have it so prejudicial to him; for covetousness is the root of all evil, and the covetous governor does ungoverned justice." "I had no such meaning, madam," quoth Sancho; "and, if your worship think the letter be not written as it should be, let it be torn and we'll have a new, and perhaps it may be worse, if it be left to my noddle." "No, no," quoth the duchess; "'tis well enough, and I'll have the duke see it."

So they went to a garden where they were to dine that day. The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, which gave him great content. They dined, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertained themselves a pretty while with Sancho's savoury conversation, upon a sudden they heard a doleful sound of a flute, and of a hoarse and untuned drum. All of them were in some amazement at this confused, martial, and sad harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so troubled he could not sit still in his seat; for Sancho, there is no more to be said but that fear carried him to his accustomed refuge, which was the duchess's side or her lap; for, in good earnest, the sound they heard was most sad and melancholy. And, all of them being in this maze, they might see two men come in before them into the garden, clad in mourning weeds, so long that they dragged on the ground; these came beating of two drums, covered

likewise with black ; with them came the fife, black and besmeared as well as the rest. After these there followed a personage of a giantly body, bemantled, and not clad, in a coal-black cassock, whose skirt was extraordinary long ; his cassock likewise was girt with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar, with hilts and scabbard ; upon his face he wore a transparent black veil, through which they might see a huge long beard as white as snow. His pace was very grave and staid, according to the sound of the drum and fife. To conclude, his hugeness, his motion, his blackness, and his consorts, might have held all that knew him not, and looked on him, in suspense.

Thus he came with the state and prosopopeia afore-said, and kneeled before the duke, who, with the rest that stood up there, awaited his coming : but the duke would not by any means hear him speak till he rose, which the prodigious scarecrow did ; and, standing up, he plucked his mask from off his face, and showed the most horrid, long, white, and thick beard that e'er till then human eyes beheld ; and straight he let loose and roared out from his broad and spreading breast a majestic loud voice, and, casting his eyes toward the duke, thus said :

“ High and mighty sir, I am called Trifaldin with the White Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring an ambassage to your greatness, which is that your magnificence be pleased to give her leave and licence to enter and relate her griefs, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled thoughts in the world could think. But, first of all, she would know whether the valorous and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha be in your castle, in

whose search she comes afoot and hungry from the kingdom of Candaya, even to this your dukedom—a thing miraculous, or by way of enchantment : she is at your fortress gate, and only expects your permission to come in."

Thus he spoke, and forthwith coughed and wiped his beard from the top to the bottom with both his hands, and with a long pause attended the duke's answer, which was : "Honest squire Trifaldin with the White Beard, long since the misfortune of the Countess Trifaldi hath come to our notice, whom enchanterers have caused to be styled the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendious squire, she may come in, and that here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous condition she may safely promise herself all aid and assistance ; and you may also tell her from me that, if she need my favour, she shall not want it, since I am obliged to it by being a knight, to whom the favouring of all sorts of her sex is pertained and annexed, especially matron-widows ruined and afflicted, as her ladyship is." Which when Trifaldin heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and making signs to the drum and fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they entered, he returned back out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

And the duke, turning to Don Quixote, said, "In fine, sir knight, neither the clouds of malice or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say because it is scarce six days since that your bounty [*A forced word put in, in mockery purposely*] hath been in this my castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts on foot, and not in caroches and on dromedaries, to seek you, confident that in this most strenuous arm they shall find the

remedy for their griefs and labours, thanks be to your brave exploits, that run over and compass the whole world."

"Now would I, my lord," quoth Don Quixote, "that that same blessed clergyman were present who the other day at table seemed to be so distasted, and to bear such a grudge against knights-errant, that he might see with his eyes whether those knights are necessary to the world; he might feel too with his hands that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortless, and great affairs and enormous mishaps, go not to seek redress to book-men's houses, or to some poor country sextons, nor to your gentleman that never stirred from home, nor to the lazy courtier that rather hearkens after news which he may report again, than procures to perform deeds and exploits that others may relate and write. The redress of griefs, the succouring of necessities, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows is had from no sort of persons so well as from knights errant; and that I am one I give Heaven infinite thanks, and I think my disgrace well earned that I may receive in this noble calling. Let this matron come and demand what she will; for I will give her redress with this my strong arm and undaunted resolution of my courageous spirit."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OF THE PROSECUTION OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF
THE AFFLICTED MATRON.

THE duke and duchess were extremely glad to see how well Don Quixote satisfied their intentions ; and then Sancho said, "I should be loth this mistress matron should lay any stumbling-block in the promise of my government ; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary say (and he spoke like a bullfinch) that where these kind of women were intermeddling there could no good follow. [*Duennas: here Sancho takes duenna in the former sense for an old waiting-woman.*] Lord ! what an enemy that apothecary was to them ! for since all your matrons, of what condition or quality soever they be, are irksome and foolish, what kind of ones shall your Afflicted be ? as this Countess Three Skirts, or Three Tails ; for tails and skirts, all is one." [*Alluding to the name "Trifaldi," as if she had been called "tres faldas," which signifies three skirts ; and this was his mistake.*]

"Peace, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote ; "for, since this matron-lady comes from so remote parts to seek me, she is none of those that the apothecary hath in his bead-roll. Besides, this is a countess ; and, when your countesses are waiting-women, 'tis either to queens or empresses, who in their houses are most absolute, and are served by other waiting-women." To this quoth Donna Rodriguez, that was present, "My lady the duchess hath women in her service that might

have been countesses, if fortune had been pleased : but the weakest go to the walls, and let no man speak ill of waiting-women, and especially of ancient maids ; for, although I am none, yet I well and clearly perceive the advantage that your maiden waiting-women have over widow-women, and one pair of shears went between us both."

"For all that," quoth Sancho, "there is so much to be sheared in your waiting-women, according to mine apothecary, that 'the more you stir this business the more it will stink.'" "Always these squires," quoth Donna Rodriguez, "are malicious against us ; for, as they are fairies that haunt the out-rooms, and every foot spy us, the times that they are not at their devotions (which are many) they spend in backbiting us, un digging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these moving blocks that, in spite of them, we will live in the world and in houses of good fashion, though we starve for it, or cover our delicate or not delicate flesh with a black monk's weed, as if we were old walls covered with tapestry, at the passing of a procession. I' faith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present know that there is no virtue but is contained in a waiting-woman." "I believe," said the duchess, "my honest Donna Rodriguez is in the right ; but she must stay for a fit time to answer for herself and the rest of waiting-women, to confound the apothecary's ill opinion, and to root it out altogether from Sancho's breast." To which quoth Sancho, "Since the governorship smokes in my head, all squirely fumes are gone out, and I care not a wild fig for all your waiting-women."

Forward they had gone with this waiting-woman discourse, had they not heard the drum and fife play,

whereby they knew that the Afflicted Matron was entering. The duchess asked the duke if they should meet her, since she was a countess and noble personage. "For her countship," quoth Sancho, before the duke could answer, "I like it that your greatness meet her; but, for her matronship, that ye stir not a foot." "Who bids thee meddle with that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Who, sir?" said he: "I myself, that may meddle, that, as a squire, have learned the terms of courtesy in your worship's school, that is the most courteous and best-bred knight in all courtship; and, as I have heard you say in these things, 'Better play a card too much than too little,' and 'Good wits will soon meet.'" "'Tis true as Sancho says," quoth the duke; "we will see what kind of countess she is, and by that guess what courtesy is due to her."

By this the drum and fife came in, as formerly; and here the author ended this brief chapter, beginning another, which continues the same adventure, one of the notablest of all the history.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE AFFLICTED MATRON RECOUNTS HER ILL ERRANDRY.

AFTER the music there entered in at the garden about some twelve matron-waiters, divided into two ranks, all clad in large monks' weeds, to see to of fulled serge, with white stoles of thin calico, so long that they only showed the edge of their black weeds. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, whom Trifaldin with the White Beard led by the hand, clad all in finest unnapped baize; for, had it been napped, every grain of it would have been as big as your biggest pease. Her tail or her train—call it whether you will—had three corners, which was borne by three pages, clad likewise in mourning. Thus making a sightly and mathematical show with those three sharp corners, which the pointed skirt made, for which belike she was called the Countess Trifaldi [*The word in Spanish importing so*], as if we should say the Countess of the Three Trains—and Benengeli says it was true, and that her right name was the Countess Lobuna, because there were many wolves bred in her country; and if they had been foxes, as they were wolves, they would have called her the Countess Zorruna [*Zorra, in Spanish, a fox*], by reason that in those parts it was the custom that great ones took their appellations from the thing or things that did most abound in their states;—but this countess, taken with the strangeness of the three-fold train, left her name of Lobuna, and took that of Trifaldi.

The twelve waiters and their lady came a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent, as was Trifaldin's, but so close that nothing was seen through. Just as the matronly squadron came in, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, and all that beheld the large procession. The twelve made a stand and a lane, through the midst of which the Afflicted came forward, Trifaldin still leading her by the hand, which the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they advanced some dozen paces to meet her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather coarse and hoarse than fine and clear, said, "May it please your greatneses to spare this courtesy to your servant; I say, to me your servant, for as I am the Afflicted I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath transported my understanding I know not whither, and sure 'tis far off, since the more I seek it the less I find it." "He should want it, lady," quoth the duke, "that by your person could not judge of your worth, the which, without any more looking into, deserves the cream of courtesy, and the flower of all mannerly ceremonies." So, taking her up by the hand, he led her to sit down in a chair by the duchess, who welcomed her also with much courtesy.

Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho longed to see the Trifaldi's face, and some of her waiting-women: but there was no possibility, till they of their own accords would show them; so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first break silence, which was done by the Afflicted Matron, with these words: "Confident I am, most powerful sir, most beautiful lady, and most discreet auditors, that my most miserableness [*A fustian speech on purpose and so con-*

tinued] shall find in your most valorous breasts shelter, no less pleasing than generous and compassionate; for it is such as is able to make marble relent, to soften the diamonds and to mollify the steel of the hardest hearts in the world; but, before it come into the market-place of your hearing (I will not say your ears) I should be glad to know if the most purifiediferous Don Quixote of the Manchissima, and his squiriferous Panza, be in this lap, this quire, this company."

"Panza is here," quoth Sancho, before anybody else could answer, "and Don Quixotissimo too; therefore, most Afflictedissimous Matronissima, speak what you willissimus [*Sancho strives to answer in the same key*], for we are all ready and most forward to be your servitorissimus."

Then Don Quixote rose up, and directed his speech to the Afflicted Matron, and said, "If your troubles, straitened lady, may promise you any hope of remedy by the valour and force of any knight-errant, behold here are my poor and weak arms, that shall be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function is to succour the needy, which being so as it is, you need not, lady, to use any rhetoric or to seek any preambles; but plainly and without circumstances tell your griefs; for they shall be heard by those that, if they cannot redress them, yet they will commiserate them."

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, she seemed to fall at Don Quixote's feet, and cast herself down, striving to embrace them, and said, "Before these feet and legs I cast myself, O invincible knight! since they are the basis and columns of knight-errantry; these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. O valorous errant, whose valorous exploits do obscure and darken

the fabulous ones of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises!" And, leaving Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho Panza, and, gripping his hands, said, "O thou the loyallest squire that ever served knight-errant in past or present times! longer in goodness than my usher Trifaldin's beard! well mayst thou vaunt that in serving Don Quixote thou servest in cipher the whole troop of knights that have worn arms in the world—I conjure thee, by thy most loyal goodness, that thou be a good intercessor with thy master, that he may eftsoons favour this most humble most unfortunate countess."

To which said Sancho, "That my goodness, lady, be as long as your squire's beard, I do not much stand upon; the business is, bearded or with mustachoes, let me have my soul go to heaven when I die, for for beards here I care little or nothing. But, without these clawings or entreaties, I will desire my master (for I know he loves me well, and the rather because now in a certain business he hath need of me) that he favour and help your worship as much as he may; but pray uncage your griefs, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them."

The dukes were ready to burst with laughter, as they that had taken the pulse of this adventure, and commended within themselves the wit and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, sitting her down, said:

"Of the famous kingdom of Taprobana, which is between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, some two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was queen the Lady Donna Maguncia, widow to King Archipielo, her lord and husband, in which matrimony they had the Princess Antonomasia, heir to the kingdom. The said princess was brought up and increased under my tutorage and instruction, because I was the ancientest

and chiefest matron that waited on her mother. It fell out then that, times coming and going, the child Antonomasia being about fourteen years of age, she was so fair that nature could give no further addition. Discretion itself was a snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest in the world, and is, if envious fates and inflexible destinies have not cut the thread of her life; but sure they have not, for Heaven will not permit that earth suffer such a loss as would be the lopping of a branch of the fairest vine in the world. On this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my rude tongue, a number of princes were enamoured, as well neighbours as strangers, amongst whom a private gentleman durst raise his thoughts to the heaven of that beauty, one that lived in court, confident in his youth and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let me give your greatneses to understand, if it be not tedious, he played on a gittern as if he made it speak; he was a poet and a great dancer, and could very well make birdcages, and only with this art might have gotten his living, when he had been in great necessity; so that all these parts and adornments were able to throw down a mountain, much more a delicate damsel; but all his gentry, all his graces, all his behaviour and abilities, could have little prevailed to render my child's fortress, if the cursed thief had not conquered me first. First, the cursed rascal vagamund sought to get my good will, and to bribe me, that I, ill keeper, should deliver him the keys of my fortress. To conclude, he inveigled my understanding, and obtained my consent, with some toys and trifles (I know not what) that he gave me; but that which most did prostrate me and made me fall was certain verses, that I heard him sing one night from a grated window,

toward a lane where he lay, which were, as I remember, these :—

‘An ill upon my soul doth steal
From my sweetest enemy ;
And it more tormenteth me
That I feel, yet must conceal.’

The ditty was most precious to me, and his voice as sweet as sugar, and many a time since have I thought, seeing the mishap I fell into by these and such other like verses, and have considered, that poets should be banished from all good and well-governed commonwealths, as Plato counselled,—at least lascivious poets, for they write lascivious verses ; not such as those of the Marquis of Mantua [*Old ballad verses ; the author speaks here satirically*], that delight and make women and children weep, but piercing ones, that like sharp thorns, but soft, traverse the soul, and wound it like lightning, leaving the garment sound. And again he sung :—

‘Come death, hidden, without pain
(Let me not thy coming know),
That the pleasure to die so,
Make me not to live again.’

Other kinds of songs he had, which being sung enchanted, and written suspended ; for when they deigned to make a kind of verse in Candaya then in use, called roundelays, there was your dancing of souls, and tickling with laughter and unquietness of the body ; and, finally, the quicksilver of all the senses. So, my masters, let me say, that such rithmers ought justly to be banished to the Island of Lizards ; but the fault is none of theirs, but of simple creatures that commend them, and foolish wenches that believe in

them ; and, if I had been as good a waiting-woman as I ought to have been, his over-night's conceits would not have moved me, neither should I have given credit to these kind of speeches : ' I live dying,' ' I burn in the frost,' ' I shake in the fire,' ' I hope hopeless,' ' I go and yet I stay,' with other impossibilities of this scum, of which his writings are full ; and then, your promising the phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne's crown, the locks of the sun, the pearls of the south, the gold of Tiber, and balsamum of Pancaia ; and here they are most liberal in promising that which they never think to perform. But whither, ay me unhappy ! do I divert myself ? What folly or what madness makes me recount other folk's faults, having so much to say of mine own ? Ay me again, unfortunate ! for not the verses, but my folly, vanquished me ; not his music, but my lightness, my ignorance softened me ; that and my ill foresight opened the way and made plain the path to Don Clavixo, for this is the aforesaid gentleman's name ; so that, I being the bawd, he was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but me) betrayed Antonomasia, under colour of being her lawful spouse ; for, though a sinner I am, I would not have consented that, without being her husband, he should have come to the bottom of her shoe-sole. No, no, matrimony must ever be the colour in all these businesses that shall be treated of by me. Only there was one mischief in it, that Don Clavixo was not her equal, he being but a private gentleman, and she such an inheritrix. Awhile this juggling was hid and concealed, with the sagacity of my wariness, till a kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly at last discovered it, the fear of which made us all three enter into counsel, and it was agreed that before the mishap should come to light Don Clavixo should demand Antonomasia for wife before

the vicar, by virtue of a bill of her hand, which she had given him to be so ; this was framed by my invention so forcibly, that Samson himself was not able to break it. The matter was put in practice, the vicar saw the bill, and took the lady's confession : who [having] confessed plainly, he committed her prisoner to a sergeant's house."

"Then," quoth Sancho, "have you sergeants too in Candaya, poets, and roundelays? I swear I think the world is the same everywhere. But make an end, Madam Trifaldi ; for it is late, and I long to know the end of this large story."

"I will," answered the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHERE THE TRIFALDI PROSECUTES HER STUPENDIOUS
AND MEMORABLE HISTORY.

At every word that Sancho spoke, the duchess was as well pleased as Don Quixote out of his wits ; and, commanding him to be silent, the Afflicted went on, saying, "The short and the long was this : after many givings and takings, by reason the princess stood ever stiffly to her tackling, the vicar sentenced in Don Clavixó's favour, whereat the queen Donna Maguncia, Antonomasia's mother, was so full of wrath that some three days after we buried her."

"Well, sir squire," quoth Sancho, "it hath been seen ere now that one that hath been but in a swoon hath been buried, thinking he was dead ; and methinks that Queen Maguncia might but rather have been in a swoon, for with life many things are remedied ; and the princess's error was not so great that she should so resent it. If she had married with a page or any other servant of her house, as I have heard many have done, the mischance had been irreparable ; but to marry with so worthy a gentleman, and so understanding as hath been painted out to us, truly, truly, though 'twere an oversight, yet 'twas not so great as we think for ; for according to my master's rules, here present, who will not let me lie, as scholars become bishops, so private knights, especially if they be errant, may become kings and emperors."

"Thou hast reason, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote "for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good fortune, he is 'in potentia proxima' to be the greatest sovereign of the world. But let the Afflicted proceed for to me it appears the bitterest part of her sweet history is behind."

"The bitterest, quoth you?" said she. "Indeed, is bitter that, in comparison of this, treacle and elicampane is sweet. The queen being stark dead, and not in trance, we buried her, and scarce had we covered her with earth, and took our ultimum vale, when—'Quitalia fanda temperet a lacrymis?'—the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's cousin-german, appeared before her grave upon a wooden horse, who besides his cruelty was also an enchanter, who with his art, to revenge his cousin's death, and for Don Clavix's boldness, and for despite of Antonomasia's oversight, enchanted them upon the same tomb, turning her into a brazen ape and him into a fearful crocodile of unknown metal, and betwixt them both is likewise set a register of metal, written in the Syriac tongue, which being translated into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contains this sentence:—

"These two bold lovers shall not recover their natural form till the valiant Manchegan come to single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure only for his great valour."

"This done, he unsheathed a broad and unwieldy scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of the head, he made as if he would have cut my throat, or sheared off my neck at a blow. I was amazed, my voice cleaved to the roof of my mouth; I was troubled extremely: but I enforced myself as well as I could, and, with a dolorous and trembling voice, I told him such and so many things as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous

punishment. Finally, he made all the waiting-women of the court be brought before him, which are here present now also, and after he had exaggerated our faults, and reviled the conditions of waiting-women, their wicked wiles and worse sleights, and laying my fault upon them all, he said he would not capitally punish us, but with other dilated pains, that might give us a civil and continuuate death ; and, in the very same instant and moment that he had said this, we all felt that the pores of our faces opened, and that all about them we had prickles, like the pricking of needles. By and by we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them just as you see them now."

With this the Afflicted and the rest of the waiting-women lifted up their masks which they had on, and showed their faces all with beards, some red, some black, some white and lime-smeared, at sight of which the duke and duchess admired, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonished, and all the bystanders wonder-stricken, and the Trifaldi proceeded : " Thus that felon and hard-hearted Malambruno punished us, covering the softness and smoothness of our faces with these rough bristles. Would God he had beheaded us with his unwieldy scimitar, and not so dimmed the light of our faces with these blots that hide us ; for, my masters, if we fall into reckoning (and that which now I say, I would speak it with mine eyes running a fountain of tears, but the consideration of our misfortunes, and the seas that hitherto have rained, have drawn them as dry as ears of corn, and therefore let me speak without tears), whither shall a waiting-woman with a beard go ? What father or mother will take compassion on her ? For when her flesh is at the smoothest, and her face martyrised with a thousand sorts of slobber-slabbers and waters, she can scarce find anybody that will care for

her. What shall she do then when she wears a woe
upon her face? O matrons, companions mine, in a
ill time were we born, in a luckless hour our father
begat us." And saying this, she made show of dis-
may.

CHAPTER XL.

OF MATTERS THAT TOUCH AND PERTAIN TO THIS
ADVENTURE, AND MOST MEMORABLE HISTORY.

CERTAINLY, all they that delight in such histories as this must be thankful to Cid Hamet, the author of the original, for his curiosity in setting down every little tittle, without leaving out the smallest matter that hath not been distinctly brought to light; he paints out conceits, discovers imaginations, answers secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments—to conclude, manifests the least mote of each curious desire. O famous author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O pleasant Sancho! All together, and each in particular, long may you live, to the delight and general recreation of mortals.

The story then goes on, that just as Sancho saw the Afflicted dismayed he said, "As I am honest man, and by the memory of the Panzas, I never heard nor saw, nor my master never told me, nor could he ever conceit in his fancy, such an adventure as this. A thousand Satans take thee—not to curse thee for an enchanter as thou art—Giant Malambruno! and hadst thou no kind of punishment for these sinners but this bearding them? What, had it not been better and fitter for them to have bereaved them of half their noses, though they had snuffed for it, and not to have clapped these beards on them? I hold a wager they have no money to pay for their shaving." "You say true, sir," quoth one of

the twelve; "we have nothing to cleanse us with, therefore some of us have used a remedy of sticking-plasters, which, applied to our faces, and clapped on upon a sudden, make them as plain and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar; for, though in Candaya there be women that go up and down from house to house to take away the hair of the body, and to trim the eyebrows, and other slobber-sauces touching women, yet we, my lady's women, would never admit them, because they smell something of the bawd; and, if Signior Don Quixote do not help us, we are like to go with beards to our graves." "I would rather lose mine amongst infidels," quoth Don Quixote, "than not ease you of yours."

By this the Trifaldi came to herself again, and said, "The very jingling of this promise came into my ears in the midst of my trance, and was enough to recover my senses; therefore once again, renowned errant and untamed sir, let me beseech you that your gracious promise be put in execution." "For my part, it shall," quoth Don Quixote. "Tell me, lady, what I am to do, for my mind is very prompt and ready to serve you."

"Thus it is," quoth the Afflicted: "from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you have five thousand leagues, wanting two or three; but, if you go in the air, some three thousand two hundred and seven and twenty by a direct line. You must likewise know that Malambruno told me that when fortune should bring me to the knight that must free us, that he would send a horse much better and with fewer tricks than your hirelings, which is the selfsame horse of wood on which the valiant Pierres stole and carried away the fair Magalona, which horse is governed by a pin that he hath in his forehead, that serves for a

bridle, and flies in the air so swiftly as if the devils themselves carried him. This horse, according to tradition, was made by the sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Pierres, who made long voyages upon him, and stole away, as is said, the fair Magalona, carrying her in the air at his crupper, leaving all that beheld them on earth in a staring gaze; and he lent him to none but those whom he loved, or that paid him best; and, since the grand Pierres, hitherto we have not heard that any else hath come upon his back. Malambruno got him from thence by his art, and keeps him, making use of him in his voyages, which he hath every foot through all parts of the world; and he is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day at Jerusalem; and the best is that this horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor needs shoeing; and he ambles in the air without wings, that he that rides upon him may carry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a jot, he goes so soft and so easy, which made the fair Magalona glad to ride upon him."

"Then," quoth Sancho, "for your soft and easy going, my Dapple bears the bell, though he go not in the air; but upon earth I'll play with him with all the amblers in the world."

All of them laughed, and the Afflicted went on: "And this horse, if Malambruno will grant an end of our misfortune, within half an hour at night will be with us; for he told me that the sign that I had found the knight that should procure our liberty should be the sending of that horse, whither he should come speedily." "And how many," quoth Sancho, "may ride upon that horse?" The Afflicted answered, "Two, one in the saddle and the other at the crupper; and most commonly such two are knight and squire, when some stolen damsel is wanting." "I would fain know,

afflicted madam," quoth Sancho, "what this horse's name is." "His name," quoth she, "is not like Bellerophon's horse Pegasus, or Alexander's the Great Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso's Briliadoro, or Bayarte, Reynaldo's de Montalvan, or Rogero's Frontino, or Boötes, or Perithoa's, the horses of the sun, nor Orelia, Rodrigo the last unhappy king of the Goths his horse, in that battle where he lost his life and kingdom together."

"I hold a wager," said Sancho, "that, since he hath none of all these famous known names, that his name neither is not Rozinante my master's horse's name, which goes beyond all those that have been named already."

"'Tis true," quoth the bearded countess, "notwithstanding he hath a name that fits him very well, which is Clavileno the swift [*Clavo, a nail or wooden pin; Leno, wood, in Spanish*]: first, because he is of wood; and then because of the pin in his forehead; so that, for his name he may compare with Rozinante." "I dislike not his name," said Sancho; "but what bridle or what halter is he governed with?" "I have told," said the Trifaldi, "that with the pin, turned as pleaseth the party that rides on him, he will go either in the air, or raking and sweeping along the earth, or in a mean which ought to be sought in all well-ordered actions."

"I would fain see him," quoth Sancho; "but to think that I'll get up on him, either in the saddle or at the crupper, were to ask pears of the elm. 'Twere good, indeed, that I that can scarce sit upon Dapple, and a pack-saddle as soft as silk, should get up upon a wooden crupper without a cushion or pillow-bear. By Gad, I'll not bruise myself to take away anybody's beard; let every one shave himself as well as he can, for I'll not go so long a voyage with my master; besides, there

is no use of me for the shaving of these beards, as there is for the disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea." "Yes, marry, is there," said the Trifaldi, "and so much that I believe without you we shall do nothing." "God and the king!" quoth Sancho. [*Aquí del Rey: the usual speech of officers in Spain, when any arrested person resists.*] "What have the squires to do with their masters' adventures; they must reap the credit of ending them, and we must bear the burden? Body of me! if your historians would say, 'Such a knight ended such an adventure, but with the help of such and such a squire, without whom it had been impossible to end it,' 'twere something; but that they write drily, 'Don Parlalipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins,' without naming his squire's person that was present at all, as if he were not alive, I like it not, my masters; I tell you again my master may go alone—much good may it do him—and I'll stay here with my lady the duchess, and it may be when he comes back he shall find the Lady Dulcinea's business three-fold, nay, five-fold bettered; for I purpose at idle times and when I am at leisure to give myself a bout of whipping, bare-breeched." "For all that," quoth the duchess, "if need be you must accompany him, honest Sancho; for all good people will entreat that for your unnecessary fear these gentlewomen's faces be not so thick-bearded, for it were great pity."

"God and the king again!" quoth Sancho, "when this charity were performed for some retired damsels, as some working girls, a man might undertake any hazard; but for to unbearded waiting-women—a pox! I would I might see 'em bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest." "You are still bitter against waiting-women, friend," quoth the duchess; "you are much addicted to the Toledonian

apothecary's opinion ; but, on my faith, you have n reason, for I have women in my house that may b a pattern for waiting-women ; and here is Donn Rodriguez, that will not contradict me." "You Excellency," quoth Rodriguez, "may say what yo will, God knows all. Whether we be good or bad bearded or smooth, as we are our mothers brought u forth as well as other women, and, since God cast u into the world, He knows to what end ; and I rely upon His mercy, and nobody's beard."

"Well, Mistress Rodriguez and Lady Trifaldi, quoth Don Quixote, "I hope to God he will behok your sorrows with pitying eyes, and Sancho shall d as I will have him, if Clavileno were come once, and that I might encounter Malambruno ; for I know n razor would shave you with more facility than my sword should shave Malambruno's head from hi shoulders, for God permits the wicked, but not fo ever."

"Ah !" quoth the Afflicted, "now all the star of the heavenly region look upon your greatness valorous knight, with a gentle aspect, and infuse al prosperity into your mind, and all valour, and mak you the shield and succour of all dejected and revile waiting-womanship, abominable to apothecaries, back bited by squires, and scoffed at by pages. And th devil take the quean that in the flower of her yout put not herself in a nunnery rather than be a waiting woman, unfortunate as we are ; for, though we descen in a direct line, by man to man, from Hector th Trojan, yet our mistresses will never leave bethouin of us, though they might be queens for it. O gian Malambruno ! (for though thou beest an enchanter thou art most sure in thy promises), send the matchles Clavileno unto us, that our misfortune may have a



end ; for, if the heats come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune ! ”

This the Trifaldi said with so much feeling that she drew tears from all the spectators' eyes, and stroked them even from Sancho's ; so that now he resolved to accompany his master to the very end of the world, so he might obtain the taking the wool from those venerable faces.

CHAPTER XLI.

OF CLAVILENO'S ARRIVAL, WITH THE END OF THIS
DILATED ADVENTURE.

It grew now to be night, and with it the expected time when Clavileno the famous horse should come, whose delay troubled Don Quixote, thinking that Malambruno deferring to send him argued that either he was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno durst not come to single combat with him ; but look ye now, when all unexpected four savages entered the garden, clad all in green ivy, bearing upon their shoulders a great wooden horse ; they set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of them said, "Let him that hath the courage get up upon this engine." "Then," quoth Sancho, "not I, I have no courage, I am no knight." And the savage replied, saying, "And let his squire ride behind ; and let him be assured that no sword but Malambruno's shall offend him. And there is no more to be done but to turn that pin which is upon the horse's neck, and he will carry them in a moment where Malambruno attends ; but, lest the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them cover their eyes till the horse neigh, a sign that they have then finished their voyage." This said, with a slow pace, they marched out the same way they came.

The Afflicted, as soon as she saw the horse, with very tears in her eyes, she said to Don Quixote, "Valorous

knight, Malambruno hath kept his word ; the horse is here, our beards increase, and each of us with every hair of them beseech thee to shave and shear us, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy squire both mount and begin this your happy new voyage." "That will I willingly," said Don Quixote, "my Lady Trifaldi, without a cushion or spurs, that I may not delay time, so much, lady, I desire to see you and all these gentlewomen smooth and clear." "Not I," quoth Sancho, "neither willingly nor unwillingly ; and, if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding at the crupper, let my master seek some other squire to follow him, and these gentlewomen some other means of smoothing themselves ; for I am no hag that love to hurry in the air ; and what will my islanders say when they hear their governor is hovering in the wind ? Besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should be weary, or the giant offended, we might be these half-dozen of years ere we return ; and then perhaps there would be neither island nor dry land in the world to acknowledge me. And, since 'tis ordinarily said that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, etc., these gentlewomen's beards shall pardon me, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin ; I mean, I am very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindness, and from whose owner I hope for so great a good as to see myself a governor."

To which quoth the duke, "Friend Sancho, the island that I promised you is not moveable nor fugitive ; it is so deep-rooted in the earth that a great many pulls will not root it up ; and, since you know that I know there is none of these prime kind of officers that pays not some kind of bribe, some more, some less, yours for this government shall be that you

accompany your master Don Quixote to end and finish this memorable adventure—that, whether you return on Clavileno with the brevity that his speed promiseth, or that your contrary fortune bring and return you home on foot like a pilgrim from inn to inn, and from alehouse to alehouse, at your coming back you shall find the island where you left it, and the islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor that they have always had, and my good will shall always be the same ; and doubt not, Signior Sancho, of this, for you should do much wrong, in so doing, to the desire I have to serve you.”

“No more, sir,” quoth Sancho. “I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back. Let my master get up and blindfold me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell me if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend myself to God, or invoke the angels, that they may favour me.”

To which the Trifaldi answered, “You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will ; for Malambruno, though he be an enchanter, yet he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with anybody.” “Go to, then,” quoth Sancho ; “God and the Holy Trinity of Gaeta help me !”

“Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills,” quoth Don Quixote, “I never saw Sancho so fearful as now ; and, if I were as superstitious as some, his pusillanimity would tickle my conscience. But hark thee, Sancho ; by these gentles’ leaves, I will speak a word or two with thee.” And carrying Sancho amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, he said, “Thou seest, brother Sancho, the large voyage that we are like to have, and God knows when we shall return from it, nor the leisure that our affairs

hereafter will give us. I prithee therefore retire thyself to thy chamber, as if thou wentst to look for some necessary for the way, and give thyself in a trice, of the three thousand and three hundred lashes, in which thou standest engaged, but five hundred only ; so that the beginning of a business is half the ending of it."

"Verily," quoth Sancho, "I think you have lost your wits. This is just! I am going, and thou art crying out in haste for thy maidenhead ; I am now going to sit upon a bare piece of wood, and you would have my bum smart. Believe me, you have no reason ; let's now go for the shaving these matrons, and when we return I'll promise you to come out of debt ; let this content you, and I say no more." Don Quixote made answer, "Well, with this promise, Sancho, I am in some comfort, and I believe thou wilt accomplish it ; for, though thou beest a fool, yet I think thou art honest. [*Here I left out a line or two of a dull conceit ; so it was no great matter ; for in English it could not be expressed.*]

So now they went to mount Clavileno, and, as they were getting up, Don Quixote said, "Hoodwink thyself, Sancho, and get up ; for he that sends from so far off for us will not deceive us, for he will get but small glory by it ; and, though all should succeed contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obscure the glory of having undergone this adventure." "Let's go, master," quoth Sancho, "for the beards and tears of these gentlewomen are nailed in my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good till I see them in their former smoothness. Get you up, sir, and hoodwink yourself first ; for, if I must ride behind you, you must needs get up first in the saddle."

"'Tis true indeed," said Don Quixote ; and, taking

a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to hide his eyes close. And when it was done he uncovered himself again, and said, "As I remember, I have read in Virgil of the Palladium, that horse of Troy, that was of wood, that the Grecians presented to the goddess Pallas, with child with armed knights, which after were the total ruin of all Troy; and so it were fit first to try what Clavileno hath in his stomach." "You need not," said she, "for I dare warrant you, and know that Malambruno is neither traitor nor malicious. You may get up without any fear, and upon me be it if you receive any hurt."

But Don Quixote thought that everything thus spoken to his safety was a detriment of his valour; so, without more exchanging of words, up he got, and tried the pin that easily turned up and down. So with his legs at length, without stirrups, he looked like an image painted in a piece of Flanders arras, or woven in some Roman triumph. Sancho got up fair and softly, and with a very ill will, and settling himself the best he could upon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desired the duke that, if it were possible, he might have a cushionet, or, for failing, one of the duchess's cushions of state, or a pillow from one of the pages' beds; for that horse's crupper, he said, was rather marble than wood. To this quoth Trifaldi, "Clavileno will suffer no kind of furniture nor trapping upon him; you may do well, for your ease, to sit on him woman-ways, so you will not feel his hardness so much."

Sancho did so, and, saying farewell, he suffered himself to be bound about the eyes, and after uncovered himself again, and looking pitifully round about the garden, with tears in his eyes, he desired that they would in that doleful trance join with him each in a

Paternoster and an Ave Maria as God might provide them some to do them that charitable office when they should be in the like trance.

To which quoth Don Quixote, "Rascal, are you upon the gallows, trow, or at the last gasp, that you use these kind of supplications? Art thou not, thou soulless cowardly creature, in the same place where the fair Magalona sat, from whence she descended not to her grave but to be Queen of France, if histories lie not? And am not I by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous Pierres, that pressed this seat that I now press? Hoodwink, hoodwink thyself, thou disheartened beast, and let not thy fear come forth of thy mouth, at least in my presence." "Hoodwink me," quoth Sancho; "and, since you will not have me pray to God, nor recommend me, how can I choose but be afraid, lest some legion of devils be here that may carry us headlong to destruction?"

Now they were hoodwinked, and Don Quixote, perceiving that all was as it should be, laid hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it when all the waiting-women, and as many as were present, lifted up their voices, saying, "God be thy speed, valorous knight! God be with thee, undaunted squire! now, now you fly in the air, cutting it with more speed than an arrow; now you begin to suspend and astonish as many as behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous Sancho! for now thou goest waving in the air; take heed thou fall not, for thy fall will be worse than the bold youth's that desired to govern his father the sun's chariot."

Sancho heard all this, and, getting close to his master, he girt his arms about him and said, "Sir, why do they say we are so high if we can hear their voices? and methinks they talk here hard by us." "Ne'er stand

upon that," quoth Don Quixote, "for, as these kinds of flyings are out of the ordinary course of thousands of leagues, thou mayst hear and see anything. And do not press me so hard, for thou wilt throw me down and, verily, I know not why thou shouldst thus tremble and be afraid; for I dare swear in all my life I never rode upon an easier-paced horse; he goes as if he never moved from the place. Friend, banish fear for the business goes on successfully, and we have won at will." "Indeed 'tis true," quoth Sancho; "for when a wind comes so forcibly on this side of me as if I were blown upon by a thousand pair of bellows. And it was true indeed; they were giving him aid with a very good pair of bellows.

This adventure was so well contrived by the duke and the duchess, and the steward that there was no requisite wanting to make it perfect. Don Quixote, too, feeling the breath, said: "Undoubtedly, Sancho, we are now come to the middle region, where hail, snow, thunder and lightning, and the thunderbolt, are engendered in the third region, and if we mount long in this manner we shall quickly be in the region of fire and I know not how to use this pin, that we mount not where we shall be scorched."

Now they heated their faces with flax set on fire, and easy to be quenched, in a cane afar off; and Sancho, that felt the heat, said: "Hang me, if we be not now in the place where the fire is; for a great part of my beard is singed. I'll unblindfold myself, master, and see whereabouts we are." "Do not," quoth Don Quixote "and remember that true tale of the scholar Toralva whom the devil hoisted up into the air a-horseback on a reed, with his eyes shut [*A story believed in Spain a gospel*]; and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted at the tower of Nona, which is one of the

streets of the city, and saw all the mischance, the assault and death of Borbon, and the morrow after returned back to Madrid, relating all he had seen, and said that as he went in the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and saw himself, as he thought, so near the body of the moon that he might have touched her with his hands, and that he durst not look toward the earth, for fear to be made giddy. So that, Sancho, there is no uncovering us, for he that hath the charge of carrying us will look to us, and peradventure we go doubling of points, and mounting on high to fall even with the kingdom of Candaya, as doth the saker or hawk upon the heron, to catch her, mount she never so high ; and, though it seem to us not half an hour since we parted from the garden, believe me we have travelled a great way." "I know not what belongs to it," quoth Sancho ; "but this I know, that if your Lady Magallanes, or Magalona, were pleased with my seat she was not very tender-breeched."

All these discourses of the two most valiant were heard by the duke and duchess, and them in the garden, which gave them extraordinary content ; who, willing to make an end of this strange and well-composed adventure, clapped fire with some flax at Clavileno's tail ; and straight the horse, being stuffed with crackers, flew into the air, making a strange noise, and threw Don Quixote and Sancho both on the ground, and singed. And now all the bearded squadron of the matrons vanished out of the garden, and Trifaldi too and all ; and they that remained counterfeited a dead swoon, and lay all along upon the ground.

Don Quixote and Sancho, ill-entreated, rose up, and, looking round about, they wondered to see themselves in the same garden from whence they had parted, and

to see such a company of people laid upon the ground and their admiration was the more increased when on one side of the garden they saw a great lance fastened in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchmen hanging at it, with two twisted strings of green silk in which the following words were written with letters of gold :—

“The famous and valorous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha finished and ended the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and her company, only with undertaking it.

“Malambruno is satisfied and contented with all his heart, and now the waiting-women's chins are smooth and clean, and the princes Don Clavixo and Antonomasia are in their pristine being; and when the squire's whipping shall be accomplished the white pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous jer-falcons that persecute her, and in her loved luller's arms; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanterers.”

When Don Quixote had read these letters of the parchment, he understood plainly that they spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea; and, giving many thanks to Heaven, that with so little danger he had ended so great an exploit as reducing the faces of the venerable waiting-women to their former smoothness, that were now gone, he went towards the duke and the duchess, who were not as yet come to themselves; and, taking the duke by the hand, he said, “Courage, courage, noble sir; all's nothing, the adventure is now ended, without breaking of bars, as you may plainly see by the writing there in that register.”

The duke, like one that riseth out of a profound

sleep, by little and little came to himself, and in the same tenor the duchess, and all they that were down in the garden, with such shows of marvel and wonderment that they did even seem to persuade that those things had happened to them in earnest which they counterfeited in jest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut ; and straight with open arms he went to embrace Don Quixote, telling him he was the bravest knight that ever was. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted, to see what manner of face she had, now she was disbearded, and if she were so fair as her gallant presence made show for : but they told him that as Clavileno came down burning in the air, and lighted on the ground, all the squadron of waiting-women with Trifaldi vanished, and now they were shaved and unfeathered.

The duchess asked Sancho how he did in that long voyage. To which he answered, "I, madam, thought, as my master told me, we passed by the region of fire, and I would have uncovered myself a little, but my master, of whom I asked leave, would not let me ; but I, that have certain curious itches, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being perceived, drew up the handkerchief that blinded me a little above my nose, and there I saw the earth, and methoughts it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it somewhat bigger than hazel-nuts, that you may see how high we were then."

To this said the duchess, "Take heed, friend Sancho, what you say ; for it seems you saw not the earth, but the men that walked on it ; for it is plain that, if the earth showed no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and every man like a hazel-nut, one man alone would cover the whole earth." "'Tis true indeed," quoth

Sancho ; "but I looked on one side of it, and saw all." "Look you, Sancho," quoth the duchess ; "one cannot see all of a thing by one side." "I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing, madam," quoth Sancho ; "but you must think that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth and all the men, which way soever I looked. And, if you believe not this, neither will you believe that, uncovering myself about my eyebrows, I saw myself so near heaven that betwixt it and me there was not a handbreadth and a half. And I dare swear, madam, that 'tis a happy thing ; and it happened that we went that way where the seven she-goat stars were ; and, in my soul and conscience, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, as soon as I saw them I had a great desire to pass some time with them, which had I not done, I thought should have burst. Well, I come then, and I take what do I do ? without giving notice to anybody—not to my master himself—fair and softly I lighted from Clavileno, and played with the goats, that were like white violets, and such pretty flowers, some three quarters of an hour, and Clavileno moved not a whit all this while."

"And while Sancho was playing with the goats at this while," quoth the duke, "what did Signior Don Quixote ?" To which quoth Don Quixote, "As as these things are quite out of their natural course, 'tis not much that Sancho hath said : only for me I say, neither perceived myself higher or lower ; neither saw I heaven or earth, or seas or sands. True it is, that I perceived I passed through the middle region, and came to the fire ; but to think we passed from thence, I cannot believe it ; for the region of fire being between the moon and heaven, and the latter region of the air, we could not come to heaven, where the seven goats are

